

SCREENLAND

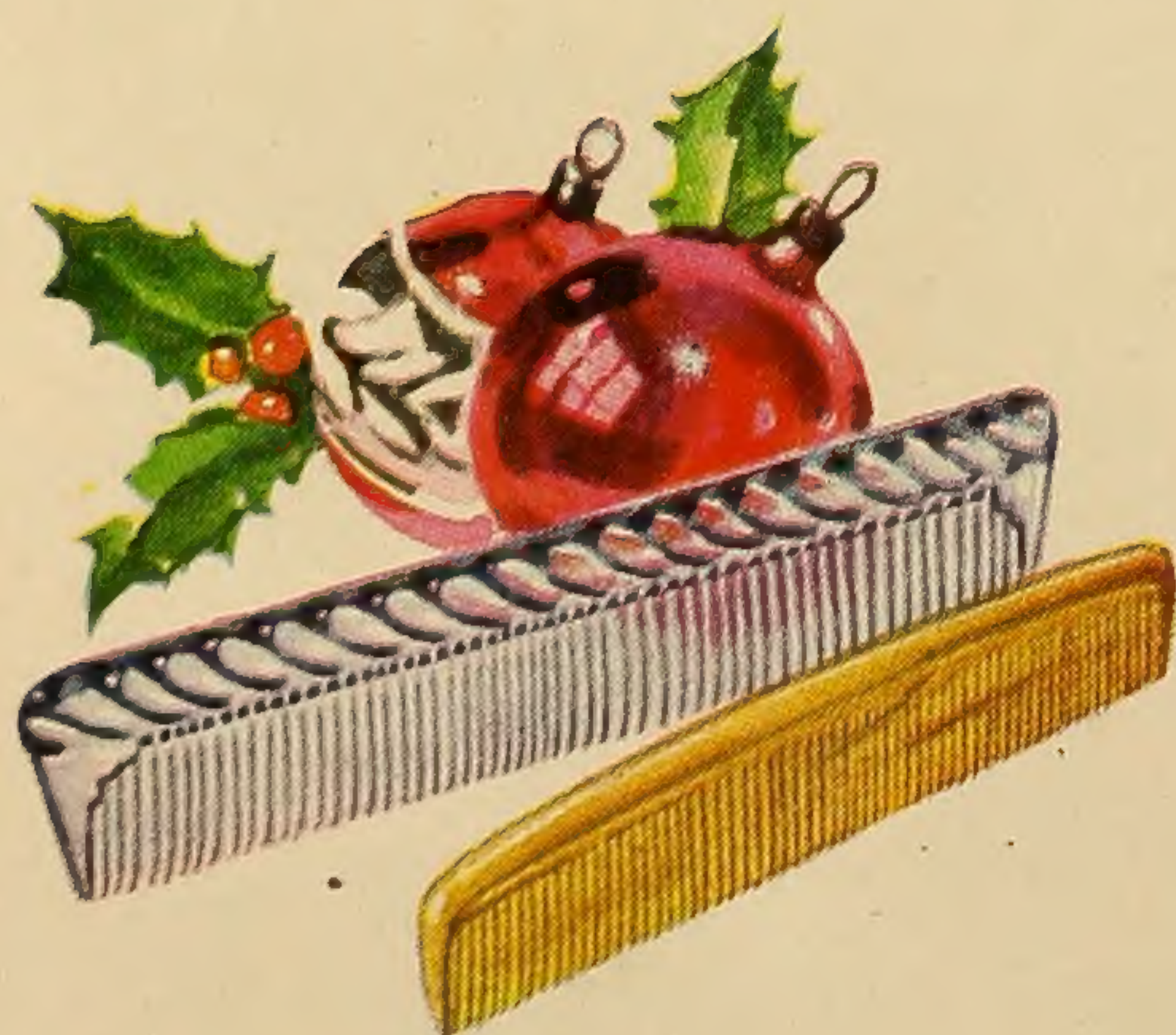
December
15¢

Margaret
O'Brien

INGRID Bergman-CHARLES BOYER LOVE SCENES
Bing* Crosby in Color

If she cares for lovely things . . . she'll treasure

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GIRL: Why *sure*, Pint Size — why, sure! And how about handing me the moon, a million dollars and a sparkling smile, while you're in the mood?

CUPID: Are *you* kidding?

GIRL: Aren't *you*?

CUPID: Listen, Pie, put a little sparkle in that smile of yours and you'll find the moon and a million and a man aren't so hard to get.

GIRL: He says! ... look, Cupid, I brush my teeth like anything, but some teeth just won't sparkle. Mine for instance.

CUPID: *Maybe*, Baby, *maybe*. Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: That's from gums, not teeth. And it's my teeth I'm after!

CUPID: Know more than a dentist, huh? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to see your dentist? Let him decide what's what. He may say it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Massage. Gums again. I said it was my teeth. Teeth, Cupid. Teeth!

CUPID: Ah, yes. But sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth ... go to it, Angel. And you'll be on your way to a smile with more sparkle than six Christmas trees!



never
ignore "pink
tooth brush"

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Massage



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FREE! A beautiful 8" x 10" FOUR-COLOR reproduction of the painting by Douglass Crockwell shown above. It portrays Claude Jarman, Jr. as "Jody" in M-G-M's Technicolor production "The Yearling" and comes autographed, suitable for framing.

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SCREENLAND

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On Our Cover: Portrait of MARGARET O'BRIEN, MGM star next in "Tenth Avenue Angel." Kodachrome by Eric Carpenter.

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DECEMBER, 1946

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

VOLUME FIFTY-ONE
NUMBER TWO

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month

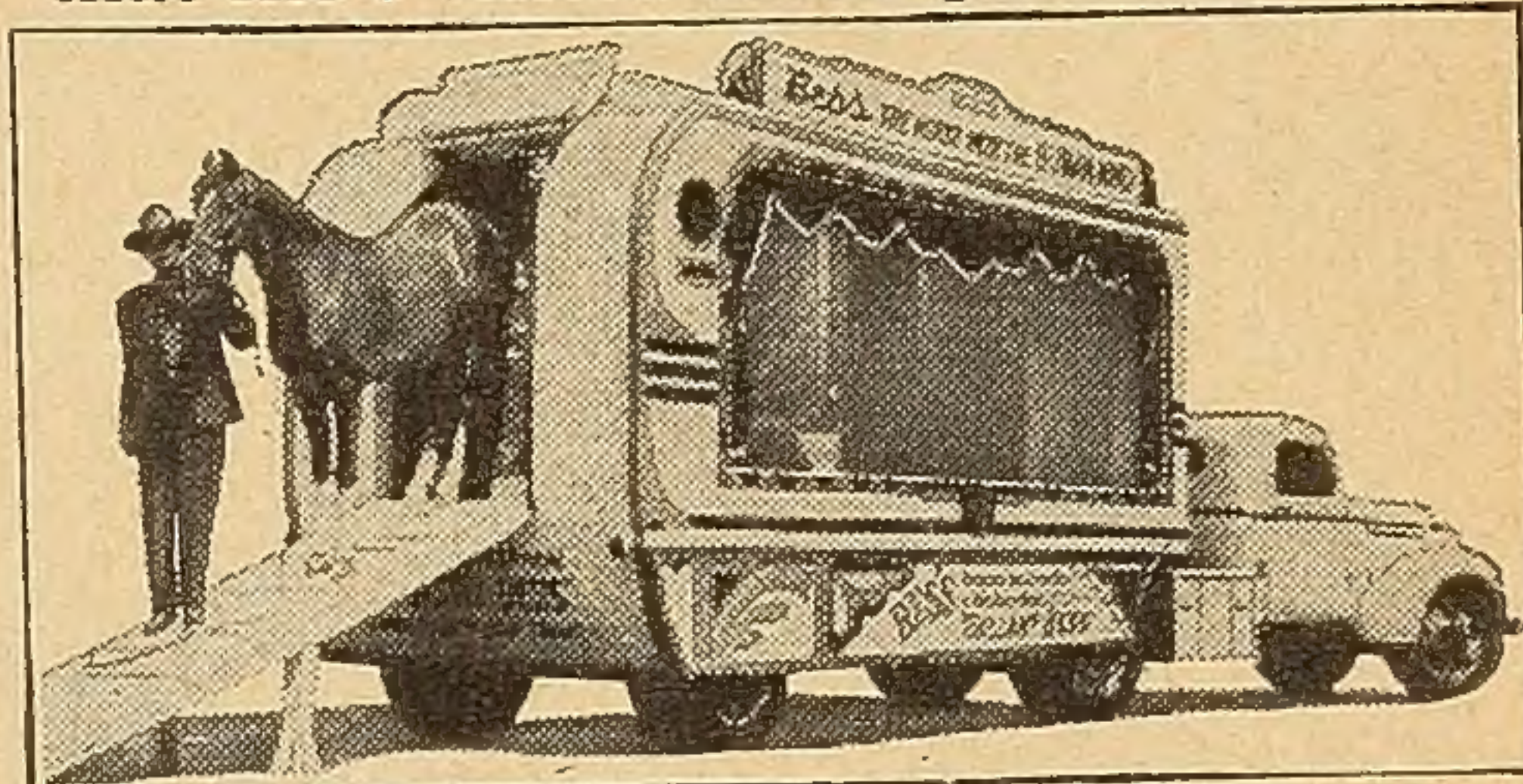


The greatest
star of the
screen!

From Lexington, Kentucky, comes a romantic tid-bit...

The whole town's in love with a horse!

So are Detroit and Toledo, Pittsburgh and Wheeling, Buffalo and Binghamton. So are more than 30 other cities that she's visited in her palatial trailer.



They're all in love with "Bess," the gleaming chestnut steed that won Hollywood's heart and is now making countless friends across the country.

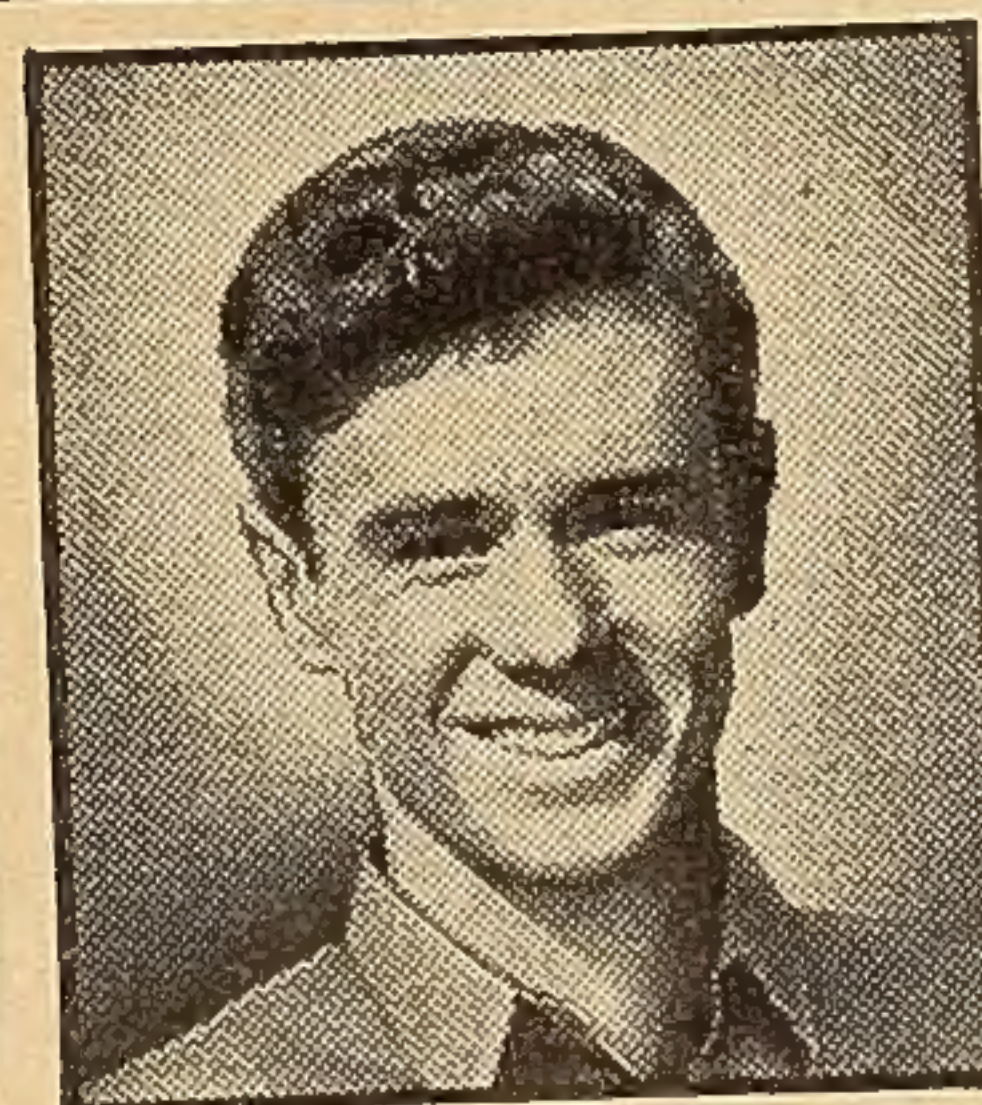
They call her "The Horse With The Human Mind."

No wonder they give her the keys to the city (which she accepts personally), clamor for her autograph (she never says nay), and wine and dine her at hunt clubs!

Of course, "Bess" can't visit every town in the land, but you can see her in M-G-M's thrilling adventure story, "Gallant Bess," soon to be screened at your local theatre.

You'll see "Bess" as she really is, for Harry Rapf has produced "Gallant Bess" in glowing natural color by the Cinecolor process.

There's a crisp, authentic flavor to Jeanne Bartlett's story. She got its true-to-life feeling from an incident narrated by Lt. Marvin Park, USNR.



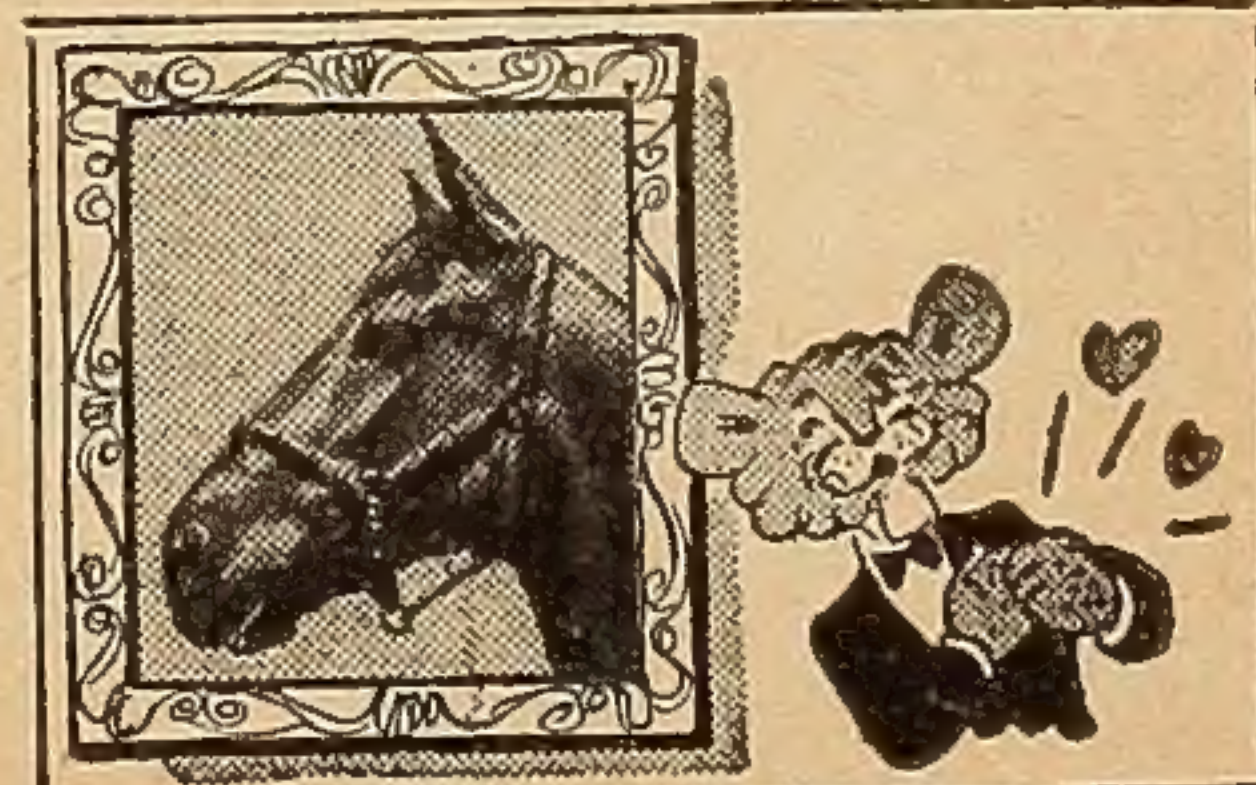
Keep your eye on Marshall Thompson, who is best friend to "Bess", in the picture. As a star, he's mounting. You can see he loved his role; gave it power, conviction.

With him, you'll see George Tobias and Clem Bevans—stalwart, two-fisted pals who thrive on rough going.

Altogether, the picture is a credit to Andrew Marton's expert direction.

So here's our Stranger-Than-Fiction Fact For Fall: You're going to fall in love with a horse, when you see M-G-M's "Gallant Bess" in action color.

—Leo





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Jennifer Jones catches up with 20th Century-Fox producer, Darryl Zanuck, at party.



And now they're married—lovely, blonde Dolores Moran and producer Ben Bogeaus.

BY THE time you read this, Guy Madison and Gail Russell may be Mr. and Mrs. Present plans indicate an early elopement. So don't be too surprised—and don't say we didn't tell you!

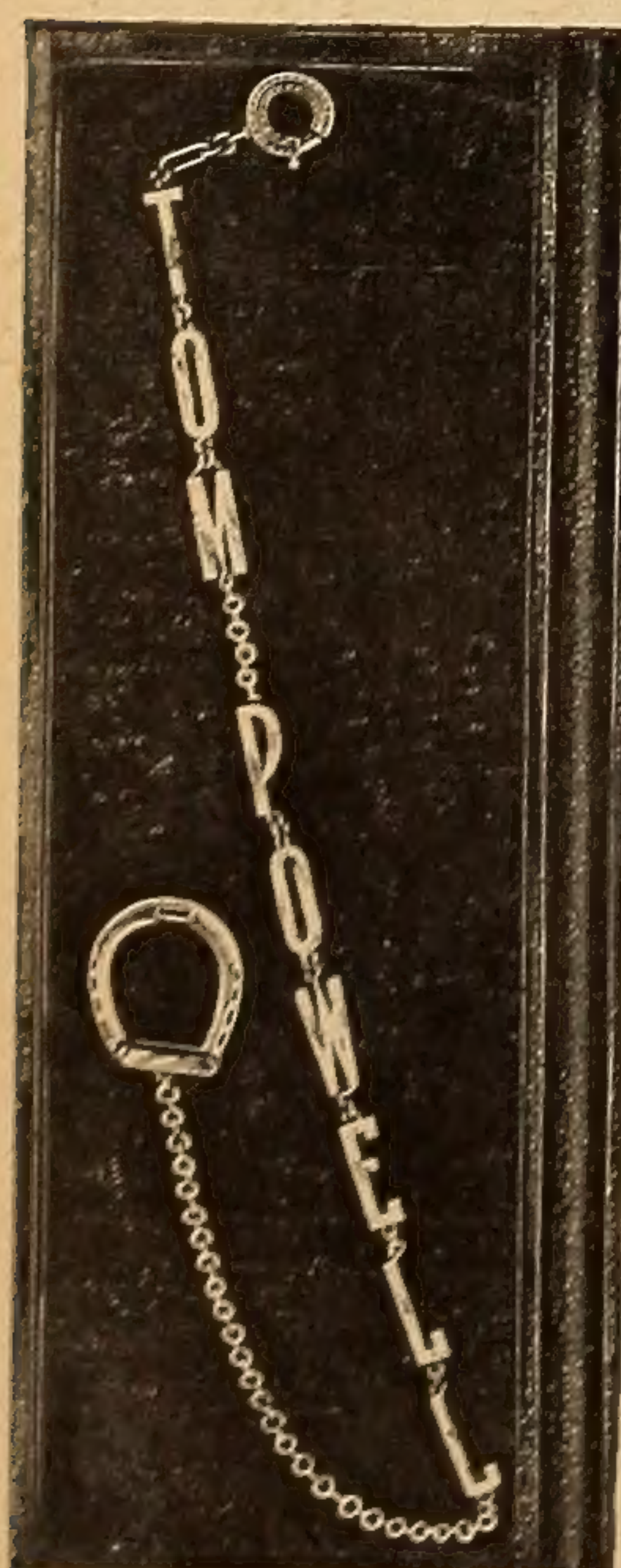
STERLING HAYDEN is an attractive beau but invariably if he takes 'em sailing, he puts 'em to work. Ida Lupino found this out recently when she went to spend the day on Sterling's yacht. He gave her rags and polish and instructed her to get busy on the brass. And he *wasn't* kidding.

WHEN Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell got back together, their first date was at Romanoff's—which was their last one. It was here at a costume party that Bob met Lana Turner for the

first time. Cleatus walked out on him and Bob's memoirs since that moment bless and burn! Now after many waters under many bridges, he and Cleatus are married. It must have been love. She gave up a whopping good monthly alimony from Ken Murray. Bob automatically becomes the stepfather of two kiddies on this deal.

GEORGE MONTGOMERY had every right to smack Florence Bates across her pearly white teeth. For a scene in "The Brasher Doubloon," that is. The talented character actress played an old meanie that had it coming to her. But they had to revise the script. "What would my folks in Montana think?" said George. "Even if it's only in a picture, we don't slap down poor, defenseless women!"

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It's The Nearest Thing
To Heaven

Bing Crosby
Fred Astaire
Joan Caulfield
in
Irving Berlin's

"BLUE SKIES"

in Technicolor

with Billy De Wolfe • Olga San Juan

Produced by Sol C. Siegel • Directed by Stuart Heisler

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Allan Scott

32 SONGS
OLD and NEW
by IRVING BERLIN

including

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A PRETTY GIRL IS
LIKE A MELODY
WHITE CHRISTMAS
HEAT WAVE
PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ
RUSSIAN LULLABY
THIS IS THE ARMY,
MR. JONES
HOW DEEP IS
THE OCEAN
ALL BY MYSELF
I'VE GOT MY CAPTAIN
WORKING FOR ME NOW
I'LL SEE YOU IN CUBA
EVERYBODY STEP
SOME SUNNY DAY
YOU'D BE SURPRISED:
A COUPLE OF SONG
AND DANCE MEN
YOU KEEP COMING
BACK LIKE A SONG (new)
GETTING NOWHERE (new)
A SERENADE TO AN
OLD-FASHIONED GIRL
(new)

AUTOGRAPH in STERLING



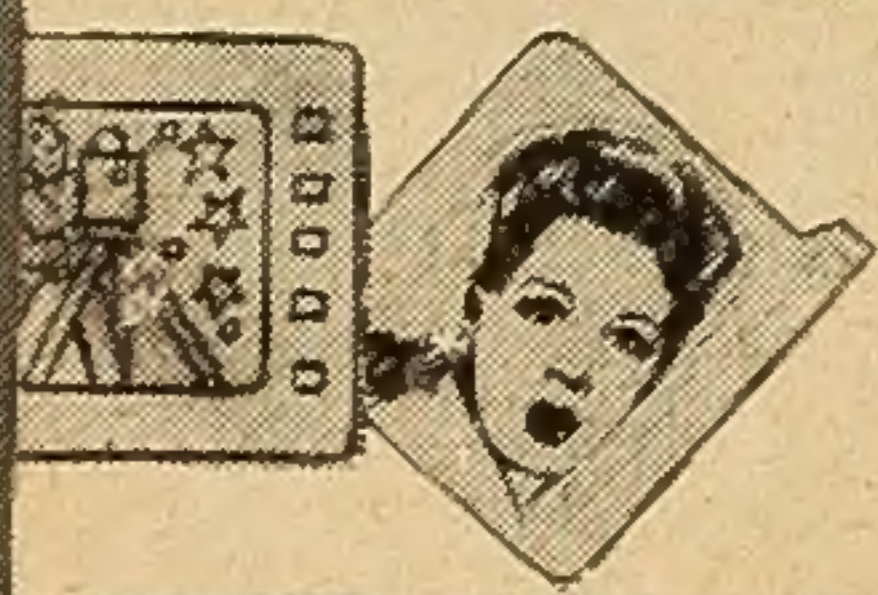
BETTY HUTTON
Starring in
"CROSS
MY HEART"
A Paramount Picture

Betty Hutton

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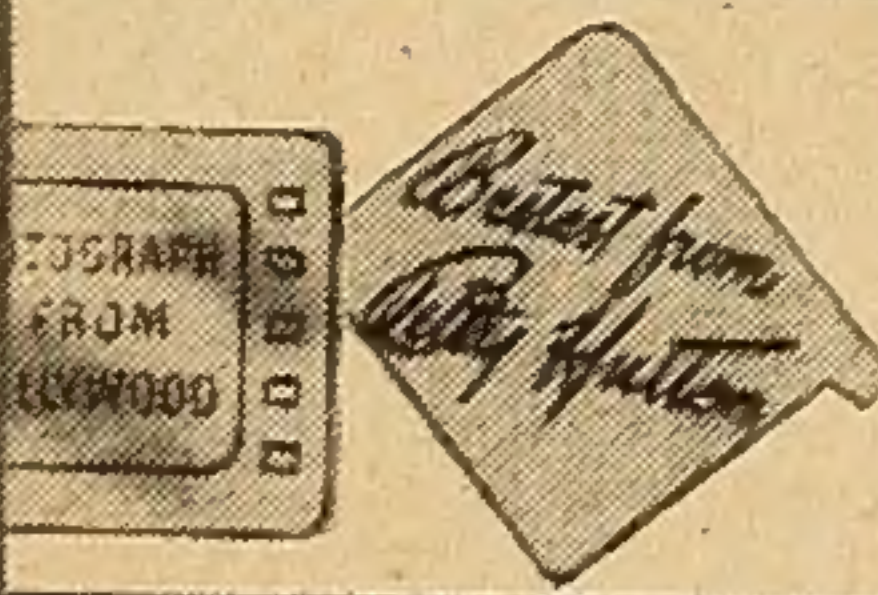
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MOVIE STAR
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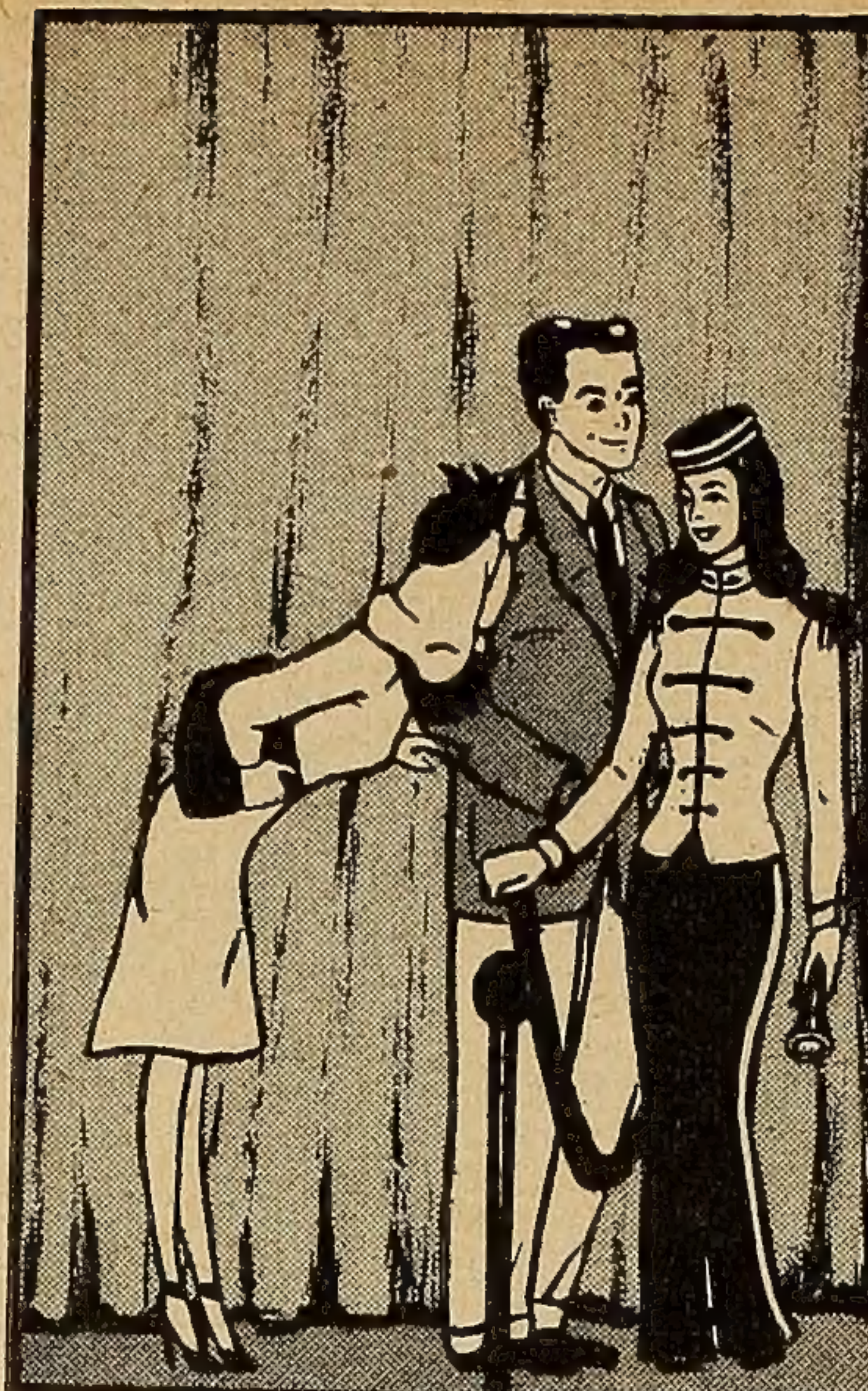
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FREE! CATALOG OF ALL MOVIE STARS AVAILABLE ON NICKI AUTOGRAPHED CHARMS. • Send for it TODAY!



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

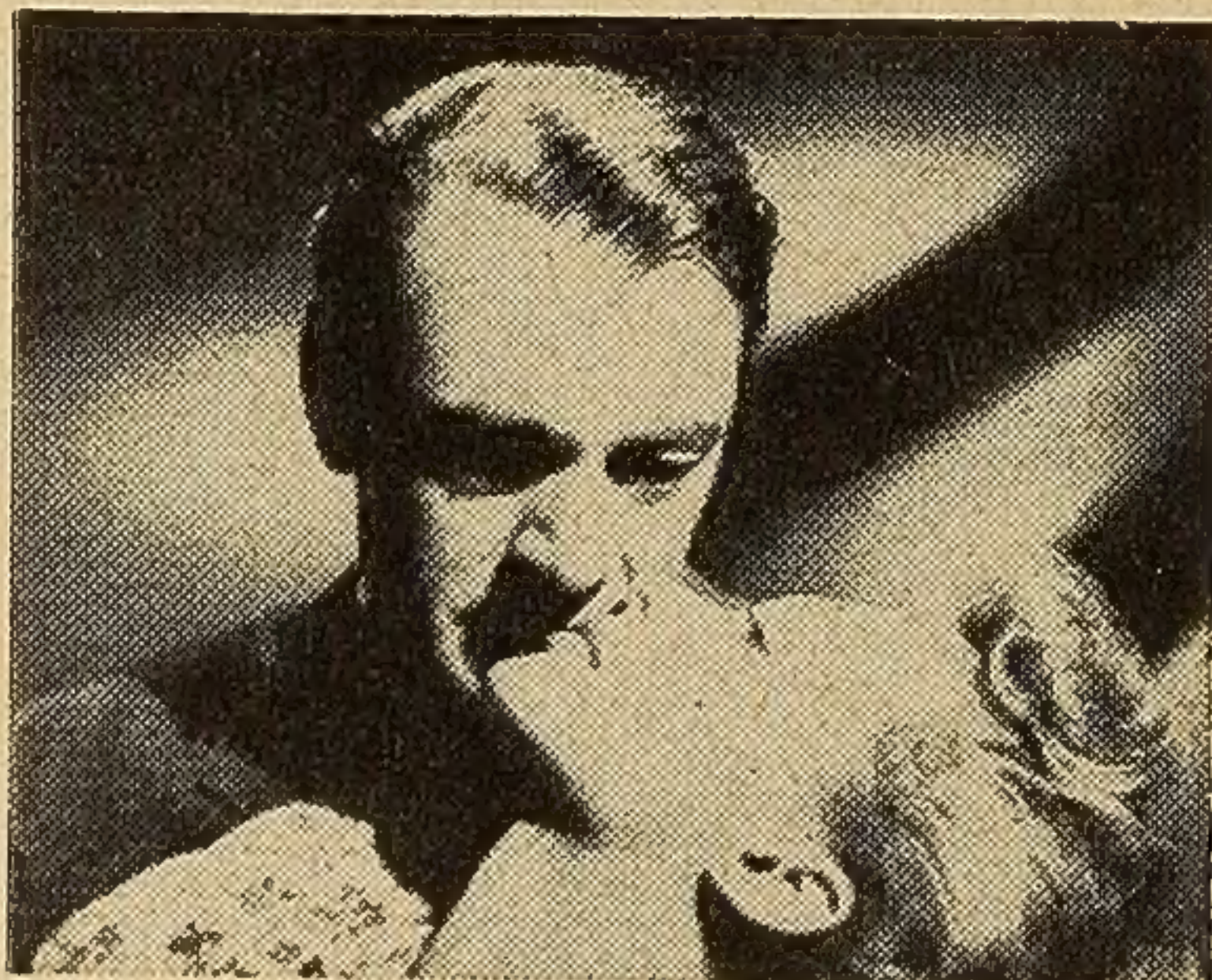
NO LEAVE, NO LOVE



MGM



CLOAK AND DAGGER



Warners



3 LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE



20th Century-Fox



ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER



United Artists

Most fun of the month, this new Joe Pasternak number! Even if you happen to be one of the two or three remaining hold-outs against Van Johnson's charm, you'll still find this gay, refreshing entertainment. It's no solo show for Van-Boy; he has hot competition this time, especially from Keenan Wynn, very, very funny; Marina Koshetz, a lovely new find who is not only a good singer but also and amazingly, a sparkling comedienne; the baby boogie-woogie pianist, "Sugarhile" Robinson; and two big and splendid bands, Guy Lombardo's and Xavier Cugat's. Johnson and Wynn, as brother Marines returned from the Pacific, encounter complications involving pretty girls, parties, radio shows and romance. Johnson fans will be excited to know their hero even croons, to Pat Kirkwood.

And now it's Gary Cooper who comes up with his version of the O.S.S. and its under-cover work during the war. If you saw Alan Ladd in Paramount's "O.S.S." then "Cloak and Dagger" will hold few surprises for you; but if you crave strong melodrama then this is still your meat, even though it is served on a platter of fairly familiar pattern. Gary's rôle is that of an atomic scientist recruited by the O.S.S. to investigate Nazi atomic experiments. His dangerous mission leads him first to Switzerland, where he makes his contact with the woman scientist he was sent to meet, with fatal results to her; then to Italy where he falls in love with an Italian partisan, played by Lilli Palmer with all her provocative appeal and acting talents unleashed to the limit. She's an actress you'll be watching for.

A sweet treat for fans of musical movies, if not for carping sophisticates—for frankly it's corny. But there is such genuine good will and high spirits displayed by the willing workers in the cast that you can't help having a good time. It's the story of three pretty sisters who decide that life down on the chicken farm is too dull, so—ho, for Atlantic City and a search for rich husbands. Since it's one of those turn-of-the-century things, you can count on lavish costumes, all brightly Technicolored; lively songs with an old-fashioned swing. Of the three sisters—June Haver, Vivian Blaine, and Vera-Ellen—it's the latter who scores, in her amazing dances. Celeste Holm bursts on the screen like a bombshell. George Montgomery and Frank Latimore are the good-looking guys who like girls in blue.

The fantastic theme of a murdered gangster's reincarnation and redemption is shaped into a melodramatic vehicle for Paul Muni's strong talents. If you relish a full-flavored performance by a topflight actor, you won't want to miss Muni's latest, running the gamut from bravado to pathos. After his murder by his partner-in-crime he finds himself in, literally, Hades, where he becomes a sort of protégé of the head man, old Nick himself, who is partial to gangsters. Together they return to earth—Muni to avenge his murder, Nick (Claude Rains) to work an evil trick on one Judge Parker whose good deeds have cut down the criminal supply. With Muni transmuted into the Judge and emerging a good man, in love with the Judge's fiancée (Anne Baxter)—there's action and a surprise ending.

SCREENLAND



you'll
see
her

deceive with all her cunning

so
she
could

love with all her heart



AGAIN
A DISTINGUISHED
DRAMATIC
ACHIEVEMENT
FROM BETTE DAVIS
AND WARNERS!



**BETTE DAVIS
PAUL HENREID
CLAUDE RAINS**

THE STAR OF "A STOLEN LIFE"
STEALS ANOTHER LIFE!

"DECEPTION"

DIRECTED BY IRVING RAPPER • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN COLLIER AND JOSEPH THAN • BASED ON A PLAY BY LOUIS VERNEUIL MUSIC BY ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD

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Nestle HAIRLAC



BRIEF ENCOUNTER—Prestige Prod.

Hollywood would do well to imitate the simplicity and sincerity in which the producer and writer, Noel Coward, presents this love affair of a respectable married woman and a reputable doctor, progressing from a chance acquaintance to almost heart-breaking proportions. It's the manner that counts—the aura which always leaves that well-pleased, lasting impression the audience takes home. The characters? They're just everyday people to whom this perfectly natural event occurs. And so they are portrayed by Celia Johnson, as the wife whose weekly shopping trip to Milford Junction where she meets the man she loves becomes more important to her than her happy home; Trevor Howard, whose deeply sincere love for her sends him to South Africa. Noel Coward's sophisticated wit forms a subtle undertone; adds zest at proper time.



WHITE TIE AND TAILS—Universal

Dan Duryea's change from heavy to hero is now complete. In this there's nothing but romance for him as a butler masquerading as a playboy, if you will overlook the small item of a bad \$103,000 check he writes to help out a society girl in trouble. It's the old familiar plot which we have seen worked out with varying degrees of entertainment value by a great number of actors, but never with the same plausibility that this opus sticks to. Ella Raines' society girl is exceedingly well done; William Bendix is back as an interesting gangster with unexpected principles; Frank Jenks keeps his class-conscious chauffeur always in line.



IF I'M LUCKY—20th Century-Fox

Music and politics combine to make a neatly contrived plot to display the talents of stars Vivian Blaine, Perry Como, Harry James and Carmen Miranda. They become entangled in the intricate meshes of a crooked political machine and the way in which they extricate themselves gives plenty of conflict to make this musical good movie. Perry Como is personality plus in his first big rôle and shows up admirably in ballads, “One More Kiss” and “If I'm Lucky,” with Vivian Blaine as his lovely inspiration. Harry James gives his Music Makers a workout, with Carmen Miranda's help, and adds rivalry to romantic theme.



THE SHOW-OFF—MGM

Here we're all ready to welcome Red Skelton back after his Army tour with loud roars of laughter—and all we can give him is a snicker or two. Let's face it. Skelton is a belly-laugh comedian, a guffaw man. He's hilarious at his specialty as solo entertainer. He doesn't need a plot. But that's what he gets in “The Show-Off”—a plot, all about a brash young character called *Aubrey Piper*, who bores everybody silly with his inane backslappings and boasting. Somehow, *Aubrey* manages to woo and win gorgeous Marilyn Maxwell, moves in with her family, drives her mother (Marjorie Main) crazy, interferes with her deserving young brother's future prospects, and finally becomes the family hero due to a “business deal” he puts over in spite of himself. Let's wait for that big laugh movie. You won't let us down. Red. You'll do it—yet.



THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES—Universal

Hilarious haunting, using all the fancy trick photography possible, is the pastime in this Abbott and Costello comedy, heavily laden with their best fun-antics. The story has Costello, killed as a traitor back in 1790, earthbound until he has proved his innocence of any complicity in a Benedict Arnold plot; Abbott (still playing the straight man to Lou's corny gags), as a romantic cad who turns up in our modern era as a psychiatrist. Marjorie Reynolds, also an innocent “traitor,” does some gorgeous ghosting in a Long Island mansion until she and Lou are exonerated by George Washington! See this one in a zany moment.



THE BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS—U. A.

Delightful daydreaming of rich husbands and successful careers comes true in Andrew Stone's production, story of which he also authored. The four “daughters,” Gail Russell, Claire Trevor, Ann Dvorak and Jane Wyatt, department store workers, adopt as parents the penny-pinching floorwalker (a superb rôle for Adolphe Menjou) and an ex-movie serial queen (Billie Burke at her most poignant). Do they just sit and dream? No, they move into a palatial home, furnished mostly with packing crates, and go to work on rich neighbors—with amusing results. Eugene List, concert pianist, provides wonderful musical moments.

They're making memories Tonight!

You'll always
remember them this way
... America's favorite feller
and his favorite girl ...
in the young, laughing love story
of your lifetime!

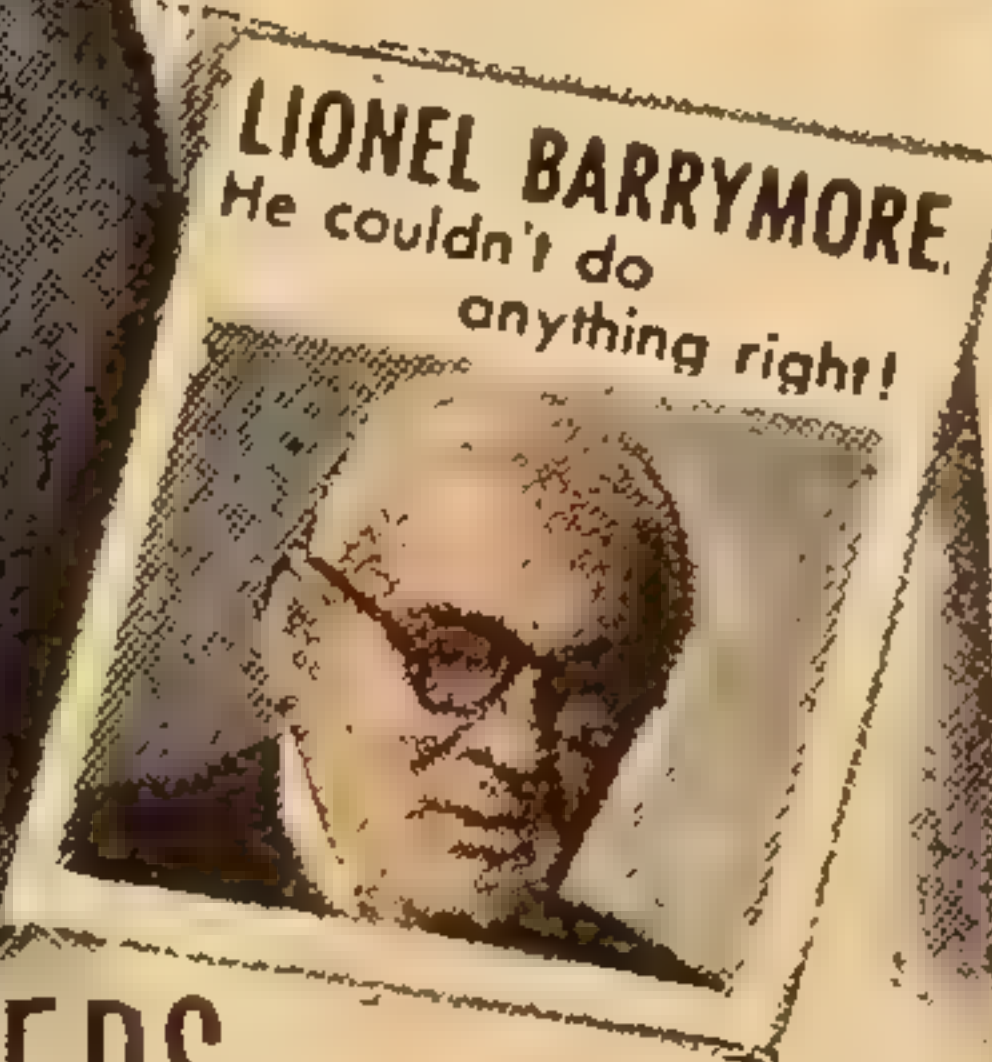
LIBERTY  FILMS
presents

FRANK CAPRA'S

*"It's a
Wonderful
Life"*



Starring **JAMES STEWART**
and **DONNA REED**



with
LIONEL BARRYMORE • THOMAS MITCHELL • HENRY TRAVERS

Beulah Bondi • Ward Bond • Frank Faylen • Gloria Grahame •

Produced and
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Screenplay by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Frank Capra • Additional Scenes by Jo Swerling • Released through RKO Radio Pictures

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It's as easy as fluttering your lashes, thanks to DeLong Bob Pins.

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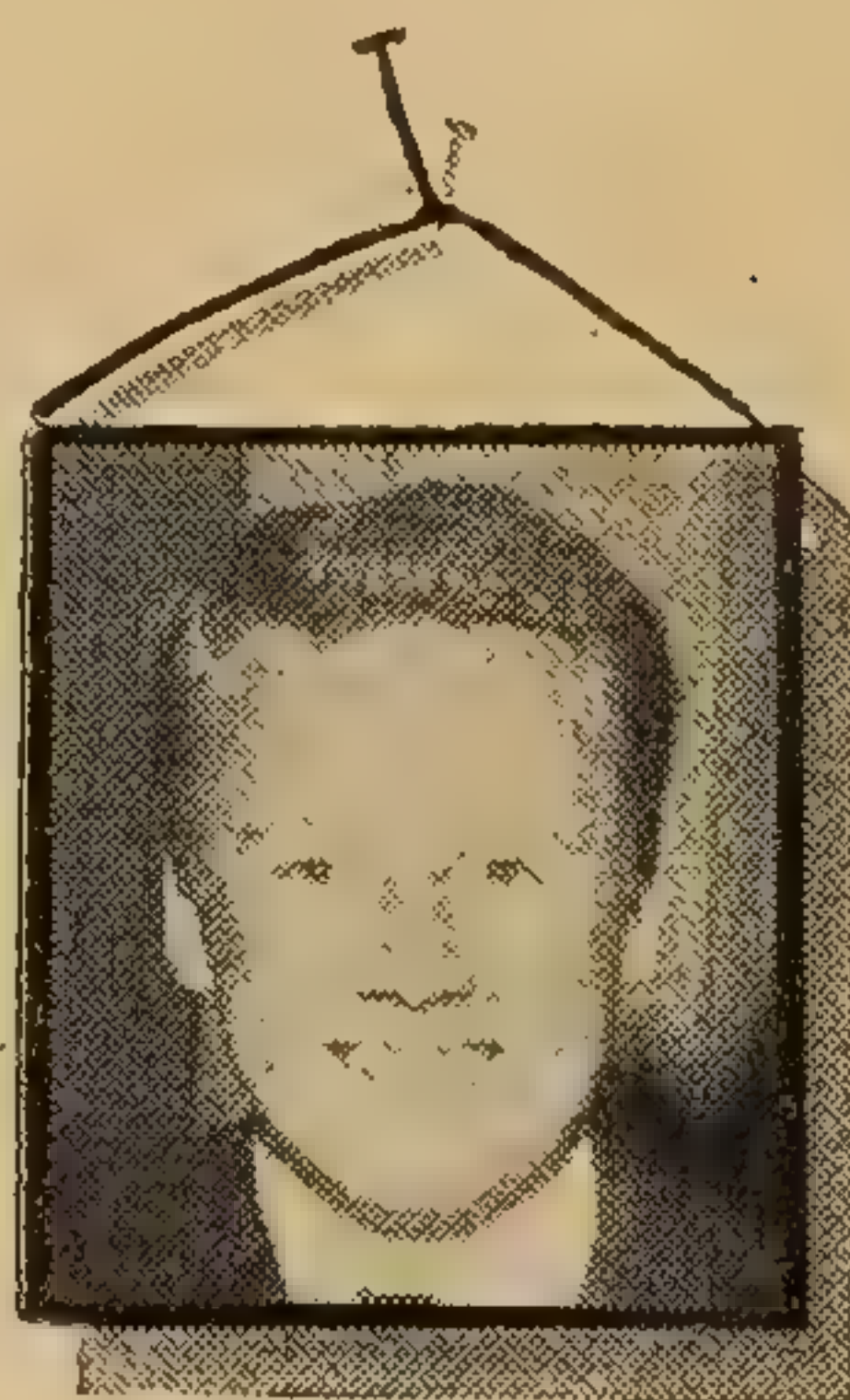
When your hair is dry and brushed out it's as flattering as a halo and you look like a photographer's delight.

Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out

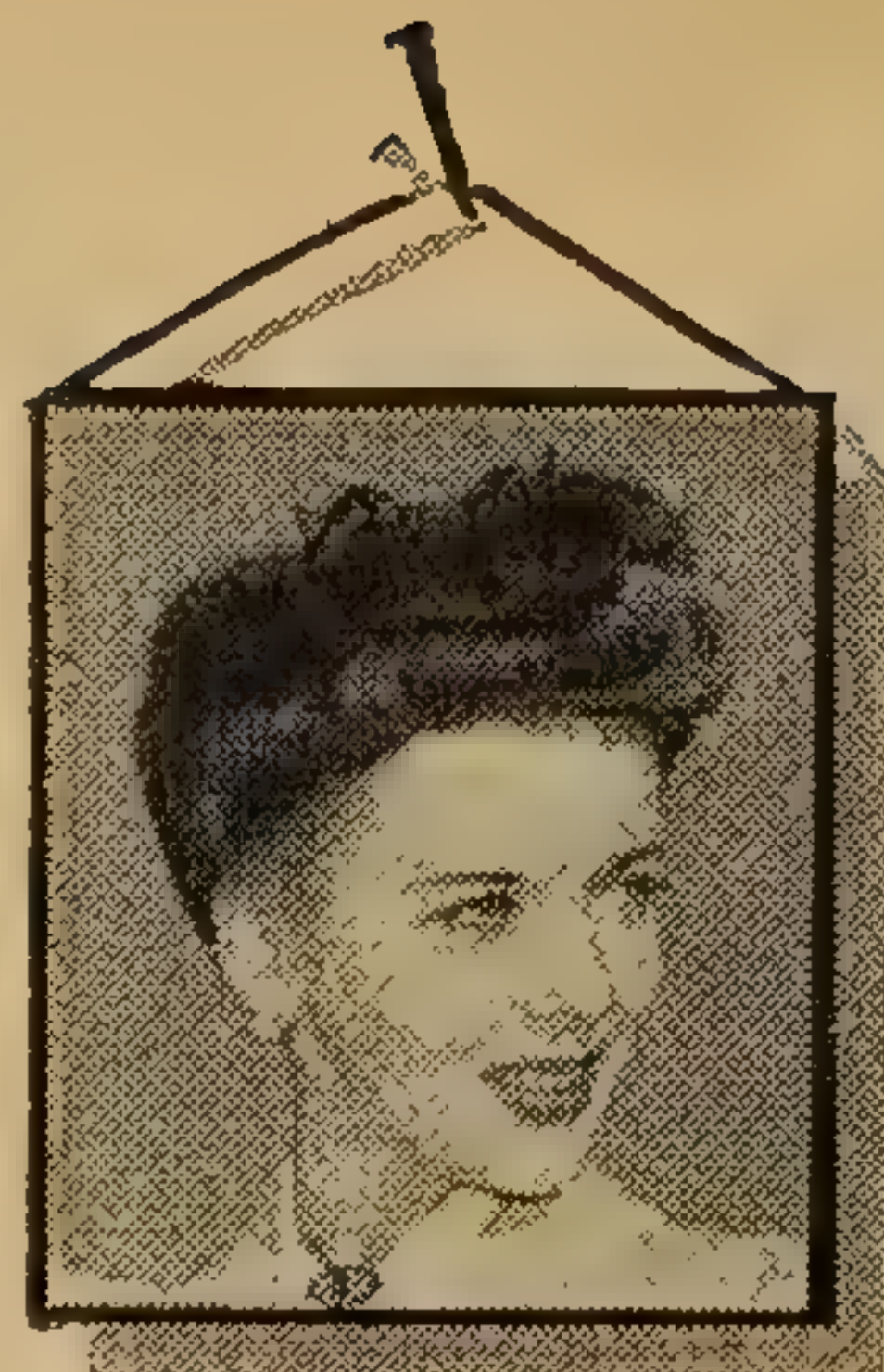
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Fans' Forum



Bend a Trend

Talk it up, fans! That's the most effective way we know of helping to swing the films into the path you want them to take. Write your letters to Fans' Forum, and tell your fellow readers—producers, writers, stars, too—what you think on the subject of movies. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and ten \$1.00 prizes. Your letters are so interesting you will note that we are now awarding *ten* \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

THEIR QUALITIES PERSONIFIED

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

This is a small voice, but somehow I think it has many contemporaries in the multitude of movie-goers today. I have been a film fan for years. When I was a typical small fry, the bang! bang! of Westerns every Saturday morning was such a thrilling event, it left me reeking with the leading star's personality for the rest of the week.

As I grew older and became theatrically minded, I began to appreciate the good performances and to wrinkle my nose in disgust at the poor or hammy ones. Now I have graduated into a state of awareness of the person who portrays.

I find myself thinking acutely of what this actor or actress really is—on the inside. Your magazine has helped greatly in giving the fan a clear and understanding portrait of them in real life. I sincerely believe that their qualities within themselves help give their acting ability more fire and

realism and decidedly affects the fans' acceptance of their rôle and their message.

For instance, I do not believe *Sister Mary Benedict* in "The Bells of St. Mary's" would have been quite so infinitely beautiful and understanding if these qualities had not belonged in real life to Ingrid Bergman.

The same applies to Bing Crosby. I can hardly believe that Bing *acts*; I think he just plays himself.

In a slightly different vein—I don't think Errol Flynn could be so dashing and mischievous on the screen if he were not such a colorful devil in everyday life.

So, I'd like for the stars to know that the fans are fully aware of what they really are like. I think, too, that casting directors should consider and reconsider before they bestow rôles to these great and wonderful people. I have reason to say, it makes a whale of a difference.

MYRTLE CRAVER, Charlotte, N. C.

A SCORE FOR MUSIC SCORES

Second Prize Letter
\$5.00

I would like to commend motion pictures for their ever-increasingly excellent musical scores—not only the gay musicals, such as "Centennial Summer" or "State Fair" (although their songs were very lovely), but serious movies as well. Dr. Miklos Rozsa's "Spellbound" concerto fascinated me.

It used to be said that if the audience totally disregarded a picture's musical background, it was indeed good; surely that is not now the case, for look at the important part played by the beautiful scores in "A Song to Remember" and "Rhapsody in Blue." Sound has come a long way in twenty years, but the American public has been given surprisingly small doses of *good* music—a few operettas in the MacDonald-Eddy era, concert music by José Iturbi, short operatic sequences with Kathryn Grayson or Susanna Foster, but never a complete grand opera.

(Please turn to page 14)



Only locked in their arms could she keep her sinister secret
locked in her heart!

RKO
PRESENTS

LARAINÉ DAY
BRIAN AHERNE
ROBERT MITCHUM
GENE RAYMOND in



From one man's arms to another,
she fled—trying to escape
the evil memory of the tragic
trinket whose strange power changed
her life . . . destroyed her loves!

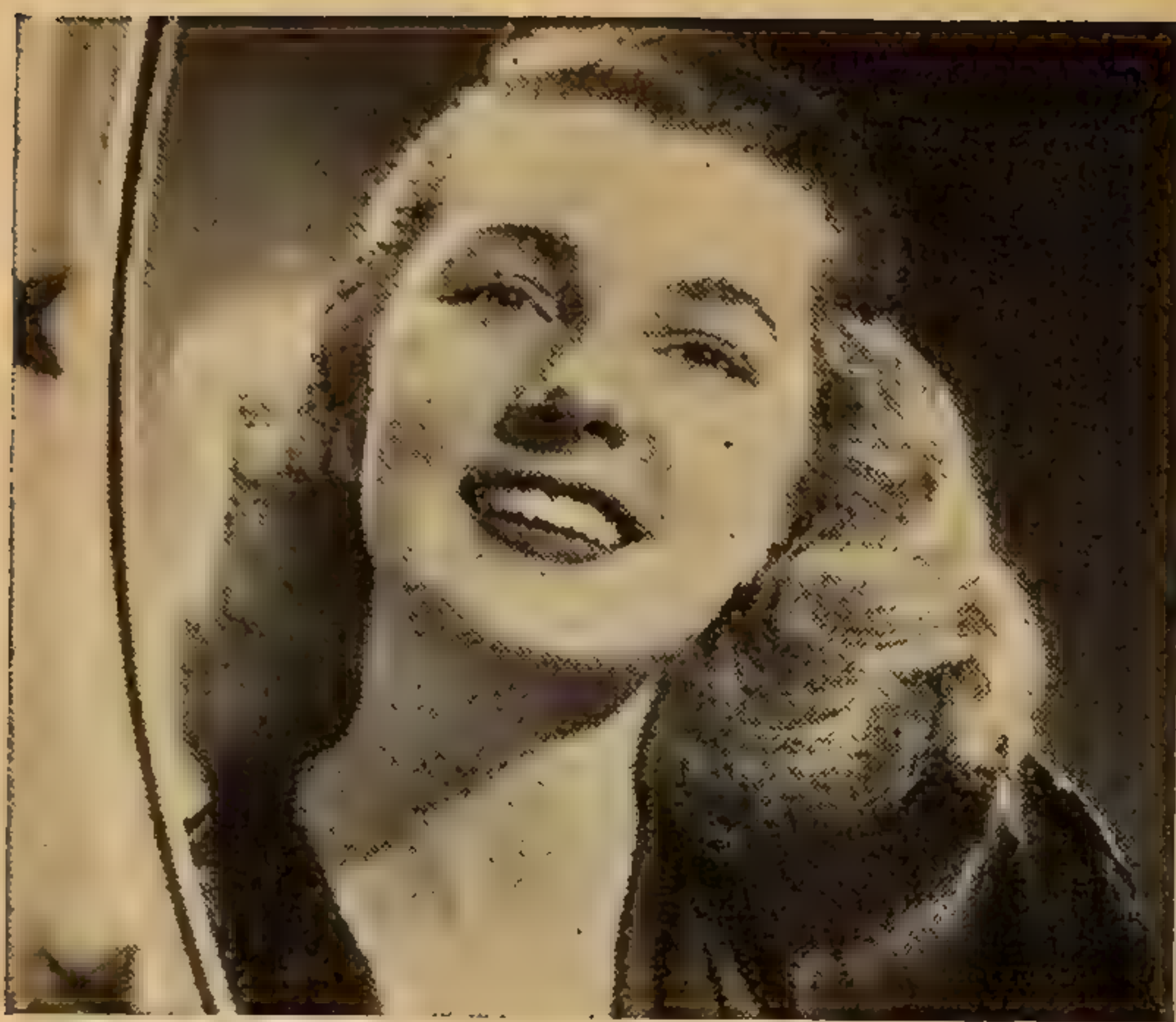
The Locket

with

SHARYN MOFFETT • RICARDO CORTEZ • HENRY STEPHENSON

Produced by BERT GRANET • Directed by JOHN BRAHM • Written by SHERIDAN GIBNEY



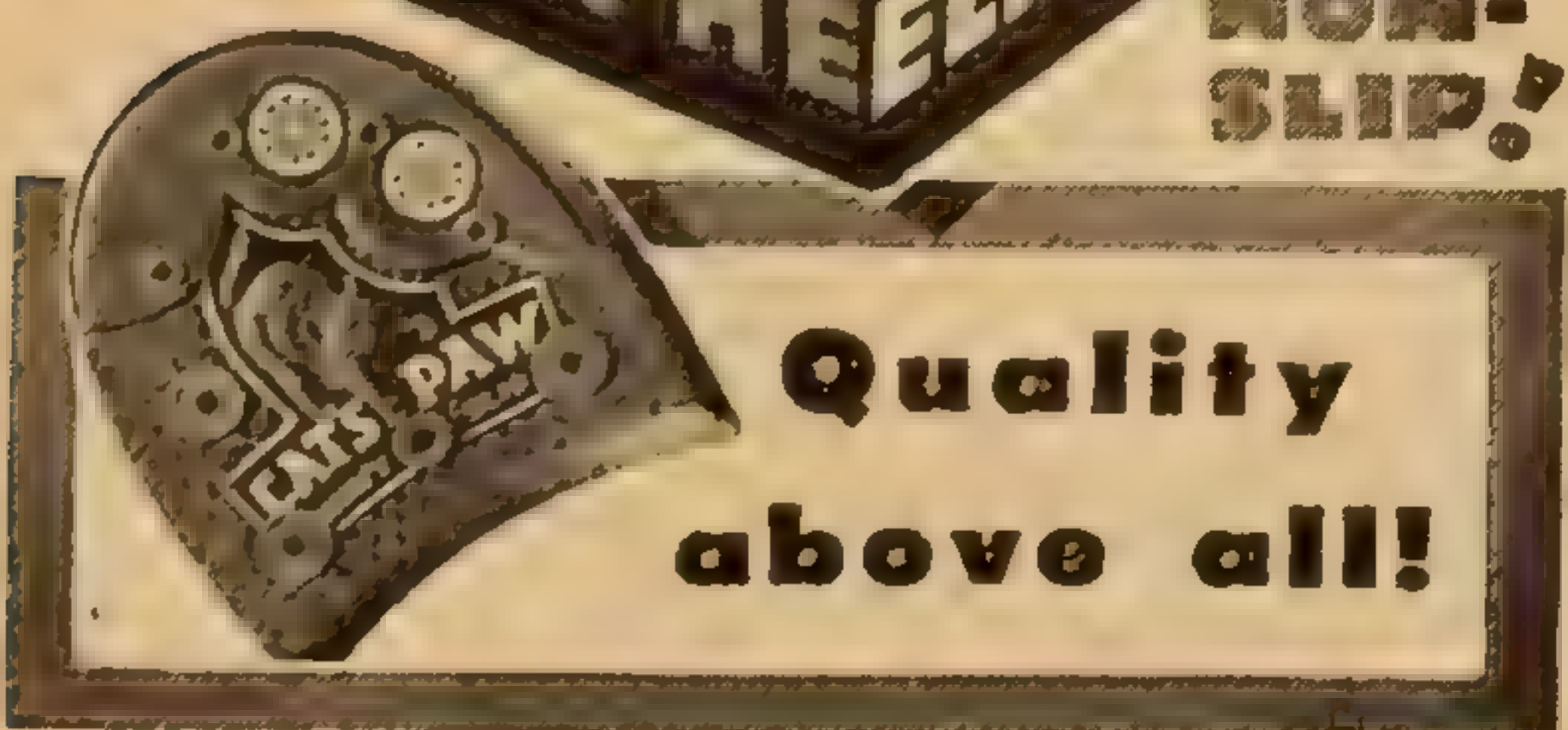


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NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET



Why not a complete opera in movies—"La Traviata," perhaps, substituting spoken dialogue for the usual recitative? If anyone remembers Miss Grayson's superb singing of "Sempre Libera" in "As Thousands Cheer" several years ago, or James Melton's performance in the more recent "Ziegfeld Follies," he will surely agree that they would be the perfect lovers, *Violetta* and *Alfredo*. To go further, if one wants comedy, who could be more funny than *Figaro*, or who could portray him better than Carlos Ramirez, who has already recorded the rôle in the album of "The Barber of Seville"? If it is the exotic the movie-goer seeks, what about "The Magic Flute"? If it is stark drama, then consider "Aïda" or "Il Trovatore."

Here is our great chance, now that our movies will again be shown to Europeans, to prove to them we are not a backward nation, musically, but that we have produced artists as great, and greater than they. Surely, too, there are enough serious music-lovers here in America to appreciate pictures like this. Being a college student, I know all teen-agers are not jive-crazy, and haven't we discovered that our own G.I.'s can, and do, take to good music? What about it—are we ready?

MARGARET SILKA, Sherman, Texas

CRACKER BARREL CLIQUE

\$1.00

Few pictures can pry us oldsters loose from the cracker barrel in the village store.

War films won't do it, as we have spent most of our lives fighting and re-fighting the Civil War, Spanish-American War and both World Wars.

When we need entertainment, instead of argument, we see Shirley Temple, who helps to keep us young. Long since have we passed the seventy-year age, but the moths haven't got us yet.

Hope producers will resurrect some of Harold Lloyd's and Buster Keaton's comedies, which kept the audience guffawing and enabled us to release our "hyena-like" laughs. They might also exhume the old virile Western pictures in which "men were sometimes men" but more often "just lazy galoots."

If such films could be accompanied by the music of a symphonic orchestra, or the soothing strains of an organ (instead of canned music) we would unanimously vote we had a "heck" of a time.

HAL HASTINGS, Glenside, Pa.

SULTRY STARDOM FOR PRETTY MALONE

\$1.00

I first saw Miss Dorothy Malone in "Janie Gets Married." I believe it's the same girl I glimpsed for a few moments in a book store scene of "The Big Sleep." And now tonight, again, I think the same girl played in a Warner Brothers short called "Frontier Days," in Technicolor. If all three were the same Dorothy Malone,



Take a lesson from proud papa, Hyatt Deyn, you future fathers! He's learned the ropes. The pretty and doting mother? Why, it's none other than Ginny Simms.

SCREENLAND

YOU CAN'T RESIST—

"Temptation!"

AN OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURE

THE
MEN
IN HER
LIFE...
SOME-
TIMES
LIVED
TO
REGRET
IT!...

"You
treat me
like
dirt...
Maybe
that's
why
I love
you
so..."

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CHARLES KORVIN · PAUL LUKAS

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LENORE ULRIC · ARNOLD MOSS
LUDWIG STOSSEL · Screenplay by Robert Thosson

From the Novel "Bells Donna" by Robert Hichens and the Play by James Bernard Tegen
Directed by IRVING PICHEL · Produced by EDWARD SMALL

"I married
you because
of what
you were...
and in
spite
of it!"

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AND SHEATH

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MATCHING \$1⁹⁵
EARRINGS
(including tax)

Glamorous gold-plated earrings to match your pin. Raised fleur-de-lis pattern, with set in flashing stones.

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Dagger pin and chatelaine with red
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ADDRESSES of popular stars with
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Here's a new Elizabeth Taylor to please
her old fans and gain new ones—in cos-
tume for her rôle in "Life With Father."

then let me have my say and hope it stirs up
a bit of activity on the Warner lot.

I was first struck by Miss Malone's
American beauty during the showing of
"Janie Gets Married" in a War Department
theater. Naturally she received more jeers
and worse razzing because of her attempted
portrayal of a supposedly tough WAC Ser-
geant, enlightening civilians in the ways of
reconverting a combat soldier to their
status. Was that material "hammy!" But
she sure was pretty.

After my release from the Army, I saw
Miss Malone for a brief few minutes in
"The Big Sleep." I say here and now that
I was enchanted by her wonderfully puz-
zled, expressive face, her charming way of
letting her hair down, removing a pair of
pince-nez glasses, glance slightly in expec-
tation of a flattering comment, and her rich
sexy voice—all combined in a closed book
shop with Bogart to unleash them at. Per-
haps a bit part, but definitely a wonderful
score in my book.

In the Technicolor short, "Frontier
Days," Miss Malone again portrays a wom-
an with stripes only this time she is wearing
a Sheriff's badge. Again the material was
terrible but Dorothy (I feel as if I've
known her for years) looked great in Tech-
nicolor.

Therefore, may it please you to know
that with the proper material, decent pub-
licity, a lead rôle with, perhaps, Garfield,
Bogart, or Carson (the latter in a musical
comedy), this Malone girl is headed toward
a beautiful sultry stardom if those brothers
called Warner ever bother to take another
look.

If, on the other hand, these particular
girls don't happen to be the one and same,
then it's the Malone of "The Big Sleep" to
wake up to.

SAM E. SMITH, Bronx, N. Y.

Editor's note: Yes, it's Dorothy Malone
you're talking about—she played in all three
pictures mentioned.

ALLURE—AND A SNARE \$1.00

I've found that the coming attractions of
a picture is sometimes more exciting than
the film itself. At least, they only show the
more interesting scenes so one isn't fore-
warned about the dull spots. Billy Rose, for
one, admits that the "lush" days are over,
that people are getting to be more fussy
when seeking entertainment. Speaking for
myself, I know that is true about films. I
don't go to the movies as often as I used to.
Too high admissions and too low quality of
films have acted as a great discourager. The

only thing I have to resist right now are
those fascinating "trailers." The closeups
for "The Postman Always Rings Twice"
lured me into the theater, only to find a
poor-by-comparison imitation of "Double
Indemnity." In this case the trailer was far
better than the picture—and I'm not fooling.
S. GRILL, New York, N. Y.

"LIMEY" DEFENDS HOLLYWOOD \$1.00

I was very interested in a reader's views
in a recent issue, with regard to English
films. Being a "Limey" I have had the op-
portunity to see a good many British pro-
ductions. The British can turn out a really



first class film, but they do not always do
so; an American audience would never sit
through some of the British films.

The better English (and Continental)
films seem to concentrate on fine acting;
for instance, "The Private Lives of Henry
VIII," "Pygmalion," "The Seventh Veil,"
and many others which have been circulated
in the States. Another fine one, produced
in England, directed by a Frenchman, René
Clair, with English and Hollywood stars,
was "The Ghost Goes West." I have seen a
few French and Austrian films, and would
like to see more: one stands out in my
memory, "La Kermesse Heroique," made
fascinating entertainment by the superb act-
ing of Françoise Rosay and the supporting
cast.

The Hollywood producers have it over
their European counterparts, however,
where lavish spectacle and gay comedy are
concerned; and when they forget these, and
settle down to serious acting, they don't do
too badly either. Admittedly many of the
finer directors, actors and actresses are

The Book that was talked of in *Whispers*

now comes to shocking, fascinating life on the screen...striking like lightning with the searing story of the strange woman whose beauty was as strong as sin... and twice as deadly!

There was something strange in her that many men sensed... and it set them burning...



HUNT STROMBERG presents

HEDY LAMARR

The Strange Woman

GEORGE SANDERS · LOUIS HAYWARD

with HILLARY BROOKE · GENE LOCKHART · JUNE STOREY · RHYE WILLIAMS

Produced by JACK CHERTOK · Directed by EDGAR ULMER · Screenplay by HERB MEADOW

Based on the novel "The Strange Woman" by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

A Hunt Stromberg production · Released thru United Artists

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MIDOL SAID... "DANCE TONITE!"



SHE: It is *me* dancing! Carefree. Comfortable. And to think of the nites and days I wasted because I didn't try Midol sooner! Now I realize, Midol tablets can bring quick relief from the cramp-like pain of menstruation, and attendant headache, backache, "depressed feeling".

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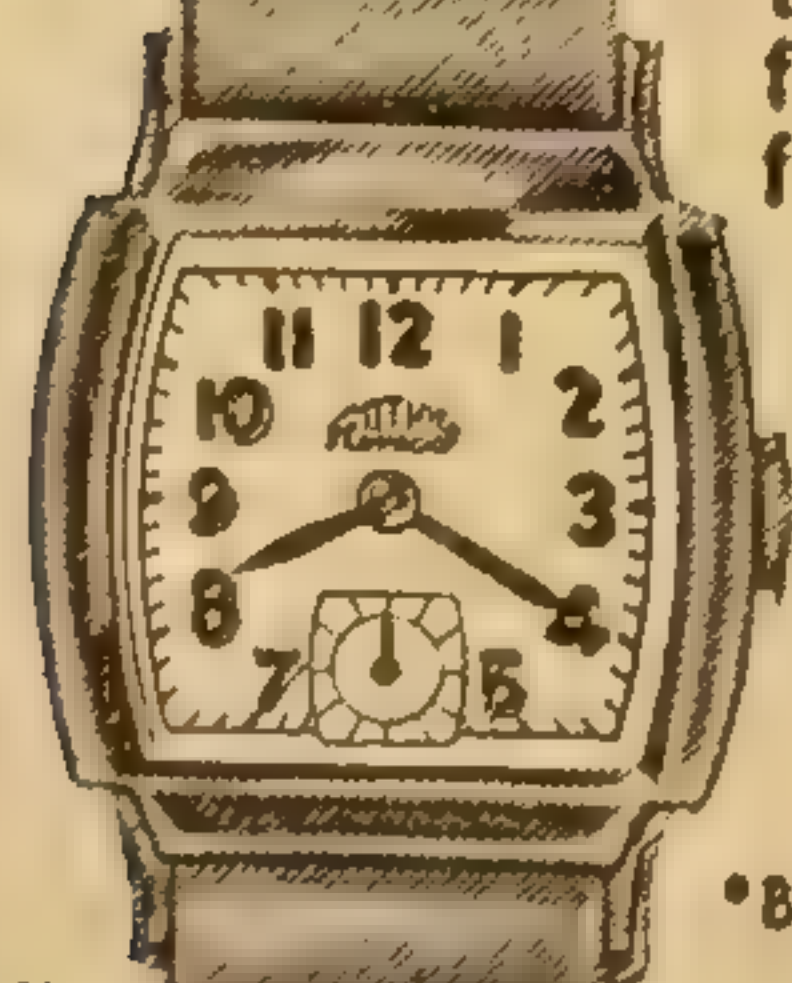
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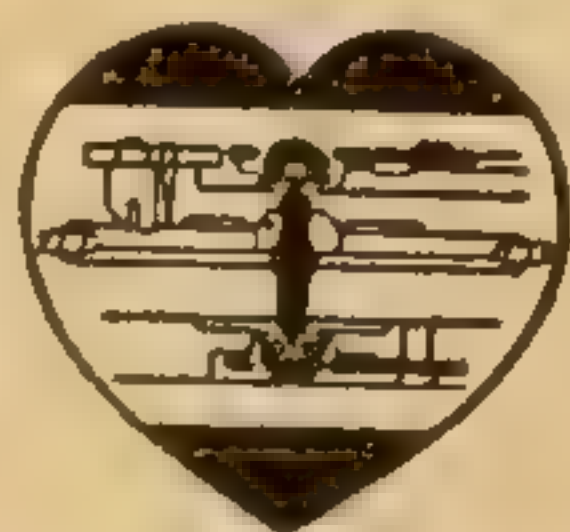
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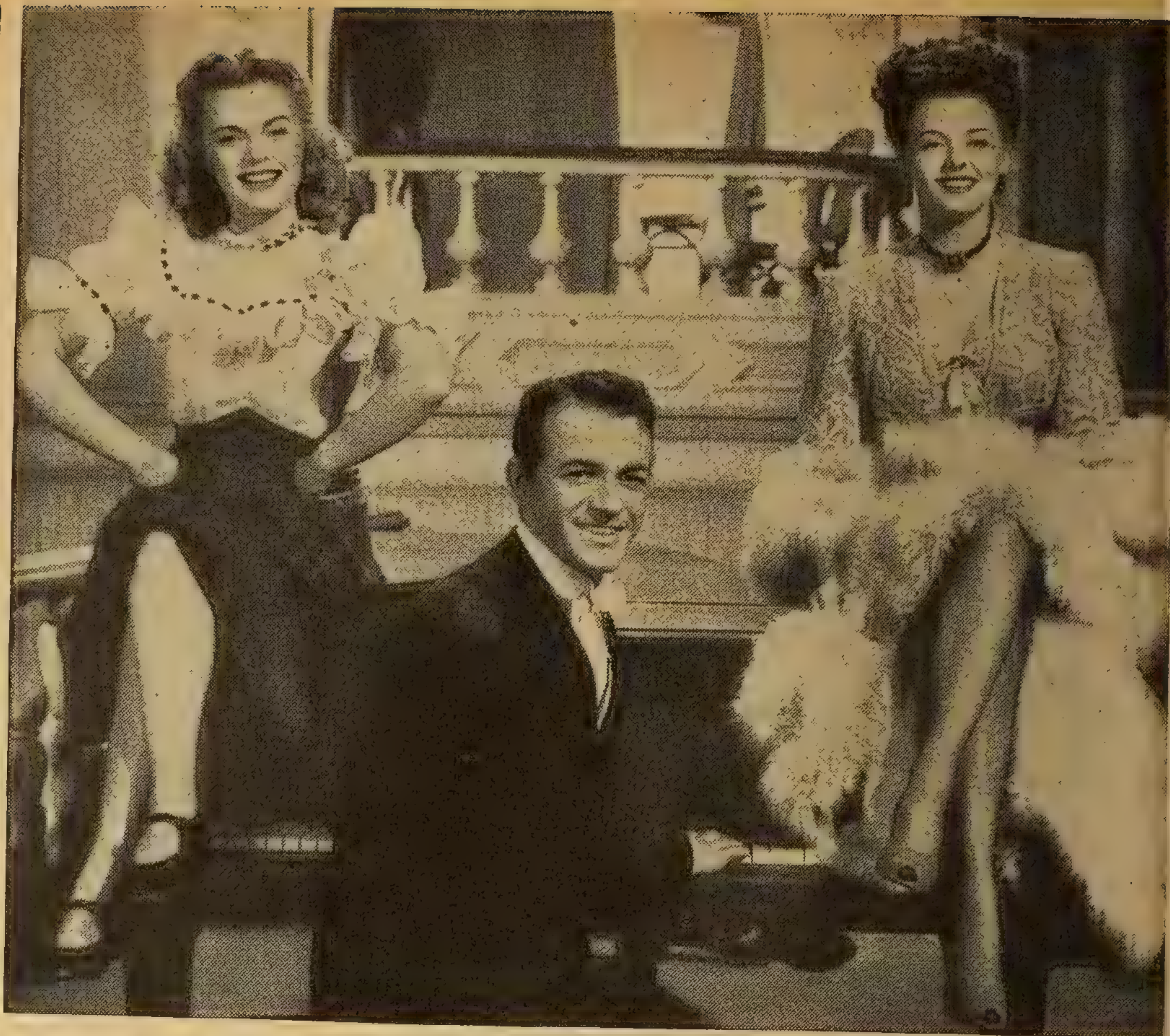
*Balance staff and its jewels



Gothic "Gem"
17 Jewels, \$39.75**

**Prices include tax

GOTHIC JARPROOF WATCH CORP., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.



Two screen lovelies, June Haver and Martha Stewart, add to the verve of 20th Century-Fox's "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," with Mark Stevens as the good-looking hero.

Europeans, who gravitate to Hollywood in search, not only of higher salaries, but also of better stories and parts. But not all by any means—how about Bette Davis, one of the finest actresses on the screen today?

No, as much as I love my country, I do not feel that English films are essentially better; the good ones can hold their own with any produced in the U.S.

JOAN TEMPLETON, Augusta, Ga.

UP-AND-DOING STARS

\$1.00

Until now, I haven't had a very high opinion of the real characters of movie stars. They were always good for an evening's entertainment but I figured that anything they did outside of movies was strictly publicity.

How wrong I was! Recently on our campus an idea was established to have an "International House" built so that students from other countries might have a chance to study here, also we'd get better acquainted with each other and there would be a growth of understanding developed.

None could have been more surprised than I to hear a speech by Charles Boyer—which wasn't romantic! Nor will I ever forget the stirring message by Vincent Price. To top this, who could have been better representatives of America than Hoagy Carmichael and Kay Kyser?

My hat is off to these people and to all the others who are putting forth *actual efforts* for "internationalism" and not just talking about doing something.

MARY LUCIA ALLISON, Los Angeles, Cal.

ACADEMY AWARD—OR ELSE!

\$1.00

Ingrid Bergman does her finest work to date in "Notorious"; Bette Davis plays twins in "A Stolen Life"; Jennifer Jones has the rôle of her career in "Duel in the Sun"; Joan Crawford is better in "Humoresque" than she was in "Mildred Pierce." Maybe so, but only one actress gave a truly

great performance in 1946. Who? Olivia DeHavilland—in "To Each His Own." Who else?

Miss DeHavilland's performance in "To Each His Own" is well-nigh perfect, and, in my opinion, it is a lot more Oscar-worthy than some performances that have won Academy Awards in the last few years. Sure, Bergman, Davis, Jones, Crawford, and a lot of others are great, but we might as well face it—Olivia DeHavilland in "To Each His Own" is greater.

Olivia wins my vote for the best performance given by an actress in 1946, and if she doesn't win the Academy Award, I will be so disgusted with Hollywood that I will probably adopt flea circuses, roach-racing, or some other desperate form of entertainment and forget all about Hollywood, the movies, and average performances winning Academy Awards.

LAURENCE BEYER, Mineral Wells, Texas

LET'S MAKE LUPINO HAPPY

\$1.00

Last night I saw another Ida Lupino movie. This one was called "Devotion" and contrary to my anticipation I had to sit through an hour and forty-five minutes of what I suppose is only natural to expect from seeing a Lupino picture. I didn't read the story but because of certain publicity I went to see it. You know the kind—he loved them both but couldn't have either.

In case you haven't grasped my point, I am speaking of the fact that the majority of pictures Miss Lupino makes depicts her always as a lonely, moody soul who hasn't the chance in a million of getting her man, and to top it all off she dies, but very dramatically, and leaves her ideal to her sister or best friend.

"The Hard Way" found millions ruining their best handkerchiefs, shedding literally oceans of tears, feeling sorry for her.

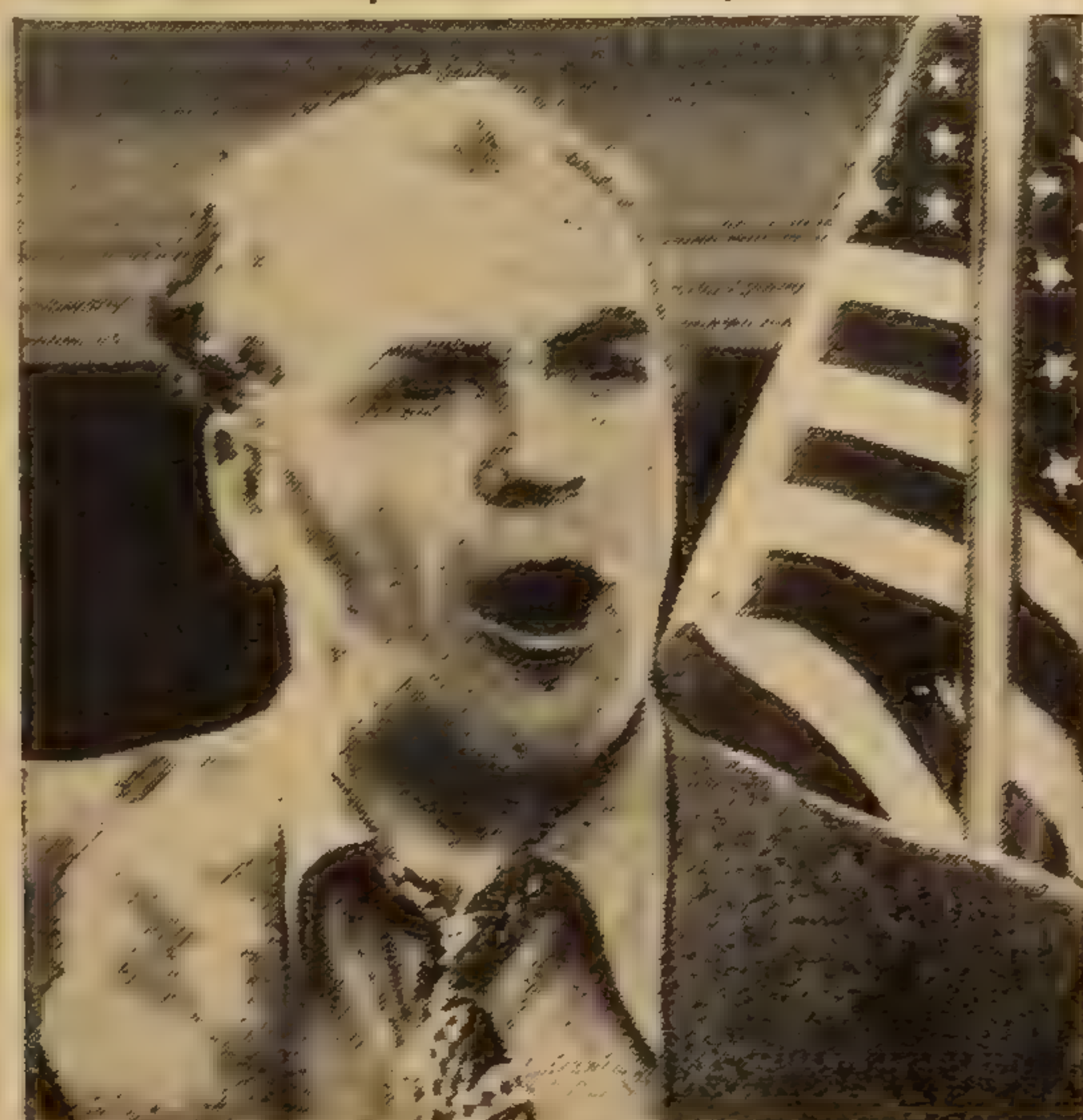
With the possible exception of "Pillow to Post," which was simply a light comedy, most of Ida's pictures have found her coming to a pitiful end. Ida enacts the sorrow—
(Please turn to page 22)

DON'T BE A SUCKER

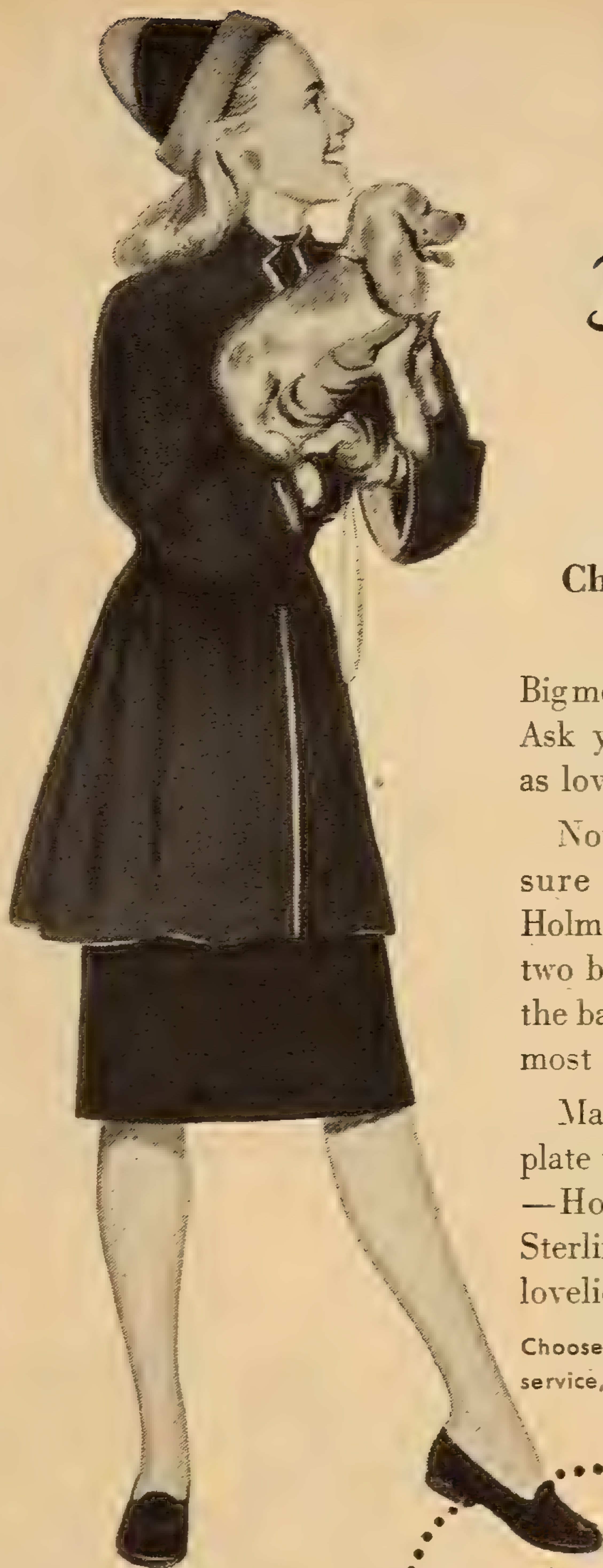
This super short packs a powerful wallop with an important message.



Famed actor, Paul Lukas, plays the refugee professor who explains the dangers of a nation split into antagonistic groups in the short subject released by Paramount.

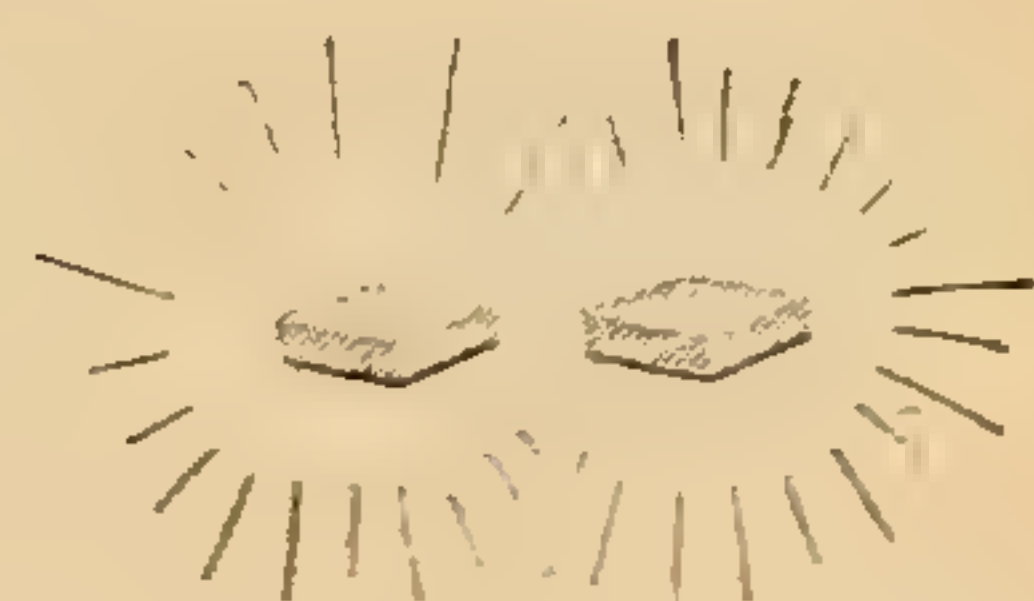


Above, watch out for the street corner hate-monger! He's trying to destroy the freedoms for which the flag stands. Below, Lloyd Nolan, as narrator, conveys the message.



Big moment
in your life!

Choose these



Big moment, this! So choose with care. Ask yourself, "Will this pattern be as lovely years from now?"

Now, here's the modern way to be sure of longer-lasting silverplate. Holmes & Edwards silverplate has two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks.

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YOUTH - DANISH PRINCESS - LOVELY LADY



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Here is Audrey ready to give her figure a good workout to keep its fine proportions.



Sitting position—ready, set, go—for the touch-toes exercise that reduces tummy.



Swing over—that's the way—then down again with hands stretched high above the head.



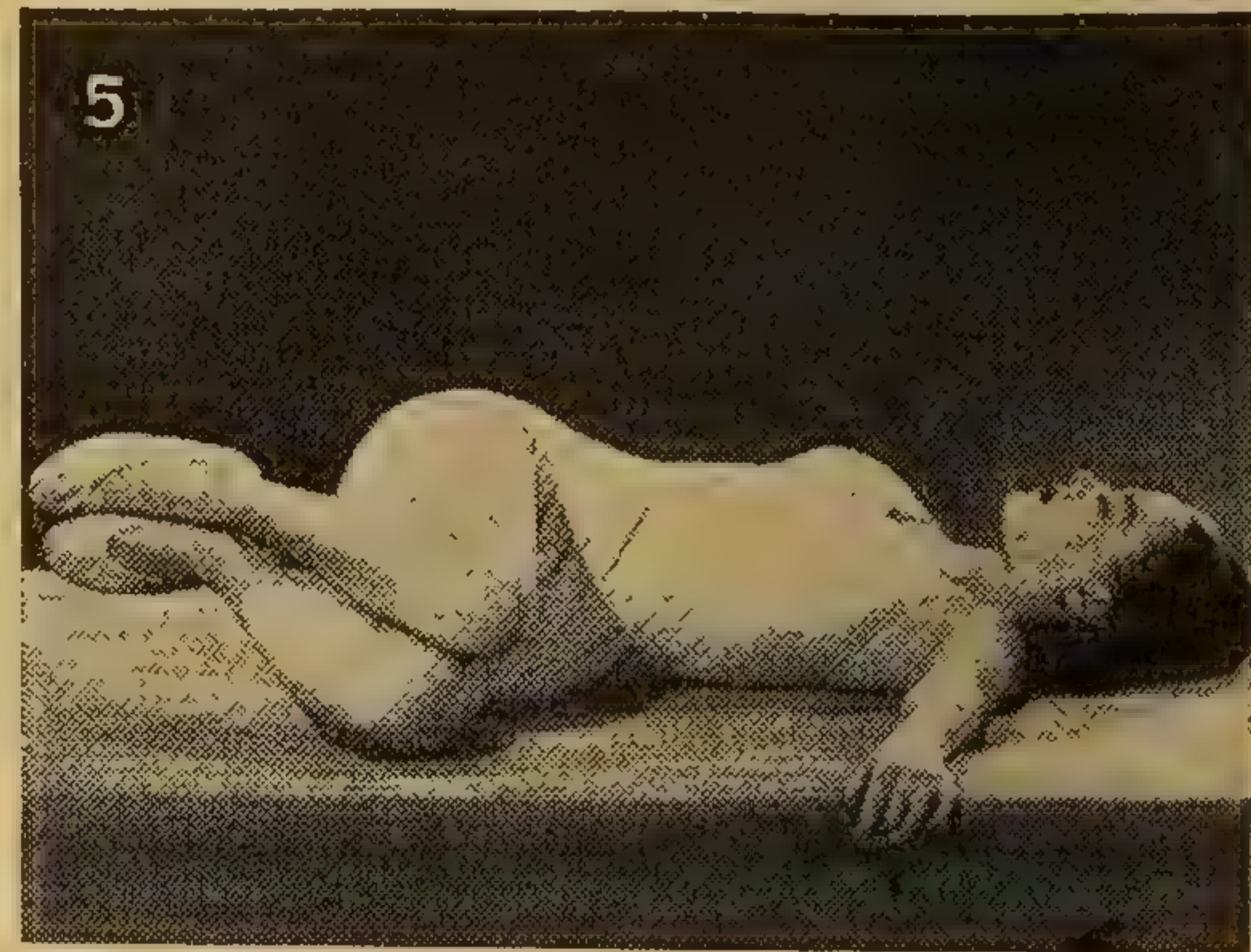
Here we are all set to do the "figure eight." Toes pointed down is good for ankles.



From another angle. Audrey will lift up her middle from the floor then lower it.



Audrey Totter, slender blonde star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Lady in the Lake."



"Figure eight" has knees over to the floor with a good, center torso twist as well.



And relax. Cross-legged oriental fashion bend far forward for back, neck loosening.

KEEP YOUR FIGURE

Figures, of course, are born—but they can be made, and kept lovely to look at

By Josephine Felts

NOTHING can be more important to you than to keep your figure lithe and lovely. It may take a bit of doing, but it is worth it millions of times over. Slender Audrey Totter, whom you will admire soon in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Lady in the Lake," is right here to give you a few priceless tips.



Push up hard with that back, at the same time drawing in the abdominal muscles.

"Begin," she says, "in the middle." For if you can keep a slim waist with firm, strong abdominal muscles, that is at least half the battle. Oh no, we aren't forgetting those hips and thighs. They are part of you, too, and of course, Audrey has ideas about them as well.

Let's start by lying down on a blanket or one of those big rough towels that are as long as you are tall. (See Audrey in picture 1.) The first exercise is easy. It is to pretend you are a cat and stretch and s-t-r-e-t-c-h! Stretch with your arms as far over your head as you can reach them, stretch your legs down, and down;

do them singly and together. You can do this standing up, too, at odd moments of the day when nobody is looking. (Just to be sure they don't think you're crazy.)

Next, from this same prone position, lift the upper part of your body to a half sitting position, about six or eight inches from the floor and drop down again. Feel the vibration of your middle muscles? They are getting a workout. If at first you can't keep your legs down as you do this, never mind. After a while you can. Or hook them under a chair rung to hold them.

Now sit up as Audrey does in picture 2 with your toes pointed and stretched down. Take your arms (picture 3) and bend forward, touching your toes. Lie back on the floor, arms stretched overhead. Repeat this several times. After a week or so increase the number of bends.

What physical education experts call the "figure eight exercise" is one of the best little tummy eradicators. Good for the thighs, too. Lie on the floor as at first and draw your knees up to your chest (picture 4). Push the knees down on the left side as far as they will go; draw them up along that side to the position shown in picture 5. Swing back into the knee-chest position (picture 4). Now

Repeat this on the right side. Put the whole thing together and you will see that your knees are describing a "figure eight." At first do it slowly and rhythmically, increasing the speed as you get used to it. You may hold your arms out to the side as shown in picture 5 to help you balance.

To stretch and strengthen your middle from a little different angle, get down on your blanket as Audrey does in picture 6. It will be easier for you at first if you will turn your hands inward, more than she does, and perhaps have them just a little closer to you. Now raise your middle off the floor as far up as you can and let it down slowly, bending your elbows. This is a hard one and again you'll feel those middle muscles vibrate.

About now you should be ready for a good back stretch. Clasp your hands around your knees as in picture 7 and push back and up with your spine. You may push your chin in and back, too, as you do this but do not hunch your shoulders. Keep them back and down. Relax. Do this one again at the same time pulling your ribs up, up, off those vital middle organs.

To further relaxation follow this as Audrey does in picture 8 by a good drop forward. Pretend your head is quite independent, drop and shake it forward. Now staying in this same position, cross-legged, oriental fashion with knees bent, and pull, p-u-l-l in those abdominal muscles while rounding the back with head and chest bent forward. Gradually straighten up, rocking slowly back on the buttock muscles, abdominal muscles in, until head and neck are high, back straight, shoulders relaxed.

"But, Miss Totter," we hear one of you say, "that's fine and will do, but I have a fat spot on my hips and I want to reduce them. What should I do?"

Here is a good simple exercise for reducing hips. Simply sit on the floor cross-legged and roll the body rhythmically from side to side. Let your hands on the floor beside you maintain your balance.

Another good idea is to lie on the floor on your side with the fat spot you want to lose directly under you. Balance with your hand flat on the floor behind you. Now rub back and forth, lengthwise on that offending spot. You simply rub it off! Don't move the whole body along the floor, stay right in that one spot and move your body back and forth over it. This is like having a masseuse work on you only you do it yourself.

But the old favorite stand-by is to "bicycle." Lie on the floor, lift your legs in the air and pretend you are pedaling as fast as ever you can. Audrey does this one standing up on her shoulders but this is harder and you get as good results with your back on the floor.

If you will do these exercises faithfully there is no doubt about it but that you will lose inches. Pounds don't matter so much. It is the inches you want to get off, where you want to lose them. You will speed up the process a lot if you will watch your diet at the same time. Any strenuous diet should be undertaken only with the advice of a physician. What we mean by diet here is simply a sensible cut down on sweets and starchy food. Good food habits will do much to help you keep that figure of yours lithe and lovely.

"And jewels of fabled Samarkand
are drab beside her *Moon-white
Hand*"



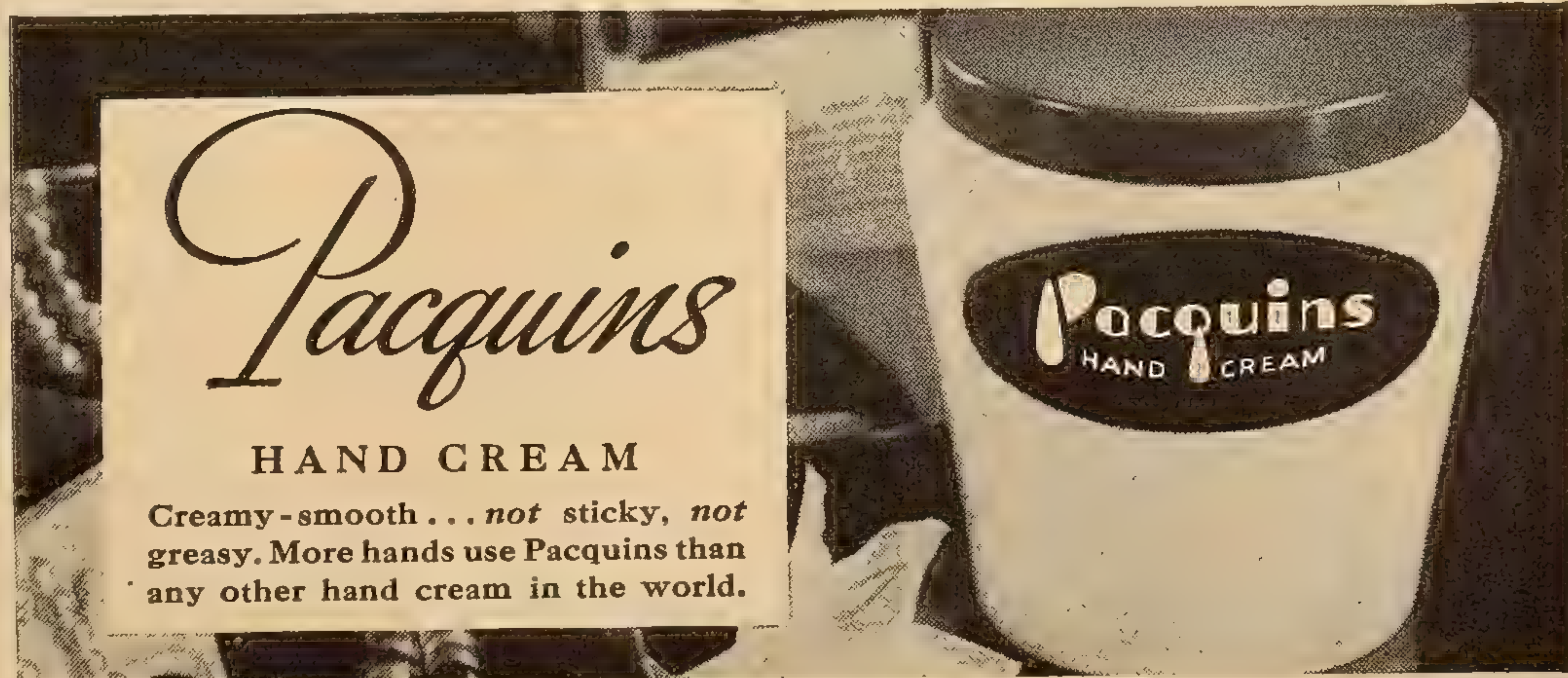
"Moon-white" hands that do a baby's daily wash? Of course!

If you think that washing clothes *must* mean red, rough, flaky-dry hands...you're just not in the know! Snowy, fragrant Pacquins Hand Cream helps make that "housework" look disappear from your hands... in its place there's a softer, smoother look.



Doctors and Nurses were first users of Pacquins

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. So, naturally, they need *extra rich* lubrication to help overcome the drying effects of soapy-water scrubbings. Pacquins was made just to answer that need. Super-rich...it quickly helps overcome the drying effects of hard work and rough weather.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

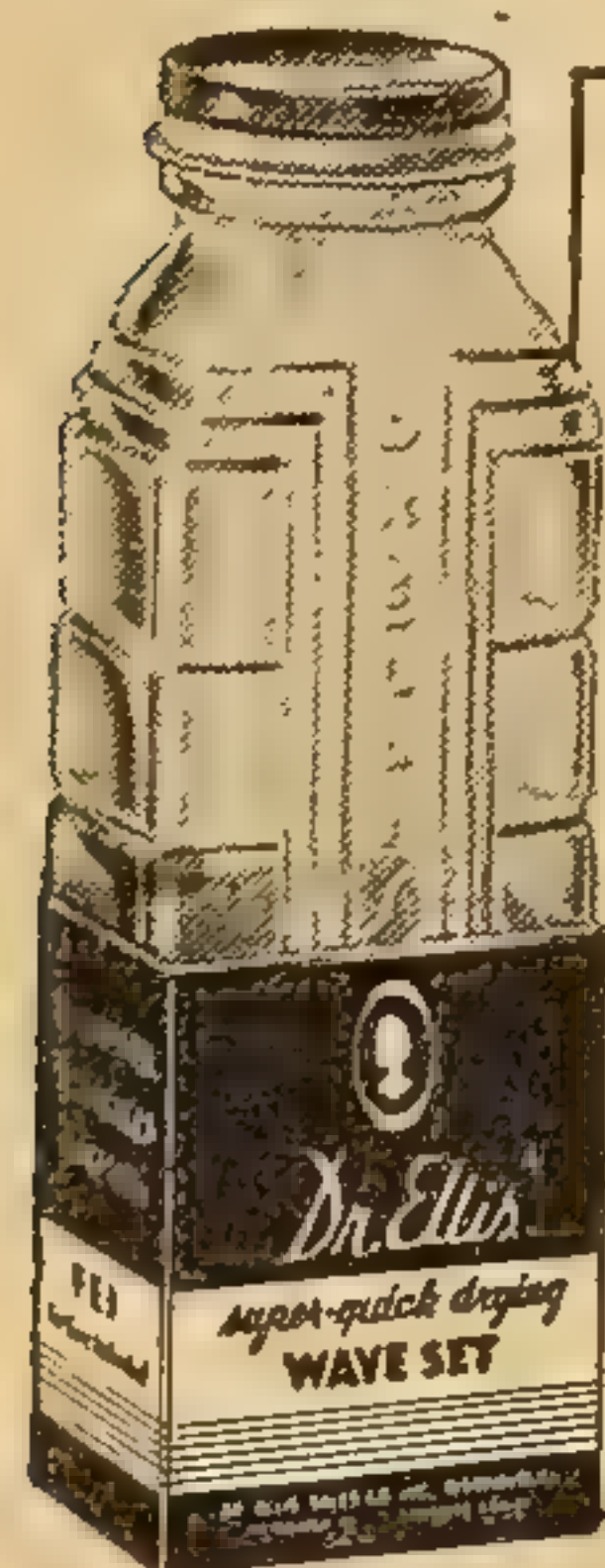
A NEW HAIRDO EVERY WEEK

for pennies



TEALA LORING
featured in Monogram's
"BOWERY BOMBSHELL"

With only your own ingenuity and Dr. Ellis' Wave Set you can treat yourself to a lovely, natural, romance-inspiring hairdo as often as you please. This famous wave lotion (national leader) costs so little, yet is unmatched for wonderful results.



Dr. Ellis'
WAVE SET
(Clear or Green)

LOSE 3 TO 5 LBS. A WEEK OR MONEY BACK!

**No Drugs
No Exercises
No Starvation Diets**

"Rite-Way"

the amazing, scientific method for adults can give you too that slim and glamorous figure you always wanted. "RITE-WAY" includes

"RITE-WAY" TABLETS and CAPSULES

Which supply the right minerals and vitamins to avoid the strain from a reducing diet. Send \$2.00 for "RITE-WAY" (includes a 2 weeks supply of tablets and capsules) postpaid, or C.O.D. plus postage. Try Rite-Way at our risk, if not completely satisfied we will refund your money. If abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

Here's What Users Say:

"I lost about 10 lbs., these 2 weeks," Miss B.D., Calif.
"Feeling marvelous after just one week," Mrs. J.P., Miami, Fla.
"I have taken it for one week and lost 4 lbs.," A.S., Delaware.
"I am quite satisfied — Send me another box," Mrs. R.V., Kellogg, Iowa.

Get Started on the "RITE-WAY" to a slender and beautiful figure NOW!

RITE-WAY CO.
Dept. S-11, P.O. Box 123, Station P, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.
No Canadian orders



June Allyson pouts in MGM's "The Secret Heart" as she watches the man she loves, Walter Pidgeon, embrace her step-mother, Claudette Colbert. On opposite page, Walter and Claudette give their version of the once-popular dance, "The Big Apple."



Fans' Forum

Continued from page 18

ful rôles handed to her superbly, but in doing so she is wasting a far better inner talent that she definitely possesses.

When is Warner Bros. going to wake up and realize that Ida Lupino is Bette Davis material, the fiery, hard-to-tame type? Her fans want to see her in an attractive evening gown, in tense dramatic love scenes, lighting a cigarette with Paul Henreid or Humphrey Bogart. We don't want to go to the theater and find her in the middle of a funeral procession. We want her to be like the Mounties at least once in a while. Maybe then our eyes will regain normal color. What do you say, Warner Bros.? How about that, fans?

HARRY ALSTON, St. Louis, Mo.

DIM LIGHTS ON WEEPY GLIMMERS

\$1.00

I have been a devoted movie fan for the past twenty years and have few complaints against the motion picture industry. But there is one item I'm fierce about. I go to a movie and see a soul-stirring picture, and what happens? Bang! Every light in the theater immediately pops on, and me weeping like mad and feeling like a blooming idiot. Does the person at the switch controls turn the lights on at the end of a news-reel or a comedy? Oh, no! If the management of theaters in this wonderful U.S.A. don't pass a law against my pet peeve, I'm going to suddenly obtain the title of Best B.B.-Gun Queen of the West. Yes, I'm going to take a few pot-shots at some of those pretty lights.

MAYME LEE WELLS, Los Angeles, Calif.

P. S. To name a few that caused my weeping jags: "Back Street," "Imitation of Life," "The Sullivans," "Tomorrow Is Forever," "To Each His Own" and "Night and Day."

A SOLO FOR WALTER PIDGEON

\$1.00

After seeing Walter Pidgeon in MGM's new spectacular Technicolor picture, "Holiday in Mexico," I began wondering why his studio hasn't given him more starring rôles. This picture certainly displays his talent for both acting and singing.

It is a treat seeing Mr. Pidgeon live to the end of the picture, after his tragic screen deaths in "Blossoms in the Dust," "Madam Curie," and "Mrs. Parkington." It is also a pleasure not seeing him with his perennial screen wife, Greer Garson, who always gets top-billing over him.

So please, MGM, take notice of that tall, dark, handsome actor whose monicker is Walter Pidgeon, and give him more starring rôles with a chance to sing and prove to people he has an excellent baritone voice.

PAT WALSH, New York, N. Y.

ADULT OFFENDERS

\$1.00

I hesitate, yet believe I should address my opinion to M/Sgt. Herbert Smith of Phoenix, Arizona. In his letter he told of the long suffering adults who attend theaters where "youngsters" effect all disturbances possible.

This stirs my temper because I'm one of these so-called youngsters. I wish to deny this charge that he puts upon the majority of us.

Recently when my friends and I attended

the highly dramatic "Leave Her to Heaven," I got my first inspiration to write this letter. When the movie was partly over two elderly ladies seated themselves in front of us. One declared she had seen the movie, and proceeded to tell its ending. She then discussed everything from Mrs. Jones' sore throat to President Truman's vacation, opened her purse about ten times, stood and removed her coat, and then proceeded to tell of the actors' reputations.

This, of course, is an excellent portrayal of an adult's behavior at the movies. It also proves that even grown-ups have their faults.

PEGGY QUIRK, Fort Wayne, Ind.

MORE DRAMA FOR VAN

Honorable Mention

I would like to know why Van Johnson isn't given parts in which he will really have a chance to show his real acting ability. He surely proved, in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," that he is more than just a bobby-sox idol, but a really accomplished actor.

I am only fifteen, definitely a Johnson fan in every sense of the word, and I'm not ashamed of my bobby-sox. I see all of Van's pictures about three times and I do enjoy them. He can play parts such as he had in "Thrill of a Romance" and "Easy to Wed" very well, but it doesn't require any difficult acting. Van has proved his loyalty in many instances, so why don't the big officials at MGM do the same and give Van more chances to act?

Thanks for letting me get this off my chest.

VIRGINIA DU CHENE, Ontario, Calif.



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SLIPS • GOWNS • PANTIES

Luxuriously tailored underthings . . . fashioned to flatter . . . in an attractive variety of styles and fabrics. Be sure it's Blue Swan when you shop for them at your favorite store.

BLUE SWAN MILLS

A DIVISION OF THE MCKAY PRODUCTS CORP.

EMPIRE STATE BLDG.

NEW YORK CITY

M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ Well, look who's on the cover this month, all wreathed in smiles! Studying the matter, we can't think of an actress who better deserves the honor and the happiness than that very talented, very young Miss Margaret O'Brien.

★ Very young indeed; nine years old, to be exact. As for the talent—from her very first screen appearance at the age of five, it was quite apparent that she was that "one in a million," a natural actress. She's refreshingly free from the earmarks of the child prodigy—something that endears her to everyone who works with her, as well as her thousands of fans.

★ Now that the bravos and huzzahs over her performance in M-G-M's "Three Wise Fools" have barely died down, we learn that she's completing a new M-G-M picture. It's "Tenth Avenue Angel," a story entirely different from "Three Wise Fools" but still perfectly fitted to young Margaret's talents.

★ There's a sneaking suspicion around the M-G-M lot that Margaret likes her role in this one better than in any of her other pictures. It seems there are nine kittens, one very old white horse and some cows involved—and if it may be said that a young lady Margaret's age can have a ruling passion, hers is animals. She is not yet sure of how to go about making up to a cow, but she, the horse and the kittens are very happy together.

★ Director Roy Rowland, who did such a wonderful job with the small O'Brien in "Lost Angel" and "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," is directing the new picture, and is pleased as punch over the opportunity. Says he regards O'Brien pictures as vacations—she's so delightful and easy to work with.

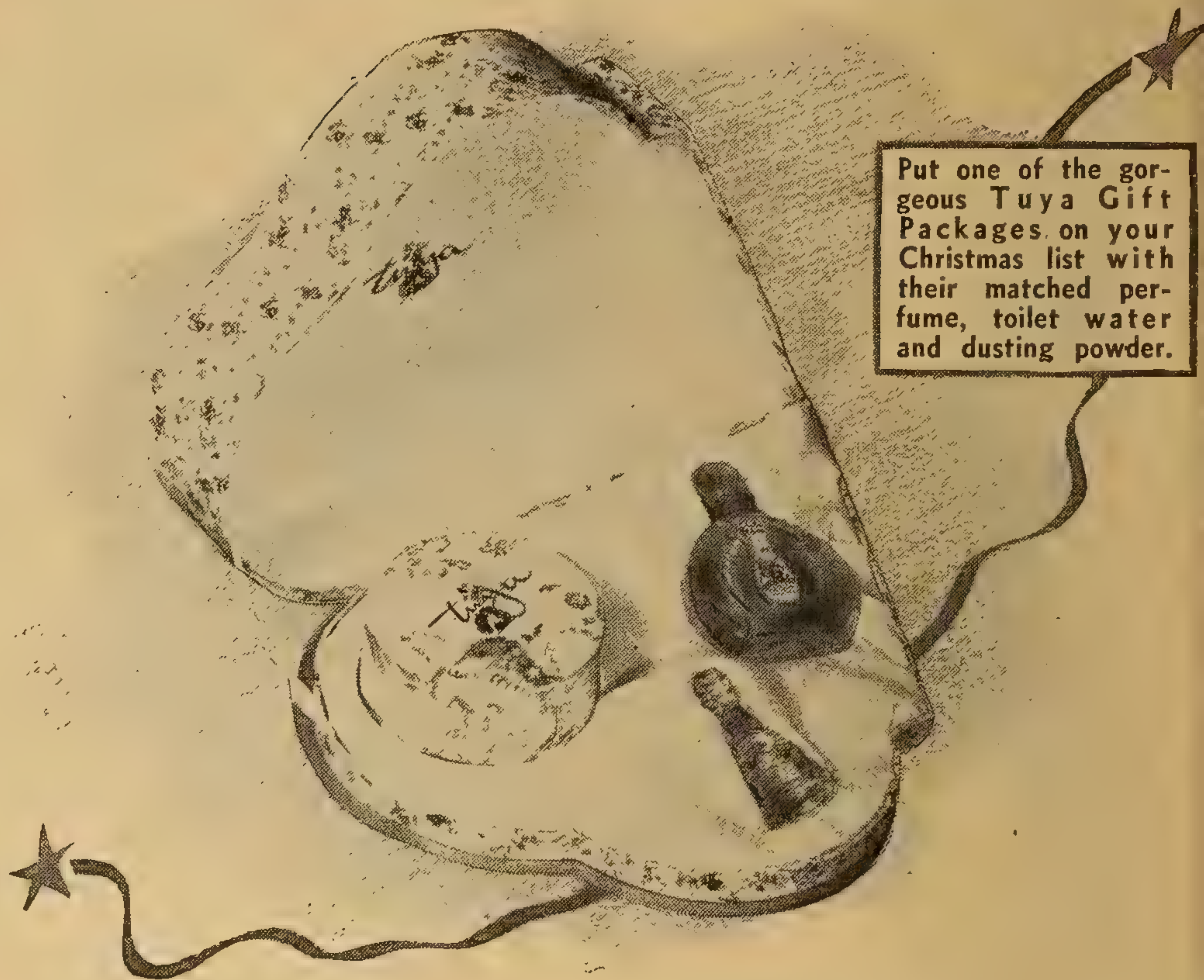
★ As for Margaret, who knows what goes on in her young mind? She doesn't seem aware that she's one of Hollywood's great actresses. She just goes to school, "makes believe" on the set, plays with her friends—behaves like any well-brought-up and unspoiled nine-year-old. Maybe that's the secret of Margaret's phenomenal success.

Watch for her next M-G-M film hit

★ "TENTH AVENUE ANGEL" ★

Guide To Glamor

Christmas comes but once a year,
and that one time is almost here!



Put one of the gorgeous Tuya Gift Packages on your Christmas list with their matched perfume, toilet water and dusting powder.

THE fact of the matter is you'd best begin thinking of it right now, Christmas we mean. Get yourself in beautiful shape for the holiday, well ahead of time and cast an eye about you for the presents of beauty you mean to give your friends. Here are a few suggestions. We'll have pages more for you next month.

To begin with give your hair a special treat with HarperGLO, the marvelous hair-conditioning cleanser developed by Martha Matilda Harper, used in the Harper Method shops and now famous the world over. You can do it yourself, you know, using this special beauty aid much as you would an ordinary liquid shampoo. Massage it thoroughly into hair and scalp before you put on any water. Then shampoo with warm, not hot or cold, water. A lovely luster rewards you.

Now about hands. Have your nails been splitting easily of late and perhaps snagging precious Nylons as well as bothering you with their jagged appearance?

Dorothy Gray makes a cream recommended to help prevent this problem. It is called Brittle Nail Cream and is a rich lubricating agent that we find does a particularly good job at your fingertips. Pretty nails are important.

Pigtails of the future are likely to romp through their keeping clean routines with enthusiasm that would have amazed all parents. And the miracle will be credited in large part to a very famous child star of today, MGM's Margaret O'Brien. For a new line of Margaret O'Brien toiletries for 4-to-12ers has been launched with gay moving picture bottles of Toilet Water, Bubble Bath, Shampoo and Hand and Body Lotion. There are, also, a dainty heart-shaped Soap, heart-shaped Sachet, soft to the touch, Powder Mitt; colorless Lip Pomade; and a Mani-Care Kit with everything small fingers need. It all adds up to the fact that keeping "clean-happy" can be fun. Lucky the little girl who finds under her Christmas tree a Margaret O'Brien gift.



Twincote is a lustrous, clear liquid which does brilliant things for your fingertips.



It's jingle bells for Foaming Bath Sachet! Inside are enough for 25 luxurious baths.

Every

Charm

but One . . .

HERE IS MARY LOU dressed for another gay party. The nicest and best looking man in town is to be her escort. She expects to be the "femme fatale" as usual, with all sorts of men cutting in. Most of them find her irresistible.

But tonight they won't find her irresistible. Tonight they won't be cutting in so frequently. For Mary Lou has overlooked something.

Men will be quick to spot it, and jealous women will see to it that the bad news gets quickly whispered around. By next week there will be quite a bit of tarnish on Mary Lou's reputation as a charmer. But Mary Lou won't know about it.

How About You?

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). You may be free of it one night and guilty of it the next. And, when you are, your name is likely to go down on the social black-list.

Isn't it foolish to take such a risk when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. It's a "must" before any date where you want to be at your best. Never, never omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri



Before any date . . .

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

INTO
THE WEST
CAME

Clementine

To set it loving — harder.

killing — quicker!

For she was everything

the West was...

Young, Fiery,

Exciting!

OUT OF
THE WEST
IT COMES!

Darryl F. Zanuck
presents JOHN FORD'S

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

Starring

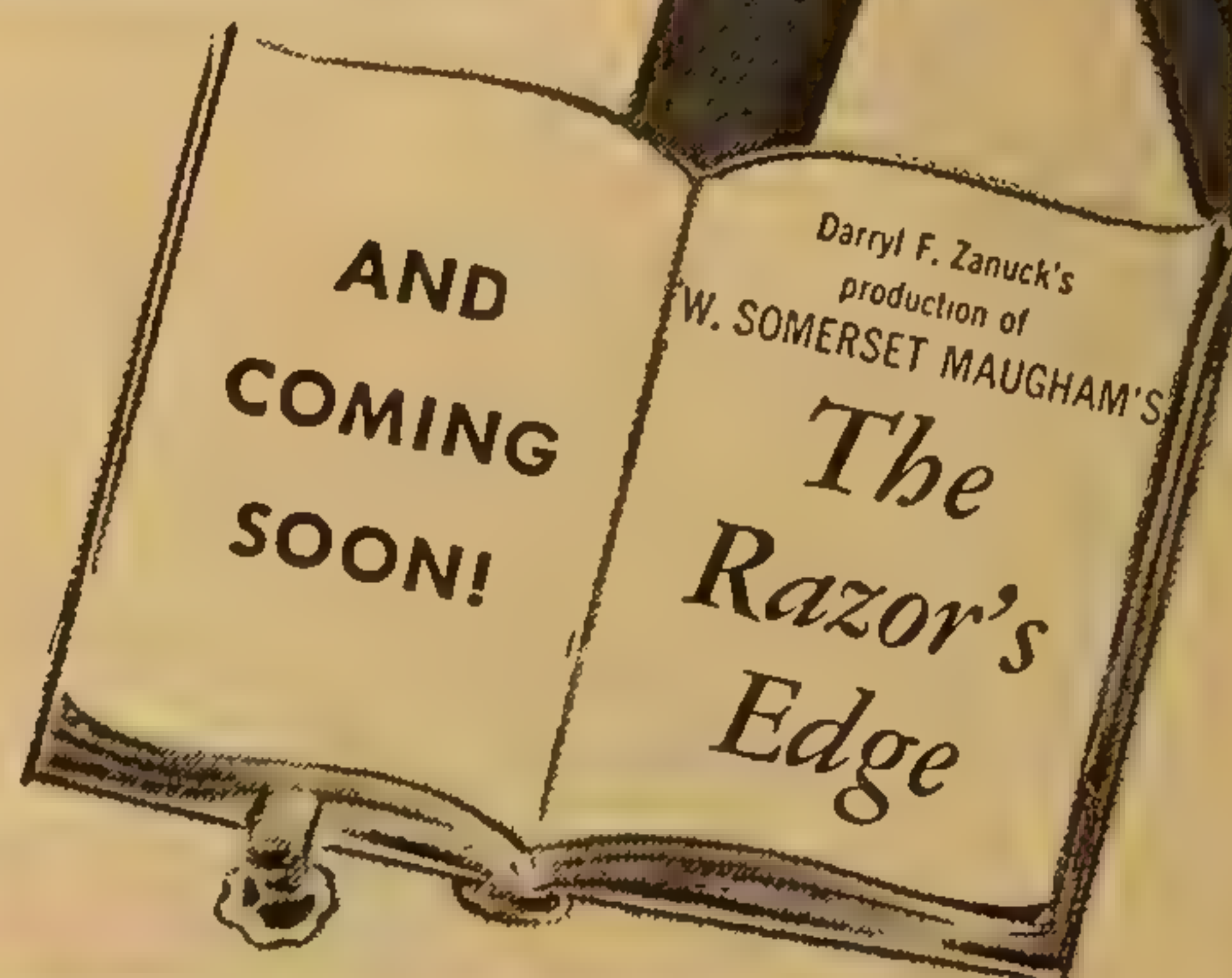
HENRY LINDA VICTOR
FONDA DARNELL MATURE

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
WALTER BRENNAN
TIM HOLT
CATHY DOWNS

Directed by
JOHN FORD
Produced by
SAMUEL G. ENGEL

Screen Play by Samuel G. Engel and Winston Miller • Based on a
Story by Sam Hellman • From a Book by Stuart N. Lake



The Editor's Page



Bergman, above, as she first arrived in this country from her native Sweden, modest, charming, shy, a completely unactressy person

AN OPEN LETTER TO INGRID BERGMAN

DON'T ever go Garbo on us, please! Stay the same simple, charming and modest person you've been since you first came to this country and captivated us all. It's so refreshing to find a top-flight star still unspoiled by success, reserving all her "temperament" for her acting instead of spreading it around "21" and Mocambo. Such a novelty for a Music Hall record-breaker to arrive at her own press reception ahead of time instead of making ze grand entrance after all the guests are assembled. Such a relief to see Ingrid Bergman strolling along Fifth Avenue so casually and inconspicuously that she melted into the crowds and wasn't even recognized—in contrast to these stars who are always complaining about being mobbed. So I hope that you won't change; that you'll never go into the

silence and become inaccessible in the manner of that other great actress from your native land. Somehow the report that Greta Garbo may make a motion picture come-back has hardly created the sensation that might have been expected. Times and tastes have changed since those days when movie stars felt obliged to put on an act for their public. Movie fans aren't easily fooled, and when they pick a Bergman, a Crosby, a Van Johnson to idolize they know what they're doing. Don't ever disappoint them.

Delight Evans

Ingrid Bergman's brilliant career in Hollywood has been climaxed with the two sensationally successful Alfred Hitchcock productions, "Spellbound" and "Notorious." Ingrid, left, with "Hitch." Next, Jennifer Jones, 1943 Academy Award winner, presenting the "Oscar" to 1944 winner Bergman. Other pictures are scenes from Bergman pictures—can you identify them?



Swoonderful Sixteen

Janie Powell's
just that, with
her "Holiday
in Mexico" hit
behind her,
and with life
a long sweet
song still
ahead of her



HOLLYWOOD has done some weird things to the appearance and mannerisms of naive and delightful girls who have stormed the film capital—but we'll bet the proceeds of this article against a free pass to a Class C picture that all the so-called wizards in Movietown never succeed in "glamorizing" sixteen-year-old Jane Powell. She's got something better.

Jane, when we talked with her last, had just been the recipient of an avalanche of critical raves on her work as Walter Pidgeon's daughter, and Roddy McDowall's girl-friend, in "Holiday in Mexico." Voice comparisons by several critics created for Jane mortal enemies among some of the town's younger singing set, the girls who are always going to make the Metropolitan Opera—later. Jane hadn't suspected this. If we'd told her, she'd probably have said something like, "But how can anybody *dislike* anybody?"

Jane was equally unaware that the critics meant what they said when they raved over her personality—the wholesomeness and sweetness-without-mush that come through delightfully on the screen. We asked her what she thought of that avalanche of praise. "Oh," she said, "I thought that was just sort of part of publicity."

With no insult to the thriving, prosperous city of Portland, Oregon, Jane's birthplace and home, we state that she is the *most* small-town girl we've ever met. There are two reasons why that appraisal doesn't insult Portland. First, Jane would be (Please turn to page 83)

Keenan Wynn, above, clowns with Janie on the set at MGM Studios. Center, pint-sized Powell with 200-pound St. Bernard actor, Yasha. Far left, Xavier Cugat shows off his "pocket-dog," Tico Tico, to Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.



The Jane Powell Story— So Far

By Laird A. Wood



For acting experience, Guy Madison appeared in person at the Laguna Playhouse in "Dear Ruth." Our exclusive photos show him at dress rehearsal—getting tips on stage make-up and technique from veteran actors, receiving instructions from producer-director Mel Ferrer, rehearsing a scene with Natalie Thompson (Bob Hutton's ex-wife) who played Ruth, and Barbara Whiting, that remarkable young comedienne you applauded in "Junior Miss" and "Home Sweet Homicide," who played Miriam in the Playhouse production.

Guy Madison

For the first time on any stage—and good, too—Guy Madison packs 'em in at the Laguna Playhouse in "Dear Ruth"

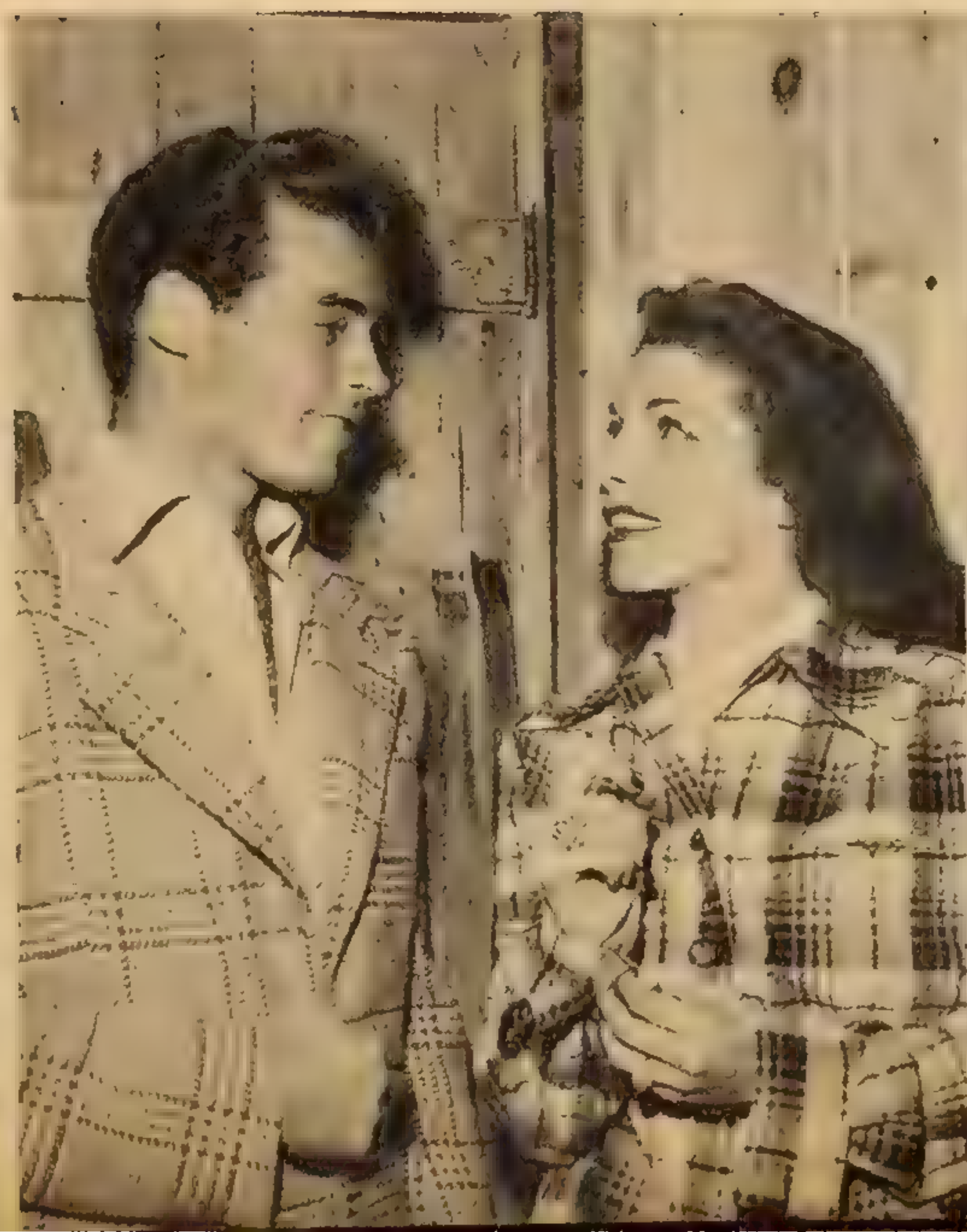




"In The Flesh"

NOT A
MOVIE!

Exclusive photos by Jack Albin



Guy above, in a scene with Barbara Whiting as the room- and-letter-writing, younger sister of Ruth who starts all the trouble in the play. Laguna audiences enjoyed both performances. voted Guy a really promising actor as well as handsome. Latest Madison movie is "Honeycrisp," opposite Shirley Temple, the picture Guy completed before he decided to make stage debut. a good background and experience for his future as an actor. Left, he chats with Natalie Thompson after the dress rehearsal, outside her dressing-room. No fancy studio dressing-rooms at Laguna—just a room with a couple of mirrors and a make-up shelf.



Snow Queen Hollywood Style

Well, no, it's not real snow; it's movie studio stuff. Just the same, Diana Lynn gets across the spirit of the season in her gay winter toggery, posed between scenes of her new film, "Easy Come, Easy Go," opposite Sonny Tufts.

Ingrid Bergman Charles Boyer Love Scenes

Stars are reunited
for torrid
"Arch of Triumph"



Boyer and Bergman are co-starring in screen version of Erich
Marque's best-selling novel for Enterprise Productions. Three
scenes above represent big moments from the new emotional
drama. Watch for star reporter Alyce Canfield's brilliant interview
with the elusive Boyer, coming up! Meanwhile you'll enjoy con-
templating new scenes above with stills below from the memorable
"Arch of Triumph," in which Bergman and Boyer first teamed talents.



Teen-agers, here's a famous citizen who has such great respect and admiration for you that he steals time out from a picture to tell you, straight from the shoulder, how you can take a more active part in planning the world ahead

Famed tough guy Robinson, a father himself, understands kids. Here, at right, he joins a group of Sonora youngsters as they watch a scene in rehearsal. Robinson counsels kids otherwise not to stay in life's gallery watching the show, but to join in and speak up.



Kids!

IT WAS a great day for the town of Sonora, California, when Producer Sol Lesser's "No Trespassing" company of 200 souls moved in for six weeks' location shooting. The event caused an acute housing shortage—or rather, it would have caused one had it not been for the town's hospitable mayor, Harry W. Dunlap, and citizens. Many of the latter opened their homes to the permanent guests of hotels and motels, in order to make rooms available to the Holly-

wood visitors. Others of the company stayed at outlying ranches, a few slept in the high school, and two even put up at the city bastille, which was empty—the current crime wave seeming to have

Two-man band, left below: Lon McCallister and Eddie Robinson entertain the crew of "No Trespassing" between camera set-ups, Lon with an ocarina, Robinson on the violin. Strong scene at right below shows conflict between Lon, as farm hand, and Robinson, as farmer who employs him.

skirted the town of Sonora entirely.

As they used to say in the home town papers, a good time was had by all, and especially by Edward G. Robinson, who co-stars with Lon McCallister in the picture. This was Mr. Robinson's first real location trip in 16 years of picture making, during which time he has starred in 60 films. Except for a few days' shooting at San Diego, all of his screen work has been done on the sound stages of Hollywood. So this opportunity to participate



DON'T BE ONLOOKERS

Says Edward G. Robinson

By

Gertrude
Shanklin

Edward G. Robinson, below, cuts a rug or two with Allene Roberts of the "No Trespassing" company, at a picnic the company staged on location at Sonora, California.

in small town life was a real treat to Mr. Robinson, and he loved every minute of it.

So well did the Hollywood group fit into Sonora life that Mr. Robinson was appointed honorary chief of police, Director Delmar Daves was made honorary mayor, while Judith Anderson drew the title of justice of the peace.

After school hours, the location sites were naturally a magnet of attraction for all the teen-agers in the vicinity. They would gather at the scene, perching on fences or hanging in trees to watch proceedings with breathless interest.

The interest was mutual. Whenever Mr. Robinson was not busy, he'd join the kids on the sidelines and talk to them, man to man, about ships and shoes and sealing wax. Known as one of Hollywood's most cultured and progressive citizens, Mr. Robinson has a kindly manner and a genuine interest in people which make strangers of all ages feel at ease with him.

At first, these youngsters were a little tongue-tied in the presence of this famous "movie star from Hollywood." But he'd draw them out by asking what they did at school, what games they played, what studies they liked, and soon they were confiding in him as freely as in their own fathers. Sometimes, at the request of the older boys, who could remember

some of his gangster portrayals, he would go into a "Little Caesar" routine, snarling dire threats at the boys, much to the delight of the big ones and the terror of the little ones.

Before the company left Sonora, the crew gave a party. Nobody had more fun, or provided more fun, than the dignified Mr. Robinson. Informality being the order of the day, he went them one better. He turned up in slacks and a striped sweat shirt, and gave out with some crooning that would have made Der Bingle himself do a double take. And after the dancing began, Mr. Robinson was never among the sitter-outers.

That's the keynote of his philosophy—that nobody in a democracy has the right to be just an onlooker in anything that happens. And his belief in active participation is no idle theory for somebody else. He practices what he preaches. He believes the best preparation for good citizenship in democracy is to begin participating, as early as possible, in all activities of home, school, and church. That onlooker habit, he says, is no good from any point of view; it not only stunts your growth as a personality but gives you a good start toward being a nonentity in the community. He is convinced that the younger (Please turn to page 68)



There's an inspiring story back of
the talent and determination that
makes "Sister Kenny" such a fine
picture. And here it is, told by
the ace reporter who
knows Roz Russell best

By
Lupton A.
Wilkinson



Rosalind Russell's

PATTERN OF LIFE ★



Rosalind Russell realized a cherished dream when she portrayed Sister Kenny on the screen. Three scenes from the RKO picture are shown here, and, at lower right, Sister Kenny herself, with the star who plays her.

A CHILD'S piggy-bank is one of the many threads (if you can call a piggy-bank a thread) that tied in to make Rosalind Russell the inevitable actress for the star rôle in the fine picture, "Sister Kenny."

When Rosalind was a little girl her father told his seven children (she was the middle one): "You must each choose something worthwhile and save your change for it. And whatever you choose, you must stick to it."

Rosalind took this a little hard, especially at birthdays and Christmases, when a well-to-do aunt invariably gave her five dollars. Mr. Russell did not tell his children what proportion of their spare money they should store away to help someone else, but he noticed how Roz, with her face set a trifle grimly, would on these occasions plunk into the

piggy-bank the large percentage of \$4.50. This deadpan, determined conscientiousness stirred Mr. Russell's interest. "What," he asked his middle child, "are you planning to do with this money?"

"I want to give it to children."

"What kind of children?" Mr. Russell inquired, and the answer came back without hesitation, "The children who wear braces."

That pre-occupation with ways to help crippled children—a tie-in thread indeed!—has never wavered. It stirred Rosalind's interest the first time she ever heard of the Australian nurse whose fight against dread polio has aroused worldwide admiration, and the gratitude of countless children who feel as if a miracle had touched them. It caused Rosalind, when (Please turn to page 89)





Crosby's co-star, lovely Joan Fontaine, takes solo close-up here, a double with Bing at right above. Meanwhile, right, Der Bingle scandalizes a staid couple by bringing "Buttons" along to liven up a formal occasion.



Color photos by Malcolm Bulloch



Catching up with Bing Crosby

It isn't easy. Try it some time. Bing's a busy man. But on location for "The Emperor Waltz," he cooperated with the color camera with these results





Bing and "Buttons," pup who plays his pal in "The Emperor Waltz," pose in front of the Columbia Icefield in Jasper National Park, Canada, after appearing in Technicolor location scenes for the new Paramount picture. The story takes place in the Tyrol and Bing wears his mountaineer's outfit, circa 1901.



Before you see Ann Todd in her first Hollywood picture, you'll catch her in her final British film before her American visit: "Daybreak," co-starring Eric Portman, seen with Miss Todd above.



Scoop! Another first for us: Ann Todd, Mrs. Nigel Tangye in private life, has a visit from five-year-old daughter Francesca on the set of her latest picture. The Tangyes are also parents of a son, David, now nine years old.



**She's here! The "Seventh Veil" girl is in Hollywood
right now making her first American movie.
And here's the very first story about her**

IF YOU'RE feeling blue because your pet ambition just doesn't seem to come any nearer to achievement, consider the amazing case of Ann Todd and find fresh courage in it.

Ann first decided she wanted to become a screen star when she was sixteen years old. For the next twenty years she worked and struggled and fought her way toward that goal, thwarted and rejected and disappointed time after time. She often used to go to bed shedding bitter tears and more than once she relinquished all her efforts and went away into the country to lead a quiet family life. But somehow she always managed to gather up the remnants of her self-confidence again after a while and came back to try once more.

Then, just before her thirty-sixth birthday, Fate suddenly smiled upon Ann. Out of a clear sky she became a screen star overnight, hailed as one of the finest tragic actresses of the century. Now she is being called the successor to Garbo, whom, strangely enough she resembles with the same straight blonde hair and wide, rather deep-set sea blue eyes.

It all began way back in the old-world little village of Hartford in Cheshire, when Ann won the elocution prize at school and decided to become an actress. She soon began to play small parts in stage plays in London and in films. Because she worked so intensely, producers gradually began to give her a little more to (Please turn to page 77)

The Amazing Case of

Ann Todd

By Hettie Grimstead



Joan Bennett

It's "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" for Joan Bennett's next film, the Benedict Bogeaus production co-starring Gregory Peck. And it's a long happy life for Joan's screen career since "Woman in the Window" and "Scarlet Street" renewed her popularity with the fans.

Betty Hutton is pictured at right with her secretary and friend, Susan Hawkins, who has been working for the Blonde Bombshell for the past two years. Susan's duties cover everything from paying bills to pouring tea. She is also responsible for the two secretaries who handle the star's fan mail. Susan hails from Detroit, Michigan, where she was head of personnel for an engineering company before her trek to Hollywood.



SHE KNOWS

ALL

THE

ANSWERS

Being a movie star's secretary sounds like a soft job to you, does it? Well, working for dynamic Betty Hutton is more like a three-ring circus — hard work, but always fun

By

Maude Cheatham

BEING secretary to a movie star is an exciting adventure. But it's a full time job, too, with many baffling angles.

Susan Hawkins, who has filled this post with the dynamic Betty Hutton for several years, becoming generalissimo "consultant" of her manifold activities, says it offers a super-education she wouldn't have missed for the world.

"I had seen Miss Hutton on the screen just once, in her first picture, 'The Fleet's In.'" began Susan. "So, naturally, I was burning with curiosity the morning I was to meet her in person at the Paramount studio. Mr. Abe Lastfogel, head of the well-known William Morris agency, had heard of me through Buddy de Silva's secretary, and was taking me over for an interview with his client in her dressing room. I'll never forget it! It was bedlam, a section of Grand Central Station. The little star, wearing pink slacks, was practicing wild dance steps with Billy Daniels. A dialogue director was noisily furbishing up new lines; wardrobe girls, a hairdresser, and others were catching her between leaps and twirls to confirm orders. And visitors kept dropping in to say 'Hello.' I was daunted, yet intrigued. It was so completely different from the staid, dignified business world to which I was accustomed.

"In a few minutes, Miss Hutton took me into the next room, and we stood looking at each other not knowing what to say. I had never been especially interested in working in a motion picture studio. But in that first moment as we stood facing each other, I knew I wanted to. I knew I liked Miss Hutton, and that this was the beginning of a new and

thrilling life for me. So I eagerly stepped into this fantastic world. And I love everything about it. Its informality, its warmth, the *responsiveness* of everybody. I like being with imaginative, creative

people. There is an undercurrent of excitement that keeps you on your toes, for you never know what will happen next. Regular business offices are all bound around with routines, and are so regimented. I think I always secretly resented this but accepted it as a necessary part of a working girl's life."

Susan, slender and pretty, with a lot of poise and dignity, and just enough older than Betty to be a steadying influence, is very wise. She insists it is best to keep the association between employer and

Exclusive pictures on this page show Betty and Susan on duty—answering fan mail, paying bills, warding off importunate telephoners, time out for a spot of tea. Susan says working for a movie star spoils a girl for less exciting jobs in the business world.



employee on a business basis. In a world that uses first names almost exclusively, she always calls her little boss Miss Hutton. The only exception is when they are alone. They have become close friends, with strong affection for each other, yet Susan still guards against over-familiarity. She considers this important for a successful secretary in any field, and stressed it several times during our talk. As most of the preceding secretaries had been out to further their own glamor career and with hands ever extended for favors, Betty quickly warmed to this honest loyalty.

"I think it was Miss Hutton's amazing energy that (Please turn to page 79)



Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts rehearse a scene under supervision of Director John Berry for Paramount's "Cross My Heart."

You INTERVIEW VERA RALSTON!

It's a very pleasant assignment, interviewing this beautiful blonde. You're going to like it. You're going to like HER!

By
Elizabeth B.
Petersen



A gracious lady in the studio, Vera, with William Elliott, above, lunches with Kate Morgan, veteran make-up woman. Below, a very serious young lady as she takes the oath which formally made her an American citizen.



"The Plainsman and the Lady" is Vera Ralston's latest film, co-starred with William Elliott, in closeup above.

tens by only a thin beaverboard partition isn't the closest thing to one this side of Ringling Brothers, you'd be willing to eat that very gay and silly little hat she was wearing. That is, you would if you weren't watching your diet. For anything that looked *that* good certainly could be counted on to add pounds to anyone's figure.

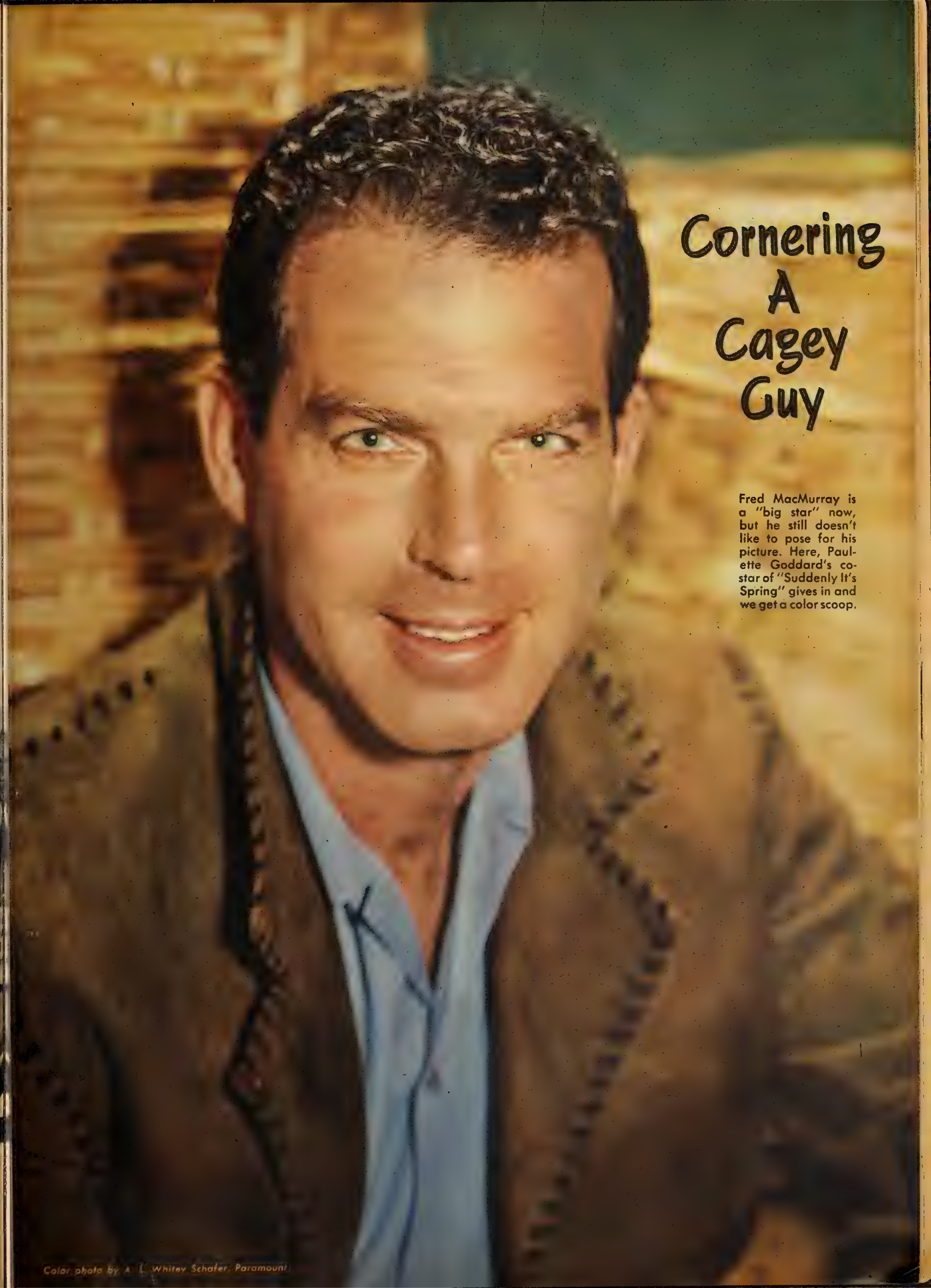
In a moment you were almost as entranced as she watching the performance.



Vera Ralston's family was a happy one, the day she received her citizenship. Vera, above, with her mother and sister. Below, congratulations from Republic's Herbert Hoover.



The reason you weren't as completely absorbed was that you were even more interested looking at her. You liked her instinctively, and there aren't too many people you can say that about. You liked the way she looked, as who in the world wouldn't, for Vera Ralston's looks are definitely (Please turn to page 87)



Cornering A Cagey Guy

Fred MacMurray is a "big star" now, but he still doesn't like to pose for his picture. Here, Paulette Goddard's co-star of "Suddenly It's Spring" gives in and we get a color scoop.



*The
Mighty
Mickey-
Now!*



Your boy is back! In "Uncle Andy Hardy" he's the same brash Rooney, but off-screen he's different. Read how, and why, in this exclusive interview

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

WHAT is the personal score with Mickey Rooney, as welcome a re-addition to the screen as any the war sent back? Answer: Excellent.

What are the plans, schemes, dreams and occupations of the greatest showman—Mickey is much more than an actor—the world has ever seen in the early twenties age? Answer: Plenty.

We talked with the mighty Rooney in his super-duper portable dressing-room on the set of a picture then called "Summer Holiday," but which will almost surely wear a more potent title by the time this article reaches print. It's really a Technicolor musical version of Eugene O'Neill's famous play, "Ah, Wilderness." More about the fascination and importance of this motion picture, in a technique never before used on the screen, a little later; but it's worthwhile to note, just to show what a veteran young Mr. Rooney is, that he played, in the black-and-white screen version of "Ah, Wilderness"—somewhere back in the Dark Ages, 1935, to be exact—the hero's kid brother. That's now handled by freckle-faced Butch Jenkins and Mickey plays



Andy gets his heart in a whirl all over again when he meets Latin charmer Lina Romay, above. But his really serious crush in "Uncle Andy Hardy" seems to be Bonita Granville, at right above. Mickey's first post-war film marks a resumption of the popular series. Next for Rooney: "Summer Holiday," Technicolor musical version of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness."

the hero, in one of the most beautiful and moving love stories (with abundant laughter) ever written.

In that portable dressing-room, on the "Summer Holiday" set, Mickey was *hot*. He was making take after take of a trucking shot, in which he and his screen girl friend, lovely Gloria DeHaven, came out of a small-town high school auditorium, diplomas in their hands. The enormous long crane, poking the mike (Please turn to page 72)



BIG CONT
NEW CO
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120 AMES
OPENS JA
NAME TH
\$75.
GET YOUR CONTE



Here he is again! Mickey is welcomed back by Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) and Ma Hardy (Fay Holden), far left. Like Andy, Mickey has been in the Army since the last Hardy picture was filmed by MGM three years ago. Left, Rooney the proud husband and father, with Mrs. R.

Here's a famous and handsome movie star who doesn't take his success for granted. Rather, he lives by certain rules. He has a formula for happiness, a plan, a design for living. Let Alan Ladd tell you about it

By
Alyce
Canfield



ALAN LADD'S

Formula for Happiness



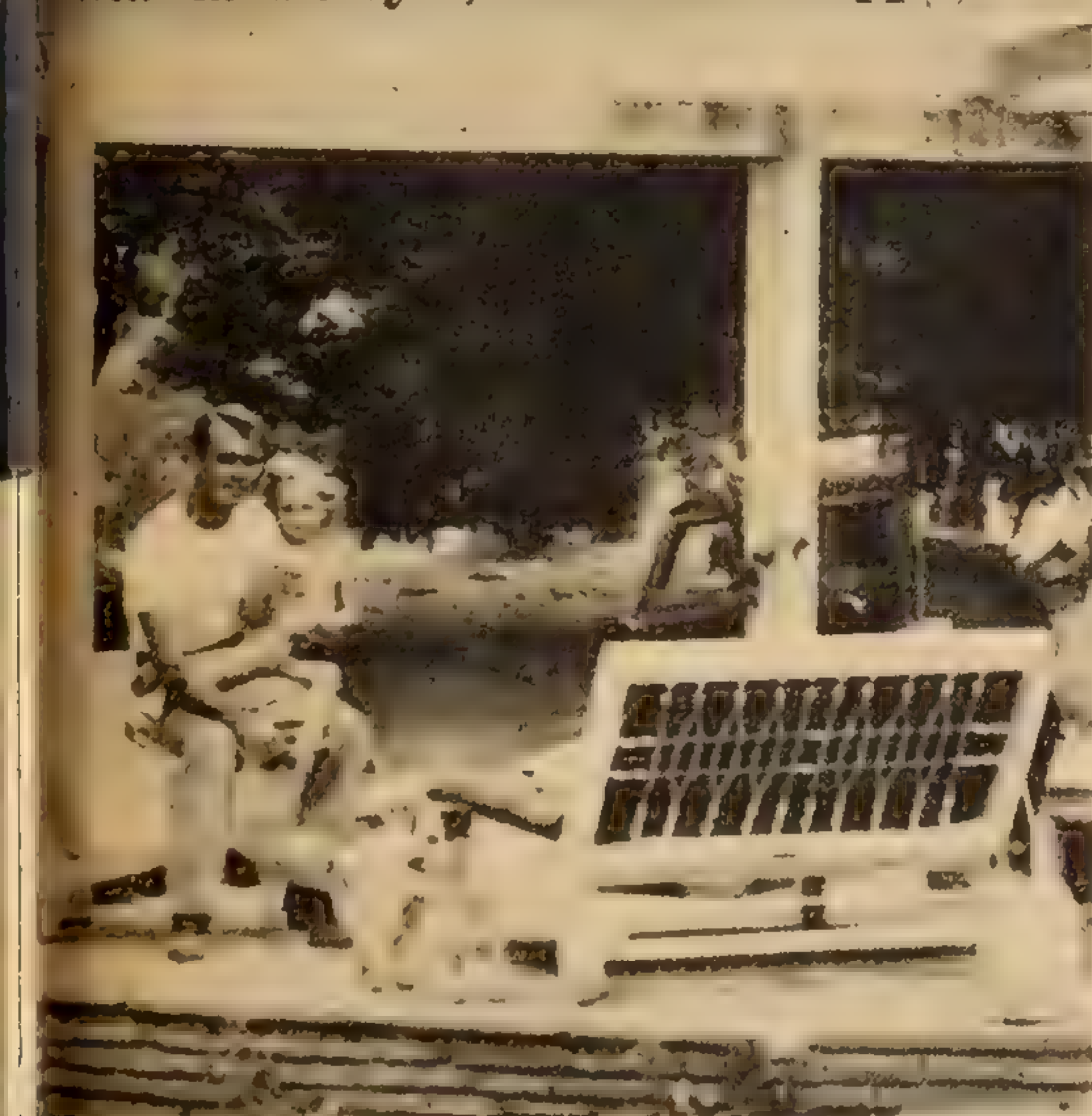
At Alan Ladd's new ranch in Hidden Valley, at Thousand Oaks, California, almost fifty miles from Hollywood, he climbs out of deep end of the pool to be greeted by his Boxer. At right, favorite pet—next to Alana, of course—is Alan's yearling.

WHEN a famous and handsome movie star takes a wife, he often takes a chance, too. Because fame and marriage too often just do not mix. Not only are there temperamental clashes, which all actors are heir to, but there are also swooning damsels writing mash notes to their hero, she-wolves on the prowl at every party. In a word, with competition keen, it's only natural that the average Hollywood male gets to feeling pretty pick-and-choosish, and this doesn't make a particularly thoughtful husband. On the other side of the ledger, most Hollywood wives feel left out of things once success has come their husbands' way. They start believing they are not needed, and they cannot see where they can possibly be of real use in the important lives their movie star husbands lead.

That's why movieland latches on to the story of Sue Carol and Alan Ladd, who have been in love for seven years and married five. Interviewing them on their ranch in Hidden Valley, it was reassuring and heartening to watch their happiness, their obvious joy in being together. Neither Sue, dark-eyed, vital, alert; nor Alan, direct, with honest appraisal in his eyes, takes their happiness

for granted. Rather, they live by certain rules. They have a formula for happiness, a plan, a design for living. It's one by which every married couple can profit during these erratic times.

For one thing, Sue and Alan believe in scrupulous honesty. They don't believe in keeping things from each other. They feel if they share their thoughts, good and bad, they come closer to the main ingredient of a happy marriage, *understanding*. "You have to be with a person all the time," explains Alan, "to really understand her. (Please turn to page 95)



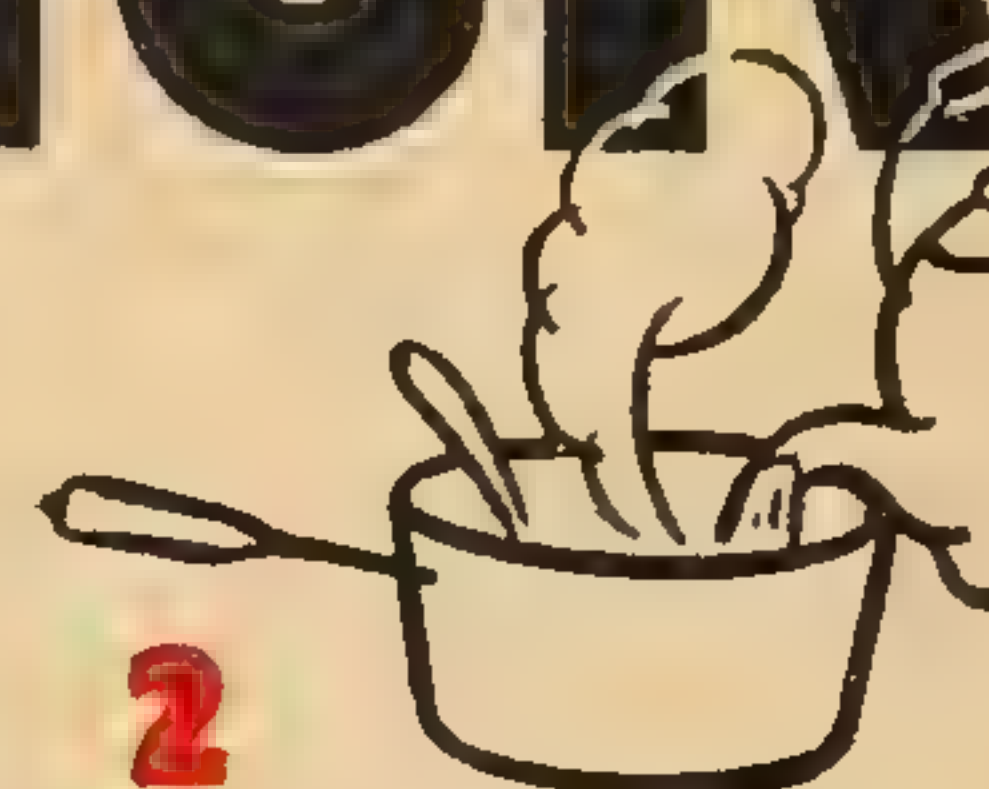
Alan and daughter Alana go truly rural as they sit on front stoop of the ranch house, above, and explore the grounds, right. The ranch house is very small, with only one bedroom, but the Ladds plan to add rooms as they go along. Alana will soon have a new brother or sister to play with.



QUICK



1 Cream together a little cool water and a little Quick Elastic Powder.



2 Now, stir this creamy mixture as you pour boiling water into it.

COOKED

Wonderful for ironing

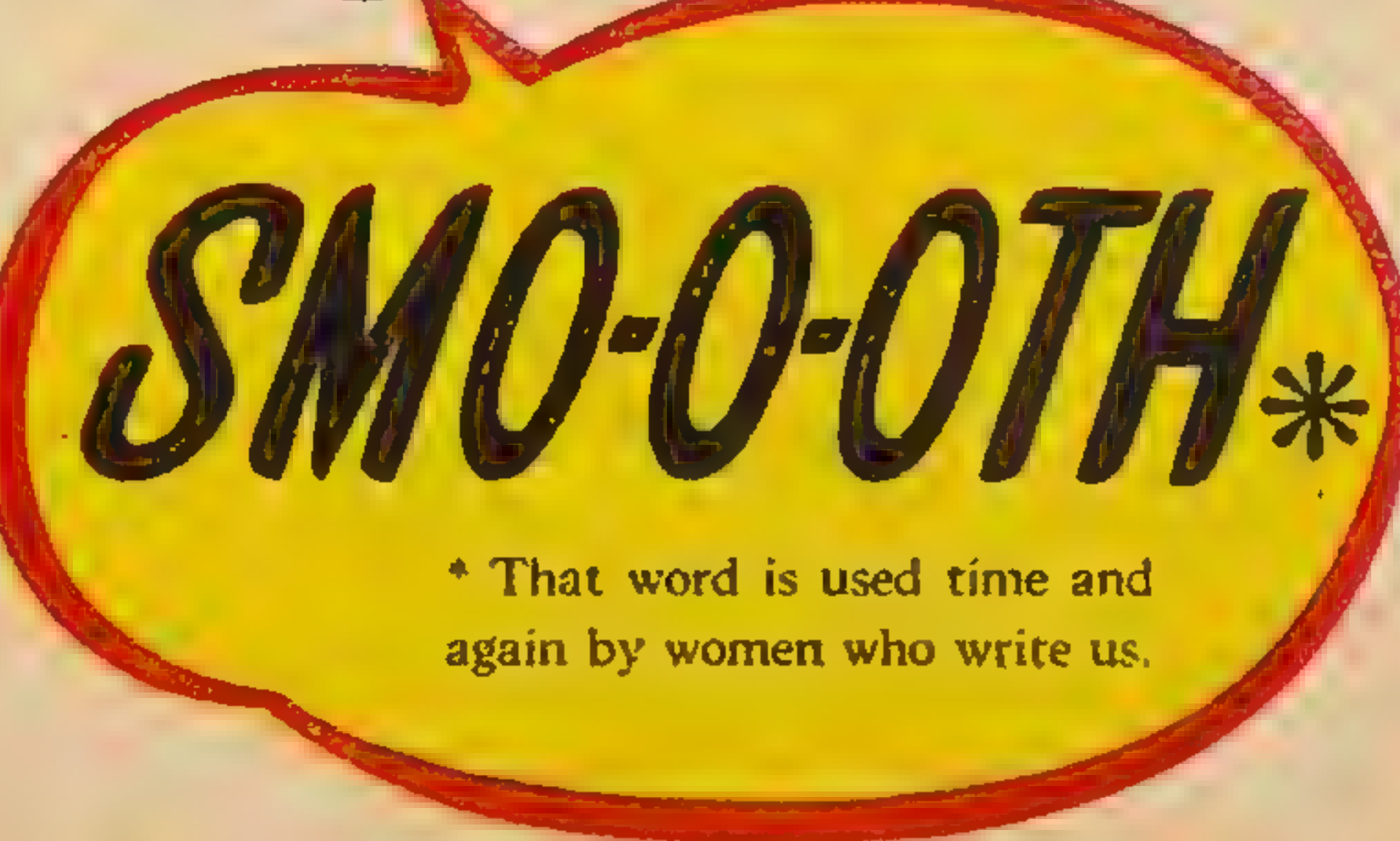
STARCH



Hot Flash of Boiling Water Cooks It Completely. Gives You Nice, Clear, Cooked Starch in 30 Seconds

Test this wonderful invention today and see for yourself—you can do things with it you could never do with starch. 1. Make cooked starch *without* cooking it on the stove. Mix up a little Quick Elastic and cool water. Now, bring it to the hot point—*cook it*—by adding boiling water. 2. Iron cottons, curtains, dresses, shirts—without sticking or pulling. 3. Give all the things you iron a lovely, sweet-smelling, elastic body and finish.

Note the difference in Quick Elastic the moment you open that buttercup yellow box. It's powder. No lumps to boil down. No waste. Gliders already in it give you smooth ironing. Thousands are changing to this dandy powder. Join them. Learn the pleasure of starching and ironing the Quick Elastic way.



* That word is used time and again by women who write us.

By popular demand we resume this series which brings you fans into closer contact with the stars than ever before, in serious discussions of worthwhile subjects

By

Loretta Young

This Is What I Believe



Versatile Loretta Young, above, in a scene with David Niven from Paramount's sophisticated comedy romance, "The Perfect Marriage." Below, with Joseph Cotten in RKO's "Katie for Congress," in which Loretta plays a Swedish maid and speaks with an accent, acquired by long sessions of tutoring, for the first time in her career.



IT IS always difficult for me to give any public expression to my beliefs for they are close to my heart, deep in my conscience. Life, death, religion, all other important subjects are so differently regarded by those of differing backgrounds, ambitions, vanities. A respect for the beliefs, opinions of others is a fundamental with me. But so often I have read an expression which crystallized some thought of my own that I was persuaded to "speak up" in the pages of SCREENLAND.

Life: I believe in *living*, in the eternal NOW. In today, not in yesterday or tomorrow. My awareness of the present is not the reckless philosophy of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Nor is it the undisciplined indulgence of one's every selfish desire. If every one followed every vagrant impulse the world would be even more chaotic than we have yet seen it.

I believe in those wonderful lines, "To thine own self be true," because I agree with the lines which conclude the quotation—"and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." It is easy to misunderstand the responsibility imposed in these lines. Being "true to yourself" does not mean doing anything you want whenever you want to do it and simply because you want to do it. Being "true to yourself" may, and most frequently does, require the most exacting self-discipline. It means doing those things which measure up to the highest standards of your self-regard. It means keeping your behavior on a plane where you can be proud of yourself as a human being. It is rare indeed for any human being to achieve perfection in thought and behavior but each of us can be conscious of our highest hopes and we can be trying our best

—and such effort certainly promotes improvement. I believe that if each man lived each day in self-respecting regard for his fellow man there would be no crime, no wars, no sin against God, man or nature.

A woman I knew was bending over backwards in her efforts to please her husband. In order to cater to his capriciousness, she practiced a pattern which did not meet her own standards, diminished her self-respect and, of course, gave no happiness to her husband who really wasn't enjoying being spoiled, either. She was rapidly becoming a dull person, developing a great sense of martyrdom because she felt she was nobly unselfish. Finally, a mutual friend said to her, "Why don't you try being true to yourself?" The woman smiled mockingly and replied, "What sort of world would this be if everyone were just true to himself? Just a collection of selfish people getting into each other's way!"

The friend straightened her out, reversing her interpretation completely. The woman came to understand that being true to oneself meant doing that which you *knew* was right, regardless of others' opinions or judgment. That it meant greater demands upon your courage and strength.

That woman ceased being a nervous, over-anxious, uncertain personality. She began to follow her own intelligent thinking; her actions took on stature, inspired by genuine feeling. Her whole household is much happier now. Her husband is an integrated person, proud as men need to be of the women they love. Great good has been accomplished because the woman has had the courage to be true to herself.

I do not believe in wasting your present in remorse about the past or in

"Katie for Congress" is already talked about as a likely vehicle for Loretta Young's talents to be nominated for the Academy Award. At left, closeups of Katie in various moods and emotions are shown.



worries about the future. Wasted days are my only regret. I do not yearn to relive the so-called carefree days of my childhood. I do not indulge myself by building increasingly beautiful memories of even the happiest of my days that are past. Also, I know that some of the things I did in the past I would not repeat. But, if I knew today only those things I knew then, I would very probably make the same mistakes all over again.

I love those lines of Kipling's "If":

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it—"

Yesterday's "unforgiving minutes" are gone. But we can do our best with the fast-moving minutes of today. Carrying out duties as conscientiously, as graciously and in as kind a manner as possible is a success-pattern in business. It is, more importantly, a success-pattern for you as a person.

It is a very common practice to live suspended on an eternal trapeze, swinging widely and wildly between re-
(Please turn to page 92)





Hepburn Fashion by Irene

The wardrobe created by Irene for Katharine Hepburn to wear in "Undercurrent" is the largest one made for a screen star since the very beginning of the war, and the peace



Famous MCM designer Irene created gowns and suits of soft material and conservative colors to accent the chiseled Hepburn beauty in her newest film, "Undercurrent." Upper left, classic sports dress of brown wool has a high neck, deep dolman sleeves tight at wrists, and a saddle leather belt from which hangs bag with golden eagle motif.

Upper right, turnabout topper which has one side of cashmere tan wool while the other side is bold brown and tan check. Lower left, striped wool top coat of off-white, pale blue and black with dolman sleeves and attached hood. Left, note, new lapels, with points made long and overlapping, on oyster white wool jacket worn over slim brown skirt.

Facing page: Katharine Hepburn wears a wonderful black faille suit with little tailored bows trimming the revers and sleeves. A black crocheted off-the-face cocktail hat completes the costume. These are exclusive fashions expressly designed by the gifted Irene for the star to wear in her forthcoming film romance with Robert Taylor.



Katharine Hepburn



Katharine Hepburn, co-starring with Robert Taylor in MGM's "Undercurrent," poses for us exclusively in these exciting Irene creations. Facing page, dramatic black silk taffeta picture dress with voluminous skirt puffed together at random with large taffeta bows. The bodice is boned and off-the-shoulder and cut to a low "V" waistline. An evening hat of black lace is worn with it.



At left, Hepburn wears an evening gown of pale blue crepe, with bugle beads of same pale blue sewn in a curved design on the bodice and worked in vertical strips on the skirt, starting narrow at the waist and fanning out to the bottom of the skirt. Above, Katharine's mink stole, fashioned with broad shoulders and a very full back, can be worn over woolen dresses or evening frocks.

Bebe's portable typewriter, which accompanied her into the front lines in Normandy and Italy on her tours of war work, now has a place of importance in her producer's bungalow at the Hal Roach Studios (below). Right, gal producer huddles with her stars, Walter Abel and Margot Grahame, on the set of "The Fabulous Joe," Miss Daniels' first production assignment for Hal Roach release.



THE first time Bebe Daniels, one of four women who produce pictures in Hollywood on a full-time basis, had a job as a producer, she was forced to give it up because of child labor laws. She was not, however, overworking children or otherwise taking advantage of their youth. Bebe was seven years old at the time and a veteran in

show business, having started her career at the creaky old age of ten weeks.

She was on tour with David Belasco's "The Squaw Man" in Los Angeles when the Geary Society, the forerunner of California's state child labor laws, started breathing down the necks of all adults who were employing children, particularly those who kept the little

kiddies up past the time when Wee Willie Winkie made his rounds. Naturally the Belasco company was under fire, so they strategically mapped a counter-offensive by making Bebe a co-owner and producer.

"Being a producer got right into my blood," Bebe says today, with an amused glint in her brown eyes. "I could write

By
Lynn
Bowers



Pin-Up **PRODUCER**

Bebe Daniels, famous as a screen beauty in silent days, returns to Hollywood to become one of the four women who produce pictures on a full-time basis

Exclusive photos by Jack Albin



Bebe has a busy life, what with producing movies at the studio, and making a happy home for husband Ben Lyon and their two children (left, and below) Group at far left shows brain trust conference at the Roach Studio; left, to right, Hal Roach, Jr., Jack Jevne, screen writer, Hal Roach, Producer Bebe Daniels and Director Foster.



my own passes for my friends to see the show. Did I write passes!" The Belasco company might well have gone broke as the result of Bebe's free ticket binge, but the Geary Society outflanked them and the young actress had to retire from the stage.

Bebe and her mother, Phyllis Daniels, stayed in Los Angeles and for the next six years Bebe surreptitiously played child parts in the movies. In those days it wasn't considered "nice" to so much as mention the existence of motion pictures. Landlords posted notices reading "No Dogs or Actors Allowed" alongside their "For Rent" signs and Mrs. Daniels was hard put to conceal from curious friends her daughter's activities.

Mrs. Daniels, an actress herself, read her lines so convincingly when acquaintances recurrently asked if Bebe was in the movies that even the most skeptical had to take her word for it. In response to the third degree she would draw herself up indignantly and say, "I'd do almost anything to make a living. I hate housework but I'd even do that before I'd seen a child of mine in the movies!" Phyllis, as she is affectionately known to almost everyone in Hollywood,

didn't think motion pictures were here to stay so she had to go into her act many times before the stigma was removed from the budding young picture industry.

Bebe decided she'd had enough kid stuff when she was fourteen. She heard Hal Roach was looking for a leading lady, so off she went to his studios in Edendale, where present-day Hollywood was born, in her aunt's blue bombazine dress, the cook's hat, and her own flat-heeled kid's shoes. The family didn't know she was going, much less that she had appropriated parts of their wardrobe.

"In those days it was easy to see a movie mogul. All you had to do was open the door and walk in," Bebe explained. "I told Mr. Roach what I wanted. He said he liked me, but that Harold Lloyd had to like me too. We went to see Harold and it was all settled in a few minutes. As I left, Hal called to me and said when I came to work to wear my own clothes."

Now, some years and several careers later, Bebe is working for Mr. Roach again—not as an actress but as a producer.

As Harold Lloyd's leading lady in

countless cliffhanger comedies Bebe learned all the tricks, from pie-throwing to pratfalls. Later, as an expert swimmer, fencer, and dancer she was starred in her own pictures and became the idol of the flapper fans. "I think the reason kids, especially girls, liked those campus comedies was that I did reckless, daring things, things they liked to imagine themselves doing," Bebe said. "Although I loved acting I was always producer-minded. interest- (Please turn to page 81)

The whole darn family (except Ben) talk over the day's doings on Bebe's enormous bed. Young Richard Lyon is the clever boy actor who recently played Irene Dunne's son in "Anna and the King of Siam." Pretty sis is Barbara Bebe, Jr.





ANY marriage takes a bit of doing (see current divorce statistics), and an international marriage involving a difference in language, a difference of religion, a difference in background and in family custom, requires—if it is to be permanent and successful—infinitely more than normal patience. And plenty of love. Bill Marshall and Michele Morgan have such a marriage; although it is usually a mistake to point to any Hollywood couple with the statement that theirs is an ideal marriage, it is a safe gesture when referring to the Marshalls.

Bill was born in Kansas and grew up in a forthright small community where

The Marshall-Morgan team burns up the screen—separately—in “That Brennan Girl” for Bill (scene at left shows him with Mona Freeman in the Republic picture) and Seymour Nebenzal’s “The Chase” for Michele (seen at right with Robert Cummings and Peter Lorre). Michele visits Bill on the set, center above.

his family were pillars of the Methodist Church. Michele was born in France, near Paris, and was brought up in the sheltered way of nice French girls. When she came to Hollywood in 1940, she was thoroughly bewildered by the breeziness, and the absence of hand-kissing, characteristic of local males. Like any newcomer from overseas, she was constantly

astonished by what she saw, heard, and experienced. One of her amazing experiences involved Bill.

He had been testing at RKO; remembering that he had a telephone call to make, he rushed to the battery of booths, dropped his coin, dialed his number and scowled over an instant busy signal. Without looking where he was going, he backed out of the booth in one fast stride and stepped weightily on the toe of a turquoise-eyed individual who said,





"Ow!" followed by something more scathing in French.

"I'm terribly sorry," Bill said, looking down at his victim. She was cute: in addition to marvelous eyes, her nose was piquant, and her rueful grin was tip-tilted. Sizing her up with speed, Bill reached a decision: dee-licious. His survey had included a fast diagnosis of her peeling nose; probably she had just re-

Bill returns his wife's visit, center above, by dropping in to watch torrid scenes being filmed between Michele and Robert Cummings, left above, for "The Chase." While on recent trip to her native France, Michele Morgan co-starred with Jean Gabin, at right above, in "Stormy Waters," released here by MGM.

turned from Palm Springs, and had tried to acquire too much tan, too fast. A dangerous procedure for a person as fair-

skinned as Michele. Thinking of the hazards, Bill spoke his second sentence to Miss Morgan. Wagging his finger to indicate her nose, he said, "You'll have to watch that!"

Michele said nothing. It was not her custom to encourage strange men, even if they were Americans, a breed she had long admired. But she gave him a long look that could (Please turn to page 70)

TEAM WORK

That's what it takes to make a perfect marriage, especially in Hollywood. Here's the romantic, true story of the international alliance of Michele Morgan and Bill Marshall

By
Fredda Dudley

Michele's return from France was celebrated with an on-the-set party at Republic Studios where husband Bill was working. Michele cuts the "welcome home" cake.





Remember Priscilla Lane? Here she is again, in her first picture since her retirement during the war years as a soldier's wife, co-starring with Eddie Bracken in Andrew Stone's new comedy, "Strange Bedfellows." This United Artists picture is all about two smart kids, Priscilla and Eddie, who promote themselves from rags to riches overnight. At right, in a scene with that funny Allen Jenkins.



Imagine Fred MacMurray as a wolf?—well, that's how you'll see him in "Suddenly It's Spring," with Paulette Goddard, right, and Arleen Whelan, above, meeting up with MacMurray's masterful technique.



Photo Reviews



Garfield gets around. He'll be burning up the screens in two important new pictures: "Humoresque," with Joan Crawford, and "Nobody Lives Forever," opposite Geraldine Fitzgerald, at right, above. Nice assignments, John.



"Humoresque" is tense emotional drama, with Garfield sharing honors with Academy Award winner Crawford. In the Warner Bros. drama co-starring Geraldine Fitzgerald, John turns from love-making to fighting—see action scenes at top of him tangling with George Coulouris.

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD



In tune again! Our cameraman catches this scooperoo photo of Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles on their reconciliation date. Rita's scheduled to star in Columbia's "The Lady from Shanghai," which Orson wrote and will produce and direct.



DREAMS do come true, and it was a pretty thrilled Bette Davis who announced she will have a baby next May. The 38-year-old star has been very happy married to artist William Grant Sherry. The same can't be said about her studio relationships. When her contract expires some two years hence, Bette won't be re-signing. If plans work out, her baby will be born in New Hampshire, where "Butternut" (her family home) is located. No more movies for Bette until after the big event.

CORNEL WILDE is out of "Forever Amber" and everyone at the studio is being pleasantly vague, when asked for a reason. Anyway, Cornel doesn't seem very upset. Now he'll have time to sell his house and find another one. In the meantime, they're testing like mad to find an actor to take his place. Linda Darnell, who plays *Amber*, is plugging for Mark Stevens.

ANN SOTHERN never stopped trying to make a success of her marriage to Robert Sterling. But Bob was impatient and unhappy because he wanted to be an important star. Finally he

asked for and received his release from MGM, where he felt the competition was too keen. Pressure on the domestic situation continued, however. Now Ann is seeking an immediate divorce, which will give Bob the freedom he feels is necessary to have a career. Bob does have talent. Whether he will gain more than he loses, remains to be seen. Because of lovely little two-year-old "Tisha," Ann is miserable that it had to end this way.

LONG before you read this, Ray Milland and his beautiful Mal will be on their way to Europe. They plan to combine business with pleasure. Don't be too surprised if they return with a third member in their party. Ray's sister was killed by a bomb when London was raided. He'd like nothing better than to bring back one of her children if the situation warrants it. Aside from giving the child a chance in life, little Danny Milland would have a companion.

KATHARINE HEPBURN (she of the boyish figure) really stopped Keenan Wynn, when he visited on the set of "Sea of Grass." "How do you



like my new sweater?" said Keenan, as he proudly exhibited it. "Please don't wear it on my set again," warned Hepburn. "But why?" insisted Keenan. "Because," retorted Katie, with a gleam in her eyes, "you have me at a disadvantage!"

A STARLET new to Hollywood went charging up to Lana Turner between shots on "Green Dolphin Street." "Oh, Lana," the starlet gushed familiarly, "you're so popular with men! Tell me what to do to be popular." Lana eyed her would-be flatterer. "Don't do anything," she answered dryly. "Be yourself. If you got it — you'll get 'em!" Period.

T WAS ever thus. Bob Mitchum struggled to get a break in Hollywood. Finally he signed an RKO contract. That studio in turn sold his services to David Selznick for two pictures a year. Mr. S. did everything he could to build him as a star. As a result Bob's loanout salary is terrific—only David Selznick gets most of it. Bob wasn't too happy working opposite Teresa Wright in "Pursued." He even hinted that he might be quitting pictures, or at least giving them a vacation.

WHEN you see Betsy Blair playing with Rosalind Russell in "The Empty Heart," you'll actually be watching Mrs. Gene Kelly making her movie debut. Strictly as a gag, Gene showed up on the set wearing a maid's cap and apron. The Kellys hope to do a musical movie together.

FOR scenes in "The Unfinished Dance," Margaret O'Brien goes glamorous! Her famous pigtails get their first permanent wave. When she saw herself in the short, full-skirted ballerina's costume, the little lady really took it big. She insisted on wearing the costume home and her mother did some tall talking before she could get her out of it at bedtime. The "feud" between the O'Briens and the studio is no more. Maggie's new deal is reported to be set at a salary of \$5000 per week. Wonder how she'll get it all in her piggy bank!

MARTHA VICKERS was going fairly steady with director Fred De Cordova. Then Fred began dating Joan Crawford. When the studio decided to star Martha, Fred was assigned to direct her. When Joan took to stopping by the set to see Fred, naturally Martha felt pretty uncomfortable up there in front of the camera. The rest of the cast and crew did everything they could, to relieve the tension. The name of the picture, ironically, is "Love and Learn." Martha is certainly — learning!

YOU should have heard the verbal splash made by Esther Williams when the studio tried to

get a double for her swimming scenes in "This Time for Keeps." Imagine, in the first place, ever finding a double for Esther. Of course their intentions were of the best, being as how the famous swimmer is expecting the stork. "Nothing has ever stopped me from swimming before," Esther informed them. "Nothing is going to stop me now." P.S. Her doctor also okaved it.



Peggy Ann Garner is bubble-gum expert at the drugstore party.



our corner drugstore was never like this! It's a star party with the famous whab's. Above left, "Jolson Story" producer and guest-honor, Sidney J. Lasky, Alan Ladd and John Garfield, snoping it up with the cream sodas; right, above, William H. Mearns, Sue and Alan Ladd; the Lee Remick, right, with Kate Stein in the main department.



Above, Anita Louise and new star Burt Lancaster; center, a dance team you've never seen before, Lana Turner and Darryl Zanuck.



TURN about is fair play. The Bogarts wanted Hedy Lamarr's house, but Hedy couldn't find another place to live. So Baby and Bogey turned real estate agent. They came up with the beautiful home owned by the late Mark Sandrich. When moving day arrived, the Bogarts showed up to help Hedy get her stuff out, so they could move right in. And they did. The first night they slept on mattresses on the floor!

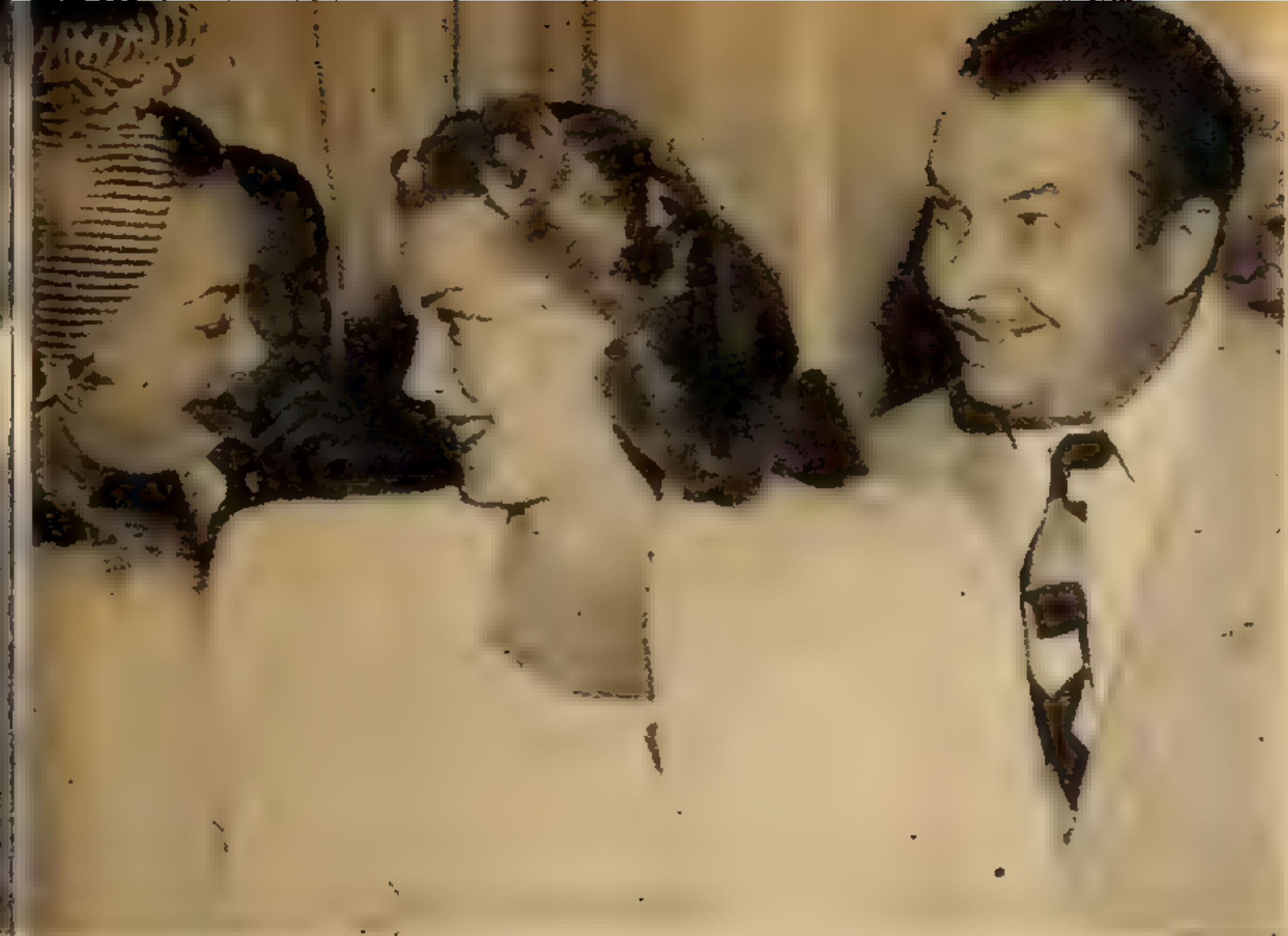
IF YOU'D like to serve Greer Garson's favorite cocktail hour spread, here's the simple recipe. To one package of cream cheese, add one can of minced clam. Flavor with finely-chopped green onions, or onion salt. Work into a paste and serve on melba toast strips. It tastes as good as Greer looked when she told us about it.

GIGGLE of the month: Alexis Smith just signed a new seven-year contract with Warner Bros. She was pleased with the new salary, the terms were okay. However, Alexis insisted on one clause being inserted. She wanted the guarantee of an audience if at any time she found reason to seek out J. L. Warner. Her reason? It took her two years to get to see the boss the last time!

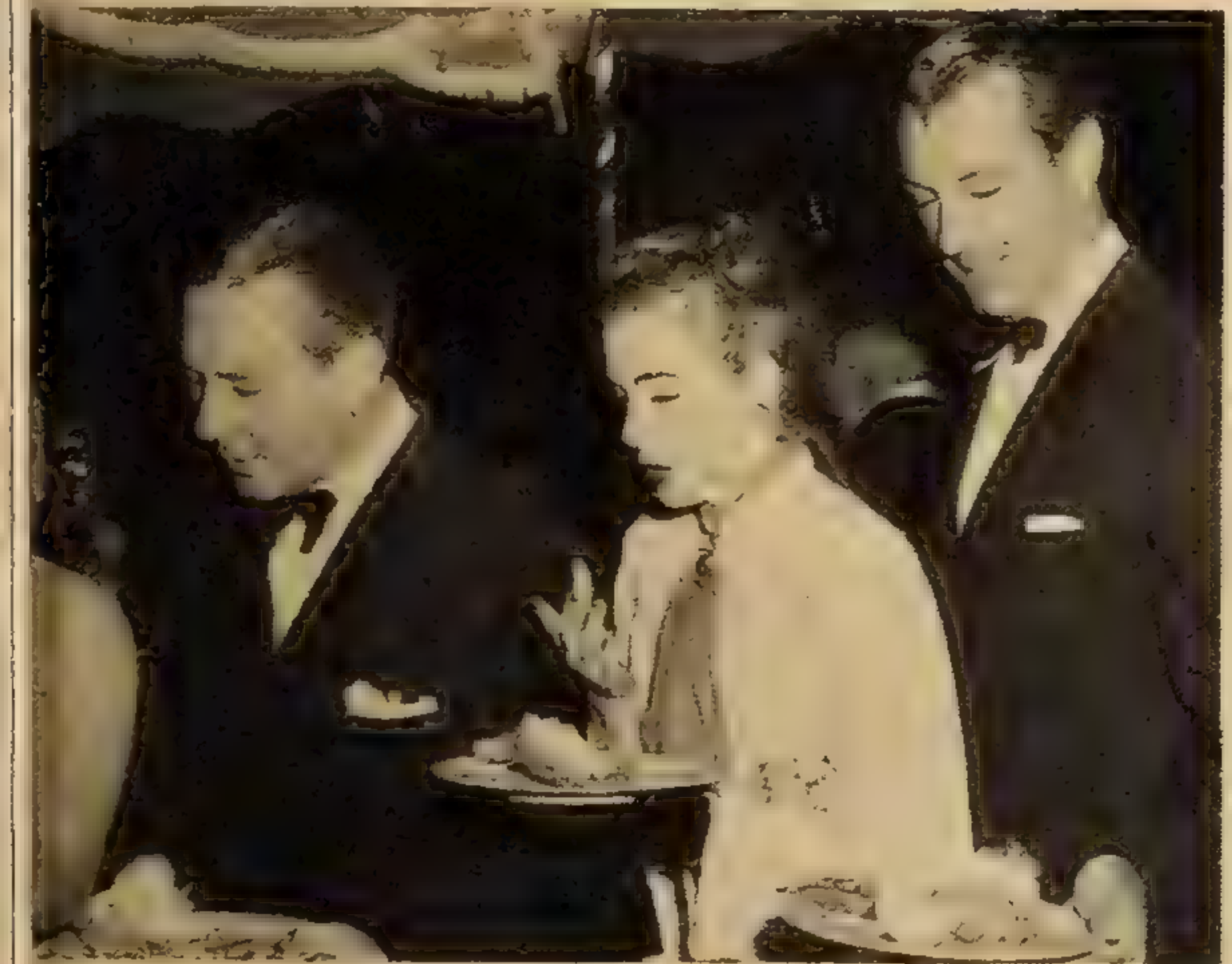
YOU can expect those separation rumors soon, when Eleanor Powell Ford flies to Chicago. The money they offered her for a night club engagement was too sensational to refuse. Glenn won't have a single day off the set of "They Walk Alone." They talked it over and Glenn urged Ellie to start tapping if she wanted. Both their mothers will care for little Peter Newton Ford during the brief separation.



A seldom-seen, right — Charles Boyer in a festive mood dancing with Lina Romay. Center, above, Spyros Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox, with one of his most important stars, Gene Tierney, whom you'll soon be seeing with co-star Tyrone Power in "The Razor's Edge." Above, Jane Powell and Frank Sinatra at a party — how about a duet?



At left on opposite page: Lana Turner, Keenan Wynn and Frank Sinatra. Lana's dark tresses get C. Miranda's appraising 00; X. Cugat's too.



Lina Romay, Ben Lyon, Cathy Downs and Gary Cooper juggle plates at a buffet shindig.



Stu Barthelmess and Sonja Henie (still dating!) with Skitch Henderson and Anita Colby, above. Below, Annabella and Rex Harrison.



Merle Oberon
starring in
"TEMPTATION"
an International Picture

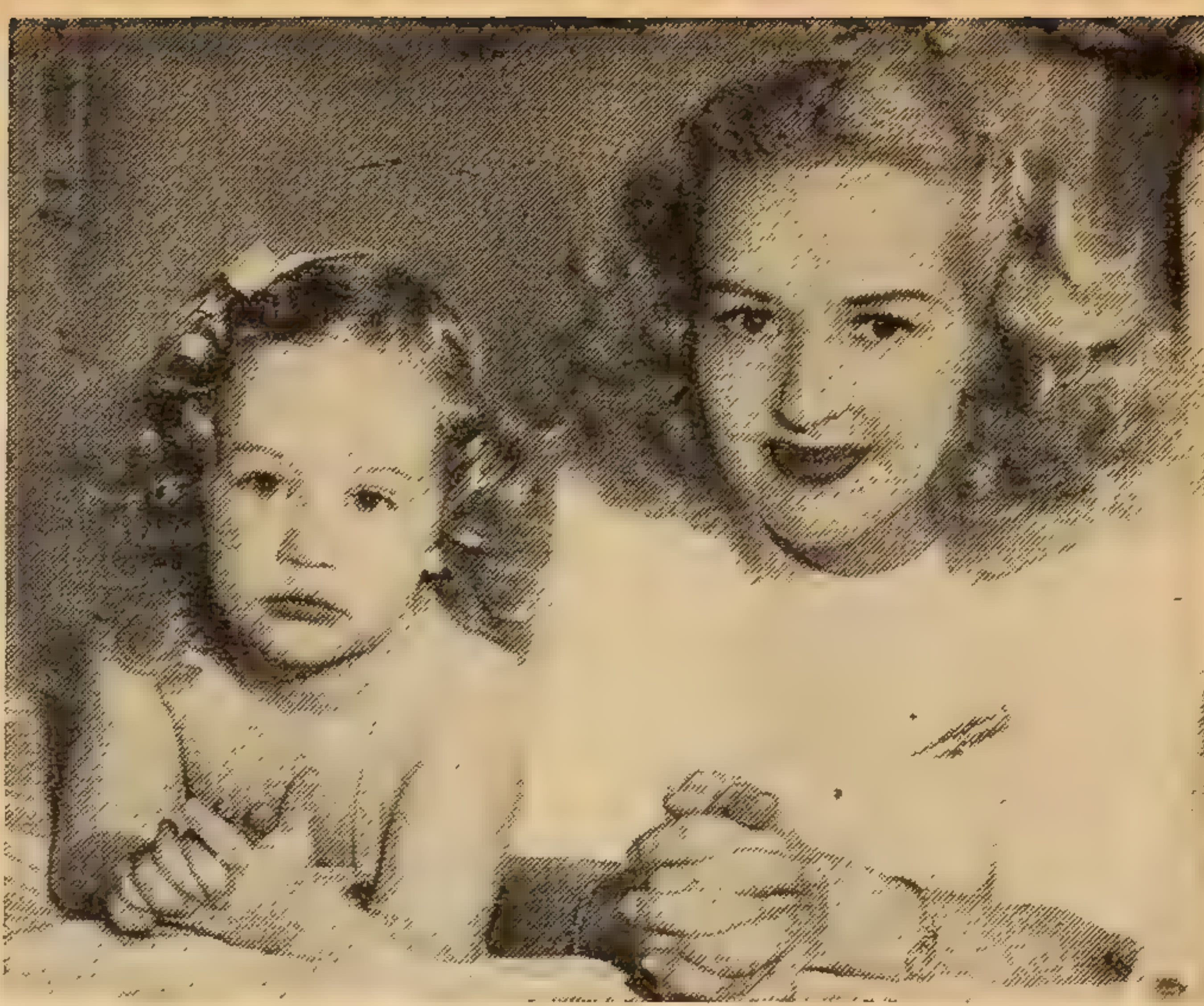
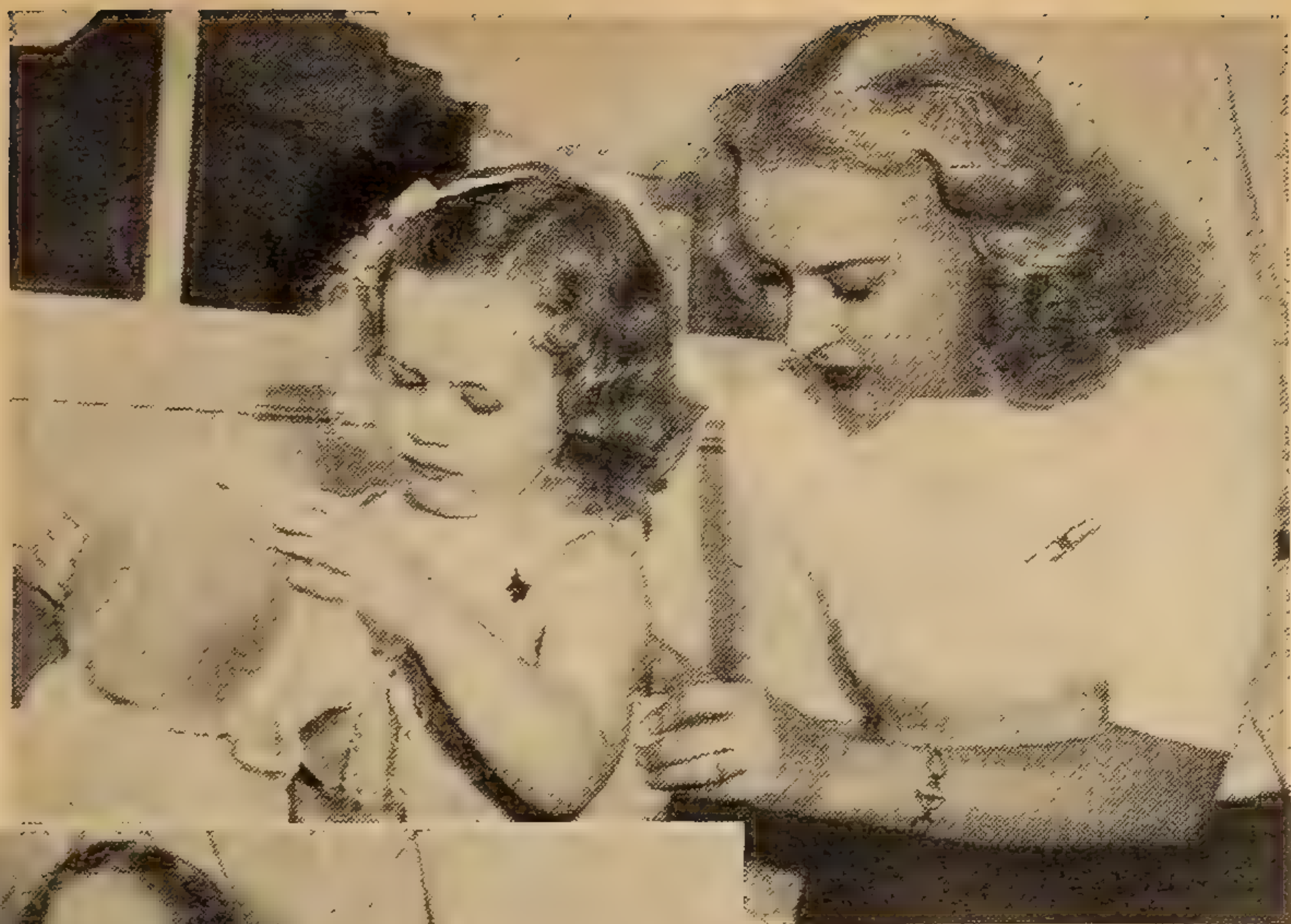
First on every girl's wishing list!

If you're wondering what to give this Christmas, there is nothing she'd rather have than a DELTAH necklace! These lustrous, luminous, iridescent simulated pearls, so closely resembling precious Orientals, flatter flesh-tones, add glamour to every costume, daytime or night. Earrings to match, in luxurious gift cases.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



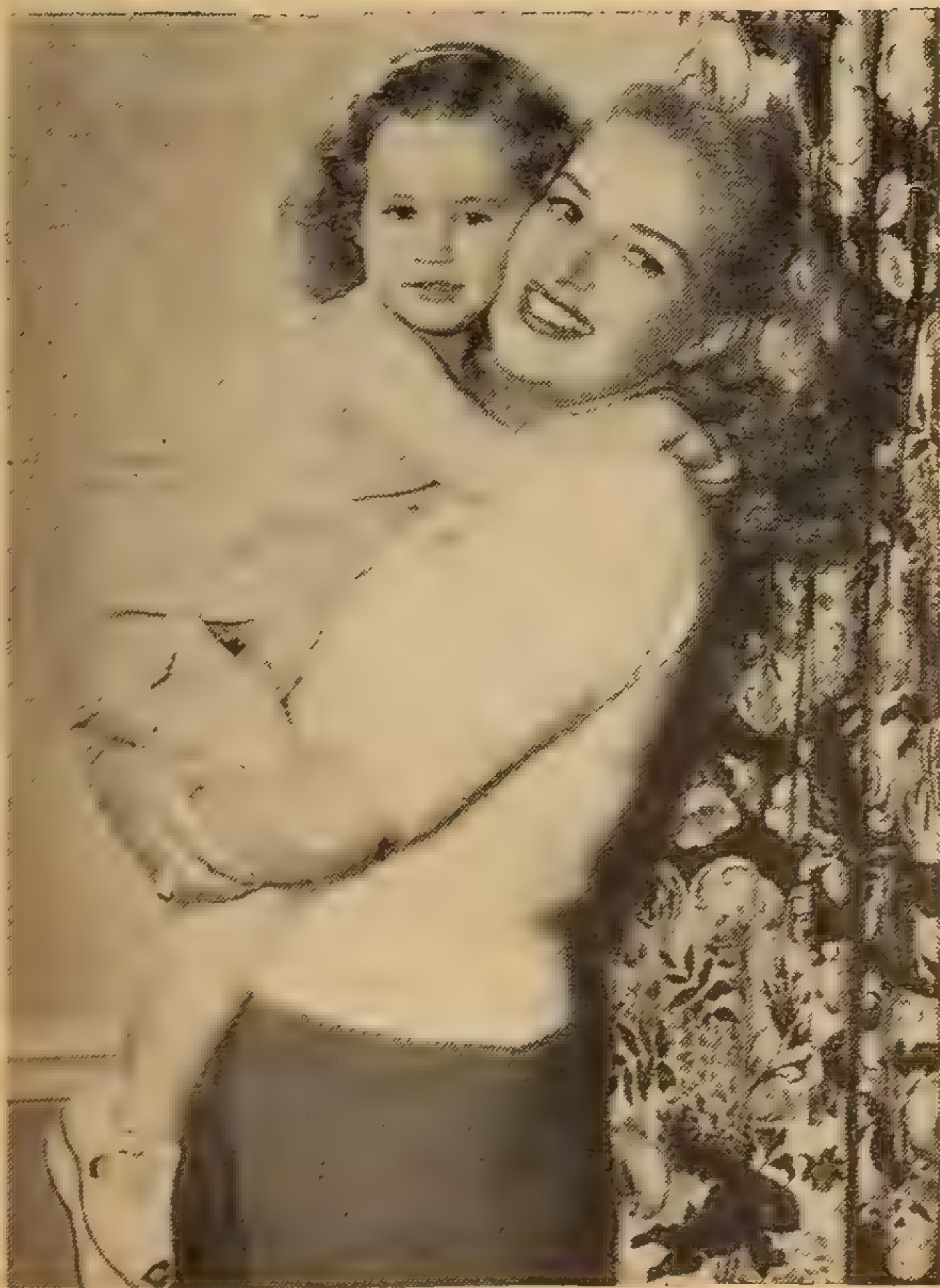
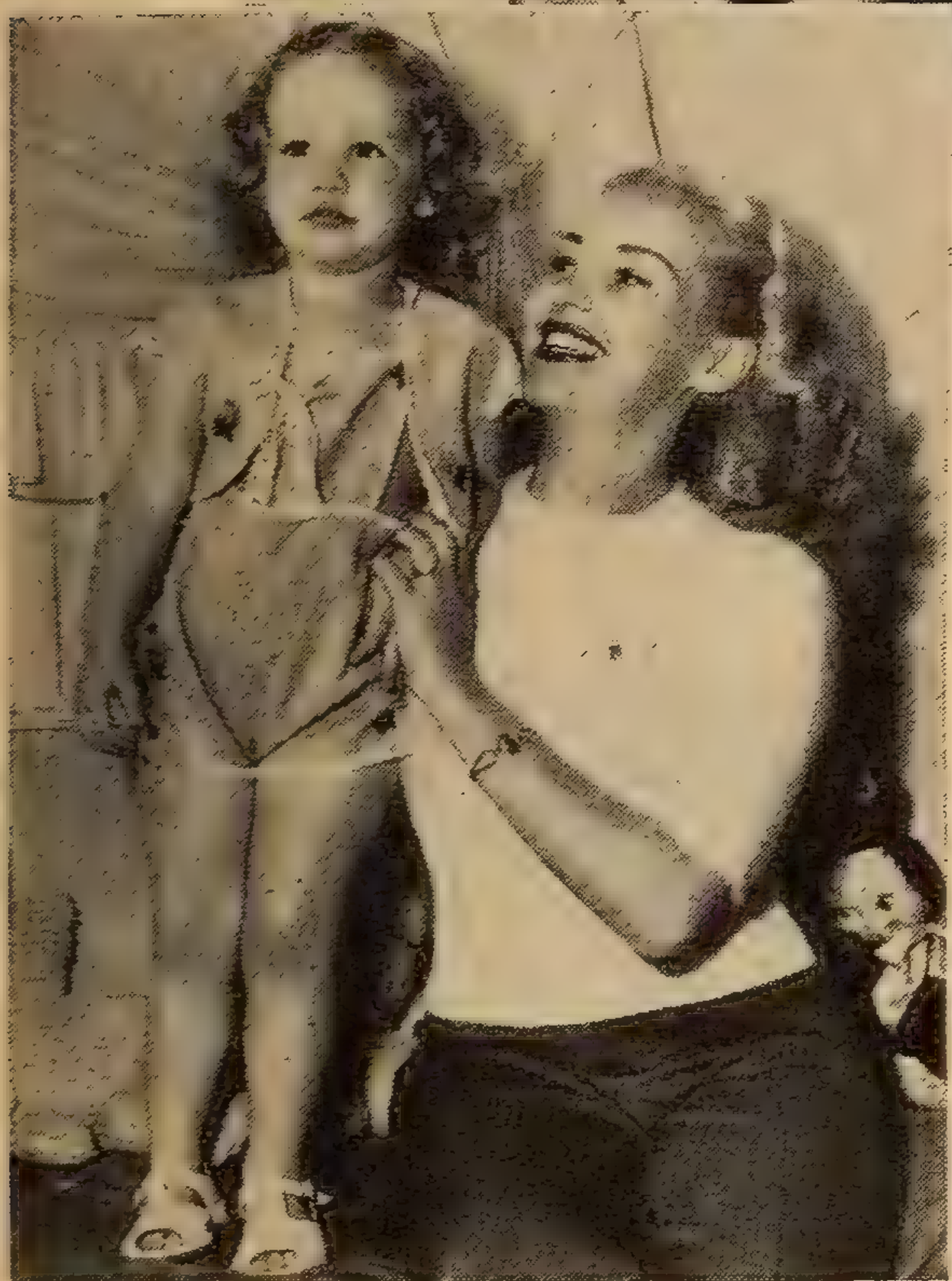
*Once Chosen —
Always Treasured*



Photos by Gene Kornman, 20th Century-Fox

"VICKI" Grows Up!

It won't be long now! The lovely daughter of Betty Grable and Harry James will be deciding to be—a musician or movie star?—in a few more years



Betty makes getting "prettied up" a matter of fun in the photo at right, and the play hour is scenes above is the highlight of the day. Betty's next film: "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim."



Kids! Don't Be Onlookers

Continued from page 35

generation have a lot to give, and a lot to learn; and he thinks it's terribly important that they start doing both; immediately if not sooner.

You would never dream, from the way Robinson harries the young fry in "No Trespassing," that he has so much respect for them. In this psychological mystery (which is adapted from "The Red House" by George Agnew Chamberlain) he plays the rôle of *Pete Morgan*, a bachelor farmer with dreadful secrets locked up in his lonely heart. And as the story progresses, he makes life miserable indeed for the four young people appearing in the cast with him—Lon McCallister, Allene Roberts, Julie London, and Rory Calhoun.

But behind the cameras it was a different story. It was, in fact, all one big

the necessity for all citizens, particularly the younger ones, to participate in the democratic way of life.

"To begin with," he said, "I was not born in America. I came here, when I was very young, from an intolerant country. And this great land of opportunity and freedom had a tremendous appeal for me, knowing how different life can be without it. You've got to learn what freedom is first, and then stand up and fight for it. You've got to be vigilant about it. You've got to earn the privileges over and over again, otherwise freedom will be taken away from you.

"How can anybody stand aloof today? The atomic bomb has changed everything, and now more than ever, the responsibility has been thrown into every

big cigar. Then he went on: "Of course, our first responsibility, as citizens, is intelligent voting. Voting is a privilege that is allowed only in democratic countries. After what you've seen happen in countries where the people don't have that privilege, you ought to be thankful enough to want to do the job right. If you are not an informed voter, you may be contributing to the elements that are always trying to undermine the democratic way of life. People who elect the wrong kind of politicians deserve the kind of government they get.

"If you're going to vote intelligently, you must study carefully into the records of the candidates. You must know what's going on, and you must know what the candidates stand for, before you cast your vote. I've heard young people—and older ones, too—try to excuse themselves by saying, 'But I don't understand political news, I haven't the interest nor the attitude for these things.' Well, the time has come when nobody can get out of it that easily. You don't deserve to enjoy the privileges of living in a country like this unless you're willing to shoulder that small share of the responsibility. If



happy family, and no kidding about it. During the waits between scenes, many a "conversation piece" developed which brought out a stimulating exchange of opinions, and Robinson often expressed his pleasure at working with such a representative group of youngsters.

"They're intelligent, thoughtful kids," he said approvingly, "with a fine spirit. They're interested and concerned for their fellow human beings. I think the kids of today are intensely concerned about the way things are going. They're better informed about what's going on in the world than their parents were at their age. The radio has been a great advantage to them in this respect. Also, they hear a lot about what's going on in other parts of the world from their older brothers who have been in the war. The returning soldier, too, has come out of things with a better understanding of human values, and more constructive ideas than after the last war."

Back at the studio, after the location trip, Mr. Robinson sat in the commissary one afternoon, leisurely puffing on his after-luncheon cigar, while he explained why he feels so strongly about

individual's lap. People don't seem to be thinking so much about the atomic bomb just now. For a while that was all they could talk about, but now you seldom hear it mentioned. Well, they'd better think about it! Now as never before, anything that happens anywhere on this globe is vitally important to you and to me. God help us if we don't get that idea and get it quickly. This is our last chance. What are we going to profit from our experience in this last war, unless we have learned this?

"It's between our scientific and our spiritual advancement that the great discrepancy lies today. With the advance that has been made in destructive forces, through the use of atomic energy, we'd better quickly make this advance in the spiritual realm. "If we can bridge that gap between our scientific and spiritual progress and do it immediately, atomic energy can be a wonderful thing for mankind, just like electricity and steam and all the rest. It's up to you and me and all of us—and there's no time to waste."

Mr. Robinson paused a moment thoughtfully, taking another puff on the



Gaily costumed Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston merge sweet voices for "I've Told Every Little Star" number in MGM's "Till the Clouds Roll By." At left, Kathryn collaborates with Tony Martin between scenes.

you don't understand the issues involved, and you're unfamiliar with the records of the candidates, you should go for advice to somebody in whom you have confidence as a human being. Talk things over with him, get information from him. And don't think that anything that happens is too small to merit your attention. Aldermen are important. You've got to start with your own community, with your own family. Start with yourself.

"To those who are not yet old enough to vote, I would say, that doesn't mean there's nothing you can do about all this.

Now is the time to get into the habit of participation. At school when there is an election of class officers, for instance, you can get in there and take an active interest. Don't forget that your class officers of today may be your aldermen of tomorrow. They may even be your congressmen. When classroom discussions arise, speak up with your opinions. And listen to other people's opinions. They may have something on the ball, too. Don't try to run the whole show yourself, but don't be a shrinking violet, either. If you leave everything to the other fellow, he may turn out to be the wrong fellow.

"And don't overlook extra-curricular activities. Go in for sports, literary clubs, debating societies, social affairs, and don't be a wallflower in any of them. These activities all give you invaluable practice in understanding people, and in the friendly give-and-take of working together that is democratic living.

"I like to see young people take an interest in the arts, too—in music, painting, sculpture, and all the rest. I know from my own experience as a young man that when I became interested in all the arts,



Kathryn and Virginia O'Brien learn the way of a maid with a bustle on set. "Age before Beauty?" But what happens when they're both beautiful? At right, Kathryn clips Johnny's colorful tie to the right specifications.

it gave me a better understanding of the hopes and aspirations of other men down through the ages. It enlarged my viewpoint, took me beyond the boundaries of everyday life. All through history, you'll find that the artist, more than anyone, has always been concerned with the welfare of the world, with the happiness of mankind, so a study of great works of art is bound to help us attain that broader understanding of all people, which is essential if we are to survive.

"Of course, the teachers and the parents of school children must become

aware of the world viewpoint that is necessary today, before it can be instilled into the minds of the youngsters. Parents," he said, with a slow smile spreading over his face, and a twinkle in his eye, "have been a problem from time immemorial." Then more seriously, he continued, "All too often, intolerance in young people is only a reflection of the attitudes they learn at home. And I think, in this respect, young people can often persuade their own parents out of thoughtless prejudice.

"But I believe that any kind of intolerance must be fought. Whatever kind it is, it's a booby trap. It will shoot up right in your own face. I think whenever intolerance and hatred show themselves among school children, everybody that has anything to do with their training should be called in—parents, teachers, Sunday school teachers—to discuss ways and means of substituting more wholesome attitudes.

"Frank Sinatra did a terrific thing



when he used his great popularity with the bobby-soxers to combat racial and religious intolerance, by visiting high schools all over the country and talking informally with the students on this subject. And the picture he made—"The House I Live In"—proved to be a powerful influence against intolerance, also. The interest and co-operation the youngsters gave Sinatra in his campaign proves how receptive they are to constructive influences. That's one of the most encouraging signs of these troubled times.

"We've had too much emphasis on the material things, I think—too much *Horatio Alger* stuff, from bootblack to banker, and all that sort of thing. We need more emphasis on accomplishment as human beings, and on social service.

"I think that these kids ought to give more thought to what is happening in the world today. I like to see all kids very liberal. Life soon enough disciplines you and gives you the balance you need. I like a kid who's interested in what goes on in the world, and who gets fighting mad over injustices done to other people. It makes him a human being."

Edward G. Robinson is well equipped

by background and education to speak with authority on these matters. Born in Bucharest, Rumania, he was brought to America as a small boy by his parents. He attended public school in New York City, and holds a Master of Arts degree from Columbia University. While he was receiving his education, he considered both the clergy and law as possible professions. But before he had reached a decision, World War I called, and young Robinson joined the Navy. By the time the war was over, he had decided upon acting as a career, and forthwith wrote a skit for himself called "The Bells of Conscience" with which he made a hit in vaudeville. That led to bigger and better rôles, and before coming to Hollywood, he had appeared in ten plays for the Theater Guild, including "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Man with the Red Hair," "Juarez and Maximilian," "Peer Gynt," "The Adding Machine," "The Firebrand," "The Deluge."

He first attracted attention in films for

his gangster portrayals, but he remained to give us a wide variety of memorable characterizations. Among his most recent pictures were "The Stranger," "Scarlet Street," "The Woman in the Window," "Mr. Winkle Goes to War," "Double Indemnity."

A perfectionist in his work, he is nevertheless not a fuss-budget. He enjoys good health and doesn't bother about diet. But he does insist upon plenty of sleep, and his main aversion is early morning telephone calls.

Mr. Robinson is well known as an art connoisseur. His famous collection of paintings includes studies by Renoir and Cezanne, and many from the French Impressionistic school of painting. He's a devotee of classical music, an insatiable reader, and world traveler. And he can discuss these things with you in eight languages—Rumanian, German, Spanish, French, Italian, Hebrew, Yiddish, and, of course, English.

From all of which, you can see that Mr. Robinson didn't get where he is by being an onlooker. And if you will take a leaf out of his book, you won't turn out to be one, either.



Team Work

Continued from page 59

have meant almost anything. Bill decided that it meant, "Be conventional, and perhaps I will like you." Disappearing from the vicinity as fast as butter for sale, Bill located Producer David Hempstead and put it squarely up to him: "I want to be introduced to Michele Morgan."

And so, after an interval of getting acquainted, they were married, thus beginning what they are convinced will be a life-long partnership involving the understanding, the give-and-take, and the joyous comradeship of a permanent love affair.

Their first adjustment required that each entertain a sincere respect for the other's religious convictions. Michele is a devout Catholic and her church means a great deal to her. Bill is an equally devout Methodist, and wanted his children to be reared in that faith. Fortunately, Michele—being a French girl—had been taught that in a case of a major family decision, the view of the husband should prevail. So, nowadays, Michele goes to ten o'clock Mass, and Bill goes to Methodist Sunday School, where he teaches a class of thirteen-year-old boys. "I do this because it won't be many years before my own son will require religious instruction, and I want to be equipped to give it to him. If he knows that I've been teaching Sunday School all these years, he'll have respect for the faith I want to instill in him," is the way Bill sums up the situation.

There was an occasional misunderstanding, during Bill and Michele's first year of marriage, caused by the difference in native language. Bill spoke no French, and Michele's English sometimes deserted her at important moments. Usually, however, Michele's English was a source of constant delight to her bemused husband. When their new home was being landscaped, Bill had to

be away one morning so knew he would miss the gardener. He left instructions with Michele: the lawn, even though it was new, was to be cut; the weeping willow tree that Bill had ordered was to be set at a certain place near the swimming pool.

Late that afternoon, Bill telephoned Michele to report at what hour he would be home for dinner, and inquired about the activities of the gardener. "Everything is going okay," said Michele. "The nice man has shaved already the grass, and your crying tree is planted as you wished."

When they went to the races, Bill helped Michele select a horse that was touted to be half-gazelle, half-whirlwind, then sent her to the fifteen dollar combination window. She had been coached to say, "One (meaning one ticket) on number six (the number of the horse) across the board." In case you aren't the wagering sort, the sentence meant that Michele was betting five dollars that No. 6 would win, five that he would come in second, and five that he would show (come in third).

Said Michele eagerly to the man behind the wicket, "Fifteen dollars across the boarder."

"I beg your pardon," said the mutuel clerk.

"I know I'm saying it right," said Michele, her cheeks growing pink. "I know I am. Fifteen dollars across the boarder. My ticket, please."

"On what horse?" persisted the clerk, suppressing a grin.

Called Michele to Bill, who was convulsed on the sidelines, "What is the name of my horse, please, Bill? The man wants to find out."

"Number six," called Bill, happy to note that Michele was the only person at the fifteen dollar window, hence was



Van Johnson and June Allyson are together again—in MGM's "High Barbaree." June and Van dated in New York when he was Gene Kelly's understudy in "Pal Joey," and she was Betty Hutton's in "Panama Hattie."

not holding up a perspiring line of bettors.

Said Michele with considerable dignity, "His number is six. If you will give me my ticket, perhaps someone else will tell you the horse's name."

Then she came back to Bill with the flashing comment, "One would think they did not want to take one's money. Such red tape!" However, when her horse won the race, she was impressed with the speed and good humor with which winners were paid. Best of all, she didn't have to say a word. She just handed in her ticket, and the currency came pouring out.

When Michele and Bill were dining out one night, Michele almost choked her husband to death, because he happened to be taking a deep gulp of water as she whispered, "Don't look now, but across the room is a lady wearing a cage-bird of a hat."

As Michele's English improved, she could laugh along with Bill about the early mistakes she had made. Meanwhile, Bill was learning French, and some of his missteps in the language he was adopting were quite as funny as his wife's in her adopted tongue. Everything in French has sex, you know, so Michele found it convulsingly funny when Bill called the feminine nouns "he" and masculine nouns "she." Sample: "We have a cat, he named Nelly."

The institution of breakfast posed a problem in the Marshall household. The French believe that one should arise early, partake of heavy rolls, hot chocolate or coffee, and perhaps a fruit. Bill, who started to sing with Buddy Rogers' band when he was fifteen, went on to New York to sing with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, then organized his own band and toured the nation, was accustomed to a very different morning routine. His idea of comfortable behavior was to sleep until noon, then have a quick glass of orange juice, then fast until luncheon around four. Michele's horror over what this regimen would do



to Bill's stomach convinced Bill that perhaps she had a point. Nowadays, even when he isn't working in such pictures as Republic's lavish "Earl Carroll Sketchbook," which requires early rising, Bill rolls out at a dewy hour and joins Michele in her beloved French breakfast. As a result, he feels better, and Michele is gratified.

Sooner or later in any marriage, the question of family friends arises. Many a happy home has been wrecked because the little woman couldn't endure good old Gook, the husband's best pal. Particularly during the early months of their marriage, Michele and Bill entertained a great many members of the local French colony. It was natural for them, when fraternally gathered, to speak French exclusively. Bill was a stranger in his own home. Finally he made a deal with Michele, who was quick to see his side of the problem. The agreement was this: whenever Michele wished to entertain friends who were going to converse in a language in which Bill hadn't passed the "oui" and "non" stage, he would arrange to spend the evening with some of his old band buddies. This has worked out very well, because, afterward, each has so much to tell the other that they sit up half the night, gossiping and laughing.

When young Mike, who is nearly two years old now, first began to talk, Bill passed an unbreakable rule: anyone who was going to talk to Mike, was to address him in English. Once Mike has mastered his mother tongue, Michele will teach him French, but until that time of formal education begins, Bill won't allow callers even to speak a few words of greeting in French. "Just confuse the lad to learn two languages at once and retard his normal childish conversational impulses," says Bill. Mike has his dad puzzled in one respect, however: Mike seems to speak a language of his own on occasion. He is mad about music, so, the instant Bill sets foot in the house, Mike runs to the radio and squeals, "Mook. Mook. Mook."

Bill has taught Mike to say, "Hi, Daddy," in a robust, rugged tone of voice. This greeting has been standard between them ever since Mike could form the syllables. When Michele went to France to make two pictures, Bill

promptly started to coach his son in a new trick. Several times each day, Bill would take Mike to the living room where a large oil painting of Michele (by Kesseling) is hung. "Hi, Mommy," Bill would say. "Mike, you say it: 'Hi, Mommy!'"

Mike thought it over. He studied the picture carefully, not exactly certain that this whole business was sensible. One day, however, he said tentatively, "Hi, Mommy." Promptly, Bill gave the young man a square of chocolate. Mike caught on. Whenever he was brought in to look at the painting of Michele, he called out "Hi, Mommy," and snatched his reward.

Michele flew into town on the Constellation at midnight one evening and ran ecstatically into Bill's arms. "How is Mike?" she asked. "Do you think he will know me?"

Bill looked dubious. "He's pretty young. Children at that age don't remember people they haven't seen for three months."

It was a breathless Michele who tiptoed into the nursery to look down at her son. "We'll wake him up to see what will happen," said Bill. Mike stirred and opened one eye as he was lifted to Bill's shoulder. With that one eye, he caught sight of Michele, and, sleepy as he was, his sweet-tooth responded. "Hi, Mommy," he said, loud and clear. Michele still doesn't think it was a good idea for Bill to give Mike a bite of candy so late at night, and Bill hasn't vouchsafed any explanation.

Michele, like most French girls, had never taken sports seriously. Golf is played in France, of course, but lackadaisically. Can you imagine a lackadaisical American golfer? One of the first attributes of American men that impressed Michele was their intensity about games. "But I don't understand," she said one day after Bill had berated himself furiously for losing a tennis match. "It was only for relaxation. Surely, it wasn't important whether you won or lost, since it was entirely for pleasure!"

Because of this languid approach to sports, Michele has been good for Bill, who is inclined to take his recreation very seriously. He taught Michele to play tennis, to which she brought enor-

mous complacency. He taught her to play golf, but the exertion seemed absurd. Currently she walks around the course with Bill, complimenting him upon every stroke whether it is a compound slice with oak leaf clusters, or a Texas leaguer onto the green. Occasionally Bill plays with Bob Hope (who is a terrific golfer even while kidding himself and everyone else in his party to death), and Michele loves to walk around the course with them. Because she hears his merry chatter and doesn't comprehend the virtuosity Bob is bringing to the game, she thinks he plays golf "with almost as much *sang froid* as a Frenchman."

When Michele and Bill were married, Michele had an intense horror of guns or hunting. This posed a double problem, as Bill has always spent whatever time he could arrange tramping over hills and down gullies in search of some elusive bird or animal not smart enough to dodge. His gun collection is one of the most impressive in town, and Bill never misses an antique shop in a strange city, hoping to ferret out some rare old muzzle-loader or carbine. He spent a good many hours showing Michele how the various guns were operated, and pointed out that under no circumstances were they ever loaded. Finally he had a small rifle made to order for her, and persuaded her to accompany him on a hunting trip. She loved hiking over rugged country, and constantly exclaimed over the loveliness of the scenery. After one of these trips she mused, "I begin to understand. In Europe, we simply take walks. In America, one must carry something like a golf club or a gun, and call it a sport, before one can take a walk." However, to prove that she had fully entered into the spirit of the game, she brought Bill an antique, gold-plated gun that she had located in a shop in Amsterdam.

Bill, who believes in the frequent giving of presents to preserve a happy home, had a surprise waiting for Michele when she returned from Europe: it was just a mere 1946 Lincoln Sedan—that's all.

So, with deepest love, a sense of humor, willingness to compromise, a son like Mike and plans for more children in the future, the Bill Marshalls are making a shining success of marriage.



The Mighty Mickey—Now!

Continued from page 47

ahead and carrying the camera, shoves its elevated nose into the hall, rolls back (hence the term, "trucking shot") as Mickey and Gloria, both glowingly happy, emerge. Mickey pauses to bid the statue of the school's founder a mocking good-bye; other laughing graduates pour from the hall. A scene like that, with a wealth of people and "business," often has to be shot many times. This was one of California's freakish days (as you know, the weather there is always "unusual") and the temperature was ninety-four. Throughout every take the Technicolor lights, many times hotter than those used for black-and-white movies, were focused full-glare on Mickey and Gloria. Easy going, this star racket!

Each time Mickey came back to the dressing-room, he politely insisted we "relax" on the narrow wall-couch. Each time we out-manoeuvred him, and he would gratefully take off his high school tux coat and, while we talked, lie on the couch, hands beneath his head. Mickey, however, won the politeness duel—at considerable sacrifice. In a thermos bottle he cherished three cupfuls of cold seven-up, which he insisted on sharing with us and another guest. Then he phoned the MGM commissary and heard, "No seven-up, no ginger ale, no coca-cola." California, on that punishingly hot day, had added to other shortages a complete famine in soft drinks!

"What SCREENLAND's Rooney-hungry readers would like to know," we suggested, "is changes in you, new perspectives, new ambitions. That is, all about you—the person."

Before we completed that last sentence, Mickey had snapped from reclining to sitting position and was "overlapping" our words. "The biggest change in me," he announced swelling out his chest (and, sister, did he mean it!), "is—I'm a father!" He went on: "Ever since I can remember, I've been crazy about children. Now, to have one of my own—it's just too wonderful for words." Mickey knew, as he spoke, that he'd be a father a second time, in January, 1947.

Fun at Hollywood Palladium: Lynn Bari and Peter Lawford listen to the Glenn Miller band.

In four years 40,000 servicemen have enjoyed the fine hospitality of Jimmy and Lucile Gleason's home. Below are seven of the boys from the Birmingham Hospital.



Alert-minded, as he always has been, he took up the next topic. "Perspectives? Of course I have new ones. For example, I love fun as much as I ever did, but my idea of fun is different. It used to be the Mocambo, and staying up late, and playing around. Now it's to be at home with my family, and have friends in." (One of those friends, by the way, is next-door neighbor Clark Gable, who tipped Mickey to the lovely new house and grounds near Encino. More about that home, later. Mickey finished concerning perspectives. "I try to think deeper than I used to. I don't take things for granted, don't take people for granted. I've just as much mischief in me as always, but responsibility makes you think. I guess I'm maturer." Mickey was really giving, talking much slower than usual, trying to analyze processes that had gone on inside him.

"Ambitions?" He was all snappy again. "Remember that family-man urge! I've lots more ambitions than I used to have. More activities."

"What!" We were startled. "Ever

since anybody's known you, you've been doing four or five things at a time."

Mr. Ambition grinned: "It's eight or ten, now."

Somebody called, "Mickey!" and, hustling into his tux coat, he hurried out, made three more takes under the hot lights (looking as fresh as a daisy, as the part called for) and came back, chucking the coat.

"Before we examine your plans to conquer the whole show world," we headed him off, "there's one thing we'd like to know."

"Yes?"

"You went overseas so soon after you married that few people have got straight the actual details of your courtship and proposal—you know, circumstances, dates, all the little facts. Where can we learn that score?"

Once more El Rooney (he must have springs in him) snapped from reclining to sitting. "I'll tell it," he said, "and it'll be an exclusive. (If he hadn't been a showman, he'd have made a good newspaperman.) I've never told it before.

"I was in final training, knowing I

was going overseas, at Sibert, Alabama, and Charley Preston, a test pilot buddy of mine, and I decided to go up to Birmingham, me on a weekend pass, Charley for a week's leave. Charley Falkenburg, an MGM exhibitor, was mighty nice to me when I got into town—took the other Charley and me to dinner, asked, 'Wouldn't you fellows like to see some movies tomorrow morning?'

"At the theater Sunday morning were B. J. and her mother"—B. J. is what Mickey calls his brown-haired, brown-eyed, beautiful-faced, perfect-figured wife. "I just shook hands with them, didn't see the picture with them." (B. J., Betty Jane Rase, had just been named "Miss Birmingham.")

Afterward, at a kind of reception in Exhibitor Falkenburg's office, Mickey relates, Falkenburg asked him, "Why don't you get yourself a date tonight? I'll drive you back to camp."

"Aw," Mickey answered, "I don't know anybody in Birmingham."

"Why don't you ask Miss Rase, over there?"

"Gee," said Mickey (one of his nu-

Are you in the know?



Which plaid should "chubby" pick?

- ☐ A kingsize design
- ☐ A petite pattern
- ☐ Neither

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, *you, too*, can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither: A medium-size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for *you*. What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—to help you stay dainty.



For lip-appeal *plus*, should you—

- ☐ Wear a sultry shade
- ☐ Use a lip brush
- ☐ Revise the shape of your mouth

If you'd have lush-looking lips—know your pucker-paint technique. Choose a true red: on you it looks better than sultry, tiger-woman shades. And don't try to re-shape your mouth! Carefully following its contour with a lip brush can give you lip-appeal *plus*; added self-assurance. Extra poise on problem days means—Kotex. Because, for extra *protection*, Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* to keep you super-confident!



Should you agree to meet your "squire"?

- ☐ If it's more practical
- ☐ To show you're not stuffy
- ☐ Nay, nay, never!

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! *Unless* there's a good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

When a blind date's disappointing, would you—

- ☐ Back out gracefully
- ☐ Make like a martyr
- ☐ Grin and bear it

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings. Besides, he probably has friends . . . dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that *lasts* because Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. Yes, with Kotex you can keep smiling!



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merous surprising qualities is a very nice shyness, at the right times), "she'd only think I was some Hollywood smart alec, throwing my weight around."

Falkenburg razzed him, and he went over, half-reluctantly.

To the request for a date, Miss Rase answered, "Yes," with enthusiasm.

They had dinner that evening, danced a bit and Mickey took her home. In front of her house, Betty Jane asked, "Mr. Falkenburg's driving you back to camp, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"How far is it?"

"Fifty miles."

"Is he driving back home tonight?"

"Yes," answered Mickey, surprised. "Why?"

"If you'll wait a minute, I'll ask Mother if I can ride to camp with you."

Mickey isn't a sentimentalist—on the surface—and didn't confide to us what he thought of that offer, while he sat in the car in Birmingham and waited. History indicates he thought it was pretty darn swell!

We return now to the portable dressing-room, on the MGM lot, Papa Rooney talking: "On the way back to camp, Charley got out to chin with a gas station attendant and check things over about the car. 'I said, 'Betty Jane'—Mickey hadn't got to the B. J. stage yet—'will you marry me?' She said, 'Yes' immediately. She didn't even look surprised. The following Saturday we were married."

"How far out of Birmingham were you," we asked, "when this proposal exploded?"

"Oh, eight or ten miles." Mickey had been sitting upright while he recalled, happily, that lightning-fast courtship. Now the grin above his white shirt and black tie became pure imp and mischief. "Ha!" he exclaimed. "I'm a slow worker!"

"What were the dates on all this?" we asked. The answer was prompt: "I met B. J. Sunday, September 24, 1944. We were married Saturday, September 30. I went overseas October 28."

Mickey fell to thinking. So did we, one of our hobbies being the contemplation of the workings of young ladies' minds. It seemed to us, giving Mickey all due credit for atom-fast work, that during that fateful Sunday, September 24, the ultra beautiful Mrs. Rooney-to-be wasn't exactly asleep at the switch!

"Would you like to know," Mickey asked, out of his thoughtfulness, "something my wife said to me that's pretty important?"

We said we'd like to know.

"Well," Mickey complied, "a few days after we were married, I asked B. J., 'Why did you really marry me?' She answered, 'When I saw you at the theater that Sunday, you looked so unhappy I knew someone had to take care of you. I thought it ought to be me.'"

(We didn't need to ask Mickey why that unhappiness. His earlier marriage had broken up. Most of the twelve million men who went into the armed services had a girl to come back to. Mickey was about to go overseas without that priceless comfort. Ask any ex-G.I.—he'd have hated that!)

When Mickey learned about an addition to the Rooney family in July, 1944, he was, for a brief period, entertaining on-leave G.I.'s at the Madeleine Theater in Paris. (During most of his thousands of miles of war-travel in Europe, he was with "jeep shows." Naturally they often operated close enough to the front line to be in big-gun range, and there were bombers. Mickey absolutely refuses to discuss his overseas experience, except to say, "Thousands of guys served the really hard way. Forget it. I did what every other soldier in the Army did—what the Army thought I'd be useful at.")

Two cables came. The first said the addition was a girl. Two days later a correction arrived: it was a boy, which was all right with Mickey, too—plenty. "A rough way," he comments, though, "for the cable people to treat a guy. Two celebrations!"

It seems reaching a long way back in this young-and-peppy veteran showman's career to bring up the days when as a little shaver (why do they call 'em shavers when they don't shave?) he played, with burnt cork on his hair because the director wanted a brunette, the name lead in the fabulously successful Mickey McGuire comedies. Yet those days have an important bearing both on Mickey's life and on the life of the Golden Towhead, his son. (And don't think you and me won't go out and visit that number, presently.)

When Mickey left the comedy-making organization he discovered that Mickey McGuire, the name he had rendered famous, didn't belong to him—it was the property of the company! So, as he began to make his professional name, Mickey Rooney, world-famous, he protected himself by having a court declare it his legal name. Thus the Golden Tow-

head comes into a very nice name heritage, indeed—Mickey Rooney, Jr.

How much do you recall of Mickey's marvelous career at MGM? That he started in a bit rôle with the late Jean Harlow in "Riff Raff"? Sold the studio executives in a small part with Robert Montgomery in "Hide-out"? That, besides the immortal *Hardy* pictures and top musicals, he has handled with skill classical comedy rôles (like *Puck* in "Midsummer Night's Dream—that was on loan to Warners) and intense drama in big-budget pictures like "Captains Courageous" and "Boystown," both with Spencer Tracy, and the exciting "National Velvet"? That in 1937 the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences voted him a special award for outstanding work "meritorious to the industry" in the first *Hardy* picture, "A Family Affair" and in "Boystown"? That he was box-office king of the entire world for the three years before he went into Uncle Sam's Army?

Indicative of Mickey's showmanship brains and innate generosity is another excitingly bright double thread in his career pattern—a passionate eagerness (and ability) to discover new talent and to help young players. On the discovery side, as big a star as Red Skelton is in movies because Mickey saw him entertaining in Washington and—MGM having already come to respect the Rooney judgment—convinced executives to bring Red to Hollywood for a try. Donna Reed, recently co-starred on loan-out by Frank Capra opposite Jimmy Stewart in "It's A Wonderful Life," told in October SCREENLAND how grateful she was for Mickey's patient and detailed help during her screen début, in "The Courtship of Andy Hardy." Those *Hardy* pictures! Lana Turner committed her first screen kiss—and Mickey's first,



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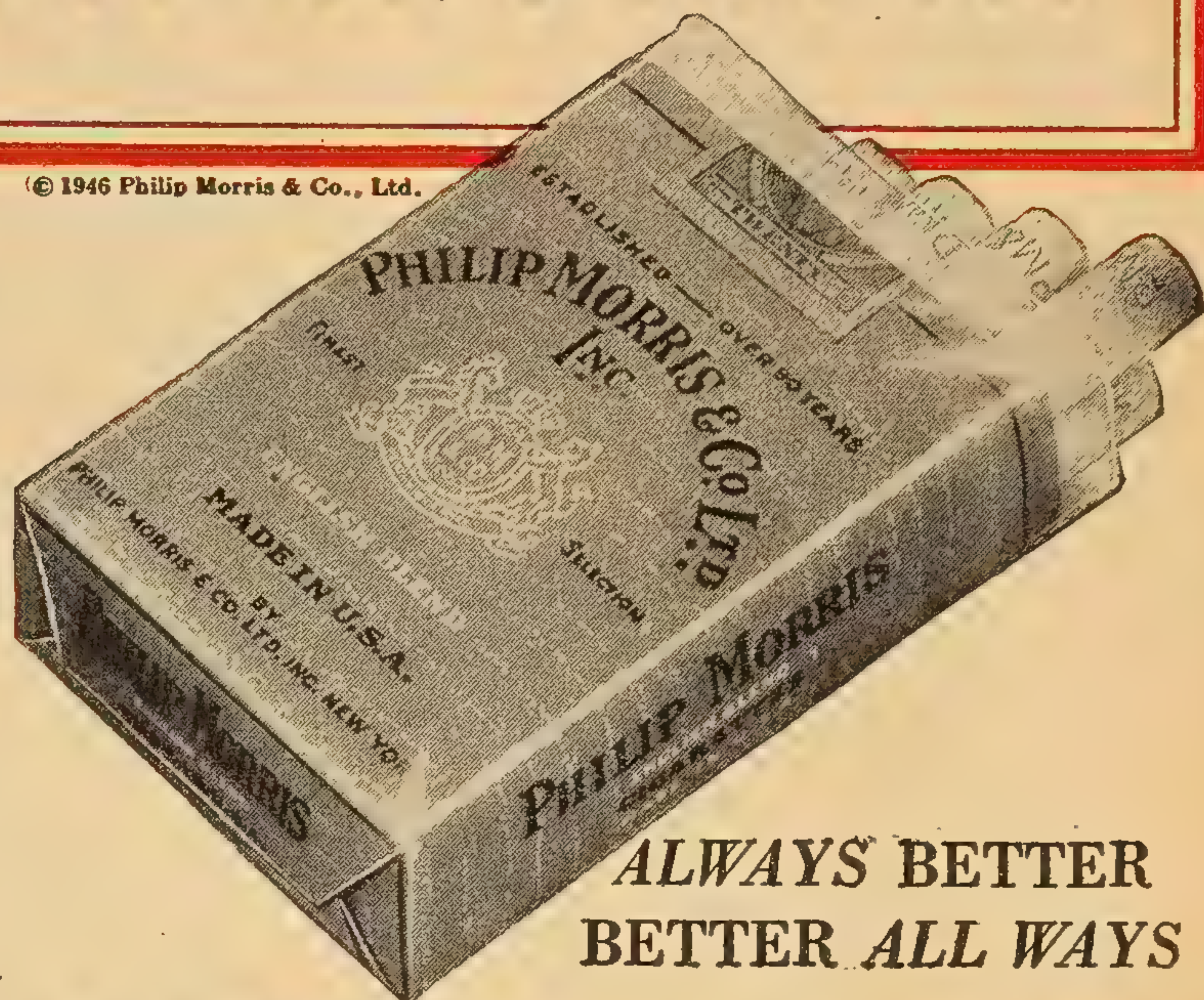
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too, across a back fence in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." Esther Williams, Kathryn Grayson and the Wilde Twins achieved their "firsts" with Mickey in *Hardy* films. Then there was Judy Garland, who first impressed studio heads opposite Wizard Rooney in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry." That led to a string of Rooney-Garland pictures, including the musicals, "Babes in Arms," "Strike Up the Band," "Babes on Broadway" and "Girl Crazy." Do you guess Elizabeth Taylor's sparkling performance in "National Velvet" was hurt any by playing opposite the new players' on-purpose luck-piece, Mr. Rooney?

Mickey brought back all his skills and enthusiasms, including his talent-finding genius. In New York on the way from Europe to Hollywood, he dropped in at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, and heard a young singer, Mitchell Brother. Mickey, not in an arguing mood, simply bundled up Mr. Brother, so to speak, and brought him along to Hollywood. MGM listened to the new Voice and handed him a long-term contract. Mickey says, "If they give him a real chance he'll be the biggest thing in pictures." Who are we to argue?

Despite new career patterns opening for Mickey, the old ones revive and remain. He used to act in a sort of triangle, an *Andy Hardy*, a musical, then a rôle of deep dramatic import—like his matchless performance in "The Human Comedy." (The Academy Award people must have been looking out the window, that year.)

Metro had little choice about scheduling the returned Rooney *immediately*

in "Uncle Andy Hardy." Enthusiasts from every state in the Union, as soon as they knew Mickey was coming home, began to flood the studio with letters: "We want an *Andy Hardy*!" One fact about the new and sparkling *Hardy* film indicates how currents cross and re-cross in Mickey's life. When he played the kid brother in the black-and-white screen version of "Ah, Wilderness," Bonita Granville played the brat sister. And who do you think is his leading lady in "Uncle Andy Hardy"? Don't tell us! Bonita Granville.

The new, Technicolor-with-music screen version of "Ah, Wilderness," titled momentarily "Summer Holiday," is a top assignment, even for El Rooney. There's the story itself, by America's finest playwright, Eugene O'Neill. It has poignant drama and, especially in this screen version, deeply satisfying laughter-provoking sequences, based, as real humor should be, on the conflict of character with situation. Its director, Rouben Mamoulian, broke all theatrical records by directing three Broadway super-hits that are running simultaneously, "Oklahoma," "Carousel," and "St. Louis Woman." All three of those are riotous (though controlled) extravaganzas of color. So will the "Ah, Wilderness" movie be. And, for the first time in your life, you'll see a "musical movie" in which the story doesn't stop and sit down while someone sings and dances. Songs, in many parts, substitute for dialogue. They move the story right along. You'll scarcely notice where the talking stops and the singing begins.

Dancing, too, and color (of which Mamoulian is truly master—remember "Blood And Sand"?) are used, not for themselves alone, but to advance the story. And this movie has pace, pace, pace. Mamoulian, who has an artist's respect for Mickey's great talent, agreed instantly with MGM executives that there was only one actor, in Hollywood or out, wholly *right* to play the part of the love-stricken hero, *Richard*.

Do you think that return to the screen in such a lavish and novel vehicle satisfies the yearnings of the now *more* ambitious Mr. Rooney? Be quiet and listen. He has five personally written movie scripts, which he won't show anybody, and keeps polishing up all the time. He's written six published songs. One of them, bearing the first-rate title, "Just For Once Think Twice," has been recorded by the King Cole Trio. With one partner he owns five race-horses that, unlike Bing Crosby's former stable, win races. With another partner he operates a Personal Service office, which can just about take the burden of living—all detail, certainly—off an actor's shoulders. As a "Washboard" radio program orates of a certain soap powder, "It does everything," and its clients include such widely different types of personalities as Andy Russell and Peter Lorre.

Throughout his grand work in "Summer Holiday," Mickey was organizing a personal appearance tour, *with his own show*, that may have made roadshow history by the time you read this. He planned to take a fifteen-piece orchestra (he can play any instrument, himself,

except the violin), the Wilde Twins. Jean Porter, a trained trouper who has more life in her than any three other Hollywood red-heads, and—well, it wouldn't surprise us if the troupe ended up starring the ghost of Rudolph Valentino and, by ectoplasmic projection into the future, the grand-daughter of Margaret O'Brien. Showman Rooney!

Do you think all *this* satisfies Mr. Ambition? Listen again. "Before another year is out," Mickey said, "and you can quote me—I'm going to *direct*. One way or another I'm going to do it." If that's all right with MGM it's all right with us, *provided Mickey directs himself*. But if Mickey's many activities keep him for very long at a time off the screen it will mean, in our opinion, Comes The Revolution among the fans. Movie-goers have loyally demonstrated their belief that a season of film fare is ruined without Rooney. And, if he stays frequently on the screen, he'll be, in 1947, right back where he belongs—Box-Office King.

The incredible guy has come home with all his powers sharpened. "It did me good," he says frankly, "to be away from Hollywood two years. It gave me those new perspectives we were talking about. I believe I'll do better work." We believe so too, and, as he talked, our mind commented wonderingly, "The Greater Mickey Rooney!"

Mickey says he hopes no one will misunderstand his adamant rule that pictures not be taken in his home, nor his wife interviewed. "We met outside the Hollywood scene," he says. "We found our happiness outside it. I've thought about this all the time I was away. I'm going to keep my wife just as far away from the picture business—from all my businesses—as it's humanly possible to do. Why, we scarcely have any motion picture people at the house, except very close friends, like Clark Gable. And we never talk movie shop talk."

It made sense to us. "We respect your wishes," we assured him. "In view of them, we don't want to interview Mrs. Rooney. But, Mickey, your family is what you're proudest of, in all the world, and in this article we're trying to understand *you*. We'd appreciate the privilege of meeting Mrs. Rooney and seeing Mickey, Jr."

Mickey, Sr. took on that truly proud look. "If you want to meet my wife and son"—you'd think the baby was twenty-one years old! "certainly you can." We agreed on a date and time. Then, like thousands of husbands all over the world might do (this Whirlwind-on-Wheels is as thoroughly human as anyone you'll ever meet) he forgot to tell his wife we were coming!

Mrs. Rooney being off downtown to an early lunch, we devoted our attention to Mickey Jr., who was having an early lunch, too, in a sunny, white-tiled kitchen. First we noticed his genuinely handsome hair—the Golden Towhead—and finely shaped head; then the brightest summer-sky-blue eyes you can imagine, and as alert as his Dad's. "If Mrs. Rooney were here," we told ourselves, "she would inform us, *without* being interviewed, that this is an absolutely unique child;" yet his behavior reminded us strangely of some other year-olders



On holiday in Cornwall before her arrival in Hollywood, Ann Todd and her husband, Nigel Tangye, spend a quiet evening in the Tangye family's lovely drawing room.

we have known. From a small, three-compartment platter, holding mashed stewed prunes, mashed potatoes and fine-cut carrots, a nursemaid was trying to persuade him to eat. Like other children—excuse us, Mrs. Rooney—he didn't want to eat, because it was mealtime. M. Jr. waved his spoon at us and made genial sounds. True, the diversion of our entrance was welcome. He presently said, "Nanh!"—emphatic like his Pop—but we chose to believe this was aimed at the nursemaid, who was trying to interest him in the stewed prunes. To give her half a chance, we withdrew to the living room. (Report: He's just the son you'd like Mickey to have.)

The Rooney home wanders cheerily around two long sides of a gracious patio-lawn with trees. The living room and dining room, both long, too, are really one *very* long room, angled slightly at the middle. At the inner end of the living room is a mirror wall (with a natural wood, long radio-phonograph stretching below it) that gives the effect of even more space. The color-tone of all the living room and ninety-percent of the dining room is pale olive-green, inexpressibly cool and restful. One side of the living room is a solid glass window, overlooking the green of San Fernando Valley and nearby hills. Chintz-covered chairs face this window. Through it and through two large corner windows at the dining room's far end (where sits a black walnut table, with handsome

red over-stuffed chairs) all the green of Nature seems to flood in to blend with the prevailing cool green of the interior. The rooms are serene. We began to understand why a high-strung young man, whose professional life is always a-swirl, would want to keep this home—though that certain underlying shyness in Mickey might prevent him from phrasing it just that way—sacred.

We understood even better when, later, we did have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Rooney. (No interview, of course, but we can give you a confidential, off-the-record news scoop: Mrs. Rooney *does* think Mickey, Jr. is different from other children.)

Watching Mickey's wife and hearing her soft Southern voice (*not* the Hollywood type of "Southern accent") we couldn't help thinking of what she told Mickey after they were married—about how sad he looked, that Sunday morning, September 24, 1944, in Birmingham. And what better reason on the wide earth, we asked ourselves, can a girl have for marrying a man than to make him happy? One realizes, almost at first glance, that Mrs. Rooney possesses the beauty and charm, and the quality of loyalty, showing in her eyes, to make any man happy. And, of course, the former Betty Jane Rase rendered The Greater Mickey Rooney doubly happy, by making good on that nickname—B. J. *She Bored Junior!*

The Amazing Case of Ann Todd

Continued from page 40

do—half a dozen lines to speak perhaps in one scene and a few brief appearances in others.

Yet no matter how hard she tried, Ann never seemed to make any real headway as the years slipped steadily by. Then it seemed her chance to prove herself had definitely arrived at last. Looking for a girl to play the young wife who went insane in his film, "South Riding," Ralph Richardson remembered Ann Todd's sensitive oval face and told the director she was the ideal choice.

Ann's brilliant performance won her plenty of praise and a lot of fan mail, but it didn't bring her much more screen work. Producers explained that while she might do well with an unusual neurotic type of character, she wasn't sufficiently beautiful for romantic heroines. One even told her she wasn't really photogenic—he admitted her eyes were good, but her hair and mouth were hopeless!

Extremely sensitive and highly strung, always deeply affected by criticism, Ann suffered agonies of spirit during her long battle for stardom. But somehow or other she managed to keep on. She played on the stage in London and the provincial cities and occasionally she had a supporting part in a screen production. She was in "Action for Slander" with Clive Brook and in "The Squeaker" with Edmund Lowe. She had quite a lot to do in "Ships Without Wings" and again the critics said appreciative things about her dramatic performance of the showgirl who died to save her lover. And once again Ann was unemployed for months afterwards.

Then in 1943 Britain's grand old man of the theater, Charles B. Cochran, invited her along to his office for an audition for "Lottie Dundas." Ann knew that play, about the aspiring actress with a split mind who murders the leading lady so that she can play her part, and her heart leapt joyfully. But all Cochran offered her was a minor rôle. Ann refused it but next day she was back at that office again. Wearing a shapeless hat and a draggled raincoat, utterly unglamorous just like *Lottie*, Ann showed Cochran how she would look in the part and begged him to let her try it. Finally he agreed for her to rehearse for a week on approval without any contract.

Ann was a success and so was the play, but her major ambition was to repeat her rôle in the film, knowing just what she could make of the character. She knew Sir Alexander Korda had the screen rights and when he came round to her dressing room one night to congratulate her on her performance, Ann really believed in the hand of Fate. Especially when she was invited to come to Denham next morning.

When she arrived at the studio, Korda only offered her a supporting part in "Vacation from Marriage," to play the Army nurse who appears in one short sequence with Robert Donat. "Lottie Dundas"? Oh, that was going to be a vehicle for Vivien Leigh. She was already

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Mother: You mean it's an old housekeeping custom? Why, how many women do you suppose follow it?

Baby: Oh, *most* women—like about 2 out of 3, I hear. For health's sake, you know.

Mother: Then I'll start cleaning with germ-killing "Lysol", too, for *your* health's sake!



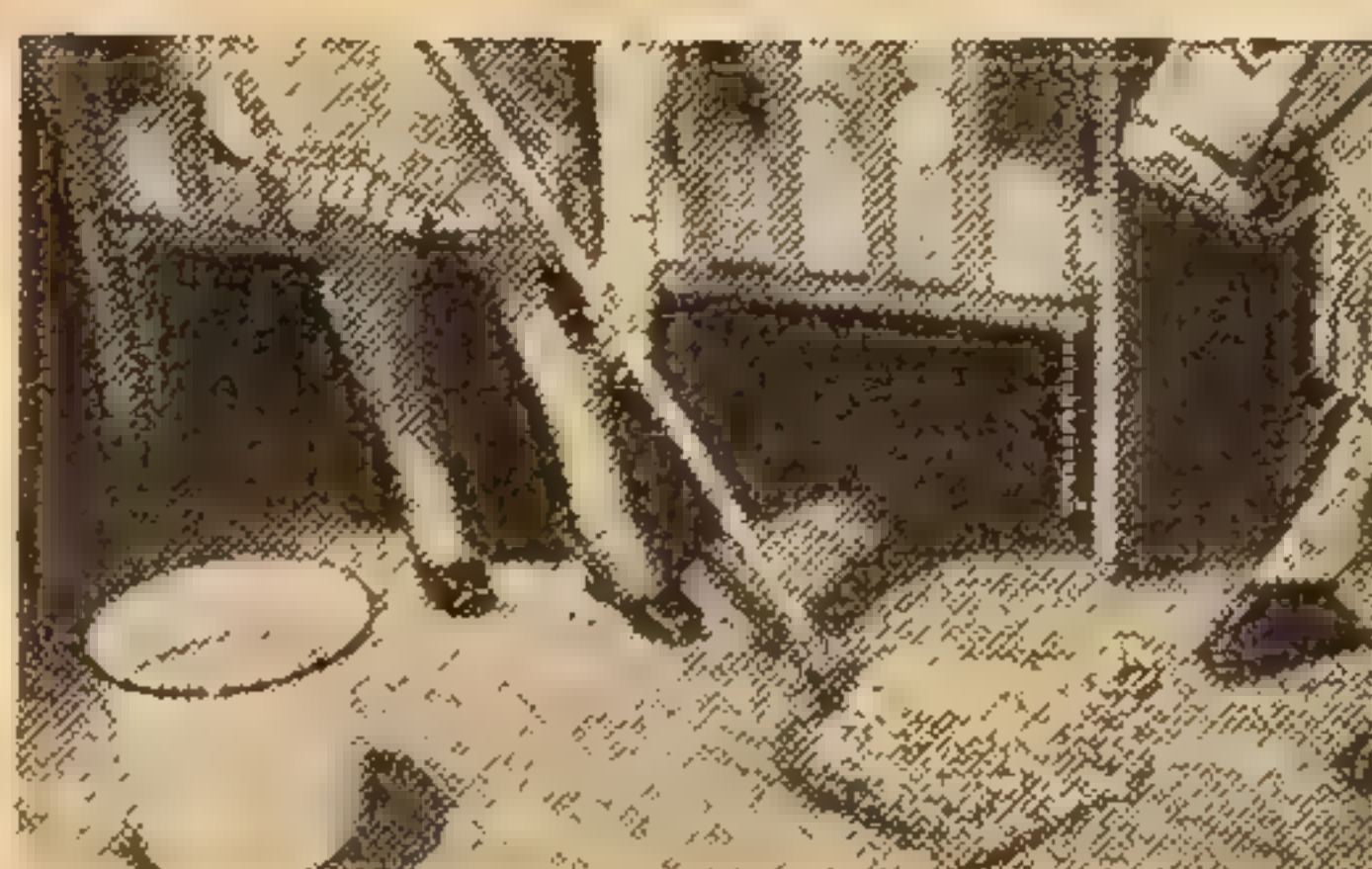
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studying the script. Just one more night when Ann cried herself to sleep.

Ann played the nurse for Korda—it only took her six days—and then Vivien Leigh fell ill. When her doctors announced she could not possibly work again for many months, Ann went to Korda to ask whether he would let her essay *Lottie* instead. Korda was courteous but firm. He would shelve the production until Vivien recovered because she wanted to play the part so much. (Now Vivien is going to make the picture in Hollywood in 1947.)

So Ann decided bitterly she would never attempt to reach for film fame any more, but freakish Fate had other ideas. Producer Sydney Box was looking for a suitable actress to team with James Mason in "The Seventh Veil." He went five times to see Ann play *Lottie* and then offered her the part.

It was Ann's biggest chance and she seized it with eager hands, putting all her powers of imaginative intensity and emotion into her rendering of the girl pianist. Even then she feared her ill-luck would still pursue her. The first-night was a brilliant charity premiere, attended by Queen Mary, but it seemed to Ann that her performance was too flat and dull. Halfway through she crept out to the powder-room and sat there with tears running down her face, afraid to hear herself voted a failure. Until an anxious friend rushed in to tell her the Queen-Mother wanted to see her! As Ann made her curtsy, Queen Mary congratulated her on her wonderful performance in glowing terms and gave her an autographed portrait in appreciation, a rare honor. Next morning all the newspapers carried rave notices about Ann. She had three cables from Hollywood offering her major contracts and four British producers called round personally. The ubiquitous J. Arthur Rank won the day and Ann signed a contract with him to make fourteen films, six in Hollywood and eight in Britain. The world had a brand new screen star.

She's still rather surprised about it all, almost afraid her fame will vanish overnight and leave her struggling once again. So far she hasn't altered her style of living very much, except that she's bought a new coupe and her first silver fox jacket. Ann and her husband, Nigel Tangye, make their home in a modern apartment in Chelsea, London's Greenwich Village, and they own an old stone house near the seashore in Cornwall too.

As a young girl Ann eloped with Victor Malcolm, a friend of the Duke of Windsor, but a divorce took place in 1935. Shortly afterwards she married Nigel, who is a writer with several novels and plays to his name. He served with the Royal Air Force during the war and was severely wounded. They have two children, David, who is nearly nine, and pretty little Francesca, who's just had her fifth birthday party.

David, amazingly like his mother, recently made his own screen debut. Since "The Seventh Veil," Ann has naturally been kept busy and her next film was "Gaiety George," in which she shared stellar honors with Richard Greene before he returned to California. Dick plays an old-time theatrical impresario and Ann

is the song-and-dance star he marries, a straightforward, sympathetic and rather tender rôle. When they wanted a child to play her son in the picture, Ann thought of her own boy.

After the first day's shooting David said to Producer George King: "I think I'm good because I felt sick all the time I was acting. Mummy always feels sick while she's acting, you know, and she's good, isn't she?"

That's true enough, for Ann does experience tremendous nervous tension as she works. She literally lives in her part from the first moment she reads it and she can never leave it behind her on the set when she goes home. Her family are quite accustomed to seeing her wander round the room with vacant eyes, muttering and gesturing to herself.

It puts such a physical strain on her that Ann's doctor has made her promise to keep some strict rules of health to counteract it. When she has an hour or so to spare between scenes, she goes out in her car or walks briskly round the park near the studio. She eats very lightly, salads and fruit and eggs when she can get them.

Between her films she relaxes completely for two weeks before she even reads her next part. Not that Ann sits idly in a lounge chair—she's far too restless and full of vitality for that. Her chief hobby is painting, not surprising since she is a direct descendant of the famous satirical artist Hogarth. She doesn't like housework or cooking but she is quite skilled at embroidery. She can ride and swim and drive her own car, and she sometimes plays tennis, too. At one time, when she had not had an acting part for many months, she thought she would turn to writing instead and she had several stories printed in British women's magazines.

After seeing "The Seventh Veil" many people have thought Ann must be an accomplished pianist, but actually she doesn't care much about music and can't play a note. To give realism to her performance she learned fingering the hard way, practising it for hours every day on a dumb keyboard and then being taught to synchronise it with gramophone records made by a famous concert pianist under the keen eye of a professor from the Royal College of Music.

Following "Gaiety George," Ann has done a highly unusual kind of film with Eric Portman, directed by Compton Bennett who held the megaphone for "The Seventh Veil." It is called "Daybreak" and Ann has a characteristically intense part, that of the wife of a Thames barge-man who becomes violently infatuated with a foreign sailor while her husband is absent on mysterious business.

Rank has another big production lined up for her, a drama with a Spanish background called "Mantilla," which will be shot in Technicolor. But Ann will not make it until next summer, for in the meantime she has gone to Hollywood, under Rank's new "lend-lease" scheme.

So since her amazing story of struggle and ambition has such a happy ending, maybe Ann won't mind too much now when she meets up with Vivien Leigh in Hollywood, come to do "Lottie Dundas" at long last.

She Knows All the Answers

Continued from page 43

first captured me," explained Susan. "It never lets down. And her enthusiasm keeps life keyed to a thrilling tempo. But her most striking characteristic is her complete honesty—in everything. Straightforward and devoid of pretense, she expects the same approach from others.

"Being a secretary to a star means a close relationship. So after about six months together, we had a serious conference. Though our worlds had been far, far apart, fortunately our ideas coincided, and we established a truly solid understanding about everything.

"Miss Hutton is a perfectionist. Nothing short of this satisfies her. And she's exacting in her demands, but she's always fair. She wants to know the details of every transaction and had she the time, she could efficiently handle her own affairs, for she has a keen mind. Insisting that she knows but one business, that of entertainment, she refuses to experiment with investments in unfamiliar enterprises. She considers banking the sensible course and is proud of her increasing account."

While Betty has an agent and a lawyer, they depend on Susan to carry on the details of her career and personal life. She takes care of all business, prepares tax returns, pays bills, interviews and employs the household servants. They have two house maids, a laundress, gardener, and a full-time watchman. A couple of years ago when Betty decided to buy a home, her very first one, it was Susan who spent weeks looking over various properties. When, at last, she found what seemed to meet requirements, she took Betty out to see it. Squealing with delight, Betty declared, "It is perfect. It is a dream come true!"

Last year, while the star was making her overseas tour, Susan redecorated the house. In the meantime, Betty met and married Ted Briskin, then honeymooned in Florida. These changes sent Susan scurrying to make the guest room over into a man's haven for the bridegroom. On their return, Betty was delighted with everything. Walking into her own boudoir, she stood a moment, then began to weep. "It's so beautiful!" she wailed.

Now they are building a three-room addition for the baby, expected in the late autumn. Both Betty and Ted hope for twins—one baby could never express all the love that's in their hearts. They are radiantly happy and can hardly wait to hold Ted, Jr., and Betty, Jr., in their arms. The day the news broke at the studio, Mr. Briskin sent Betty a lovely cradle music box filled with flowers. Susan greeted Betty's confirmation of the expected arrival by exclaiming, "If I'm ever going to leave you I'll have to go now. I would never be able to part with your baby."

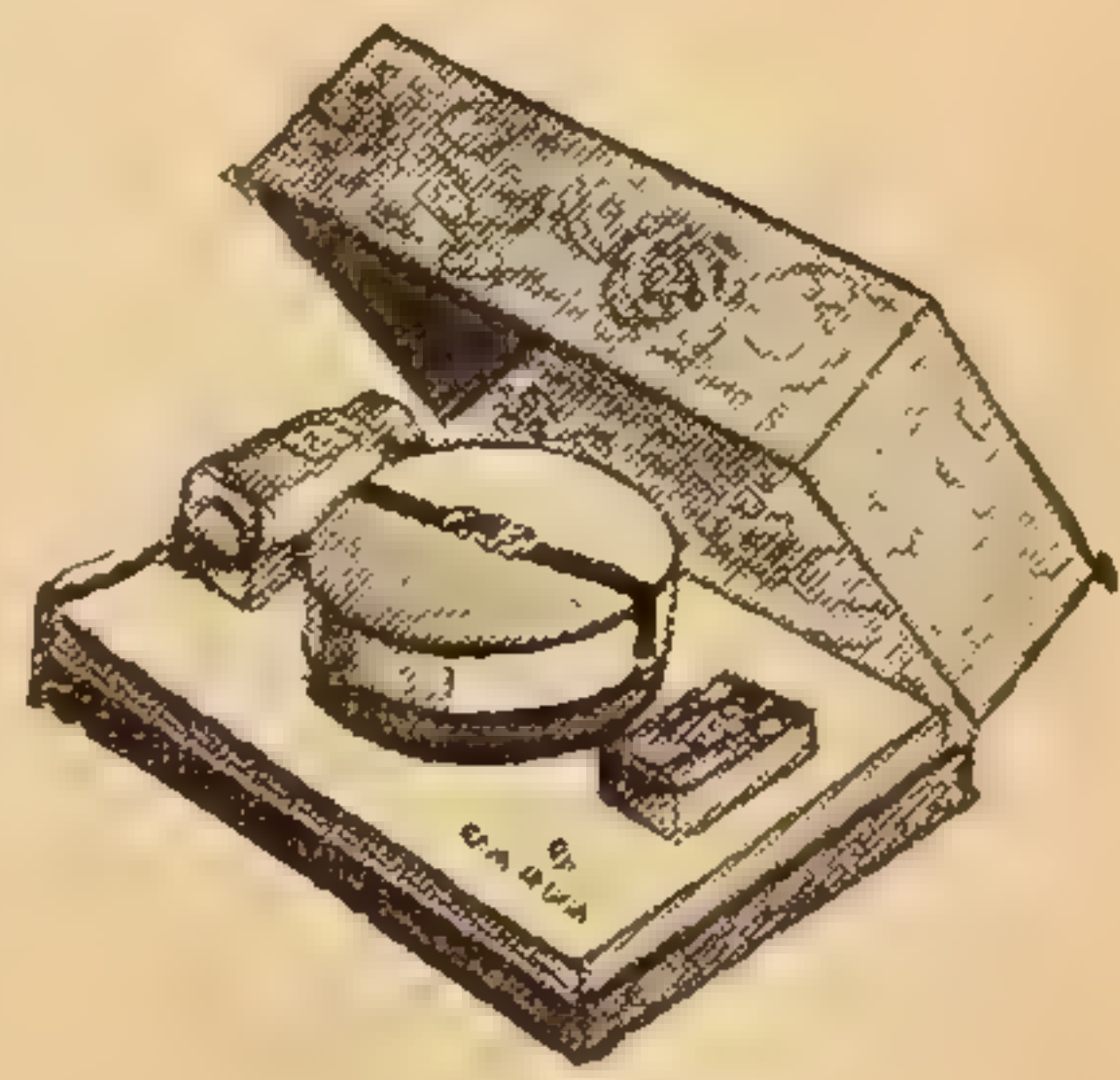
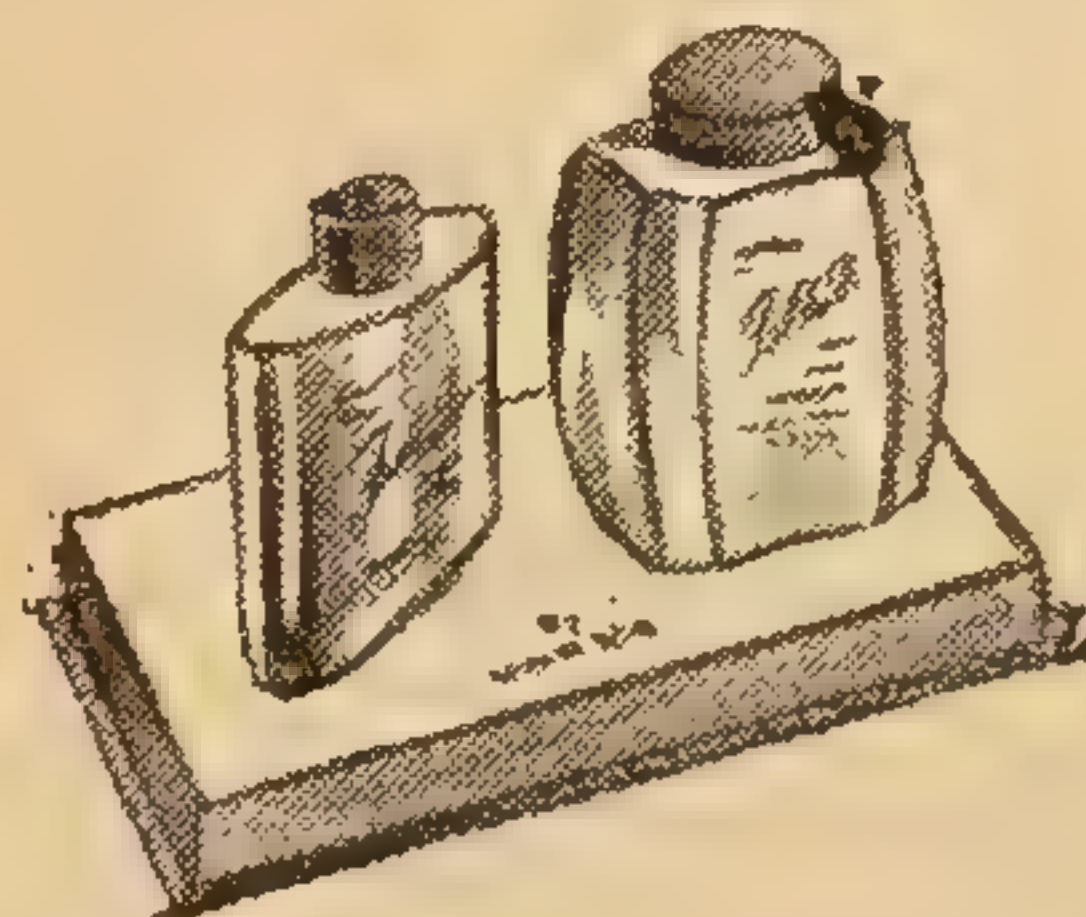
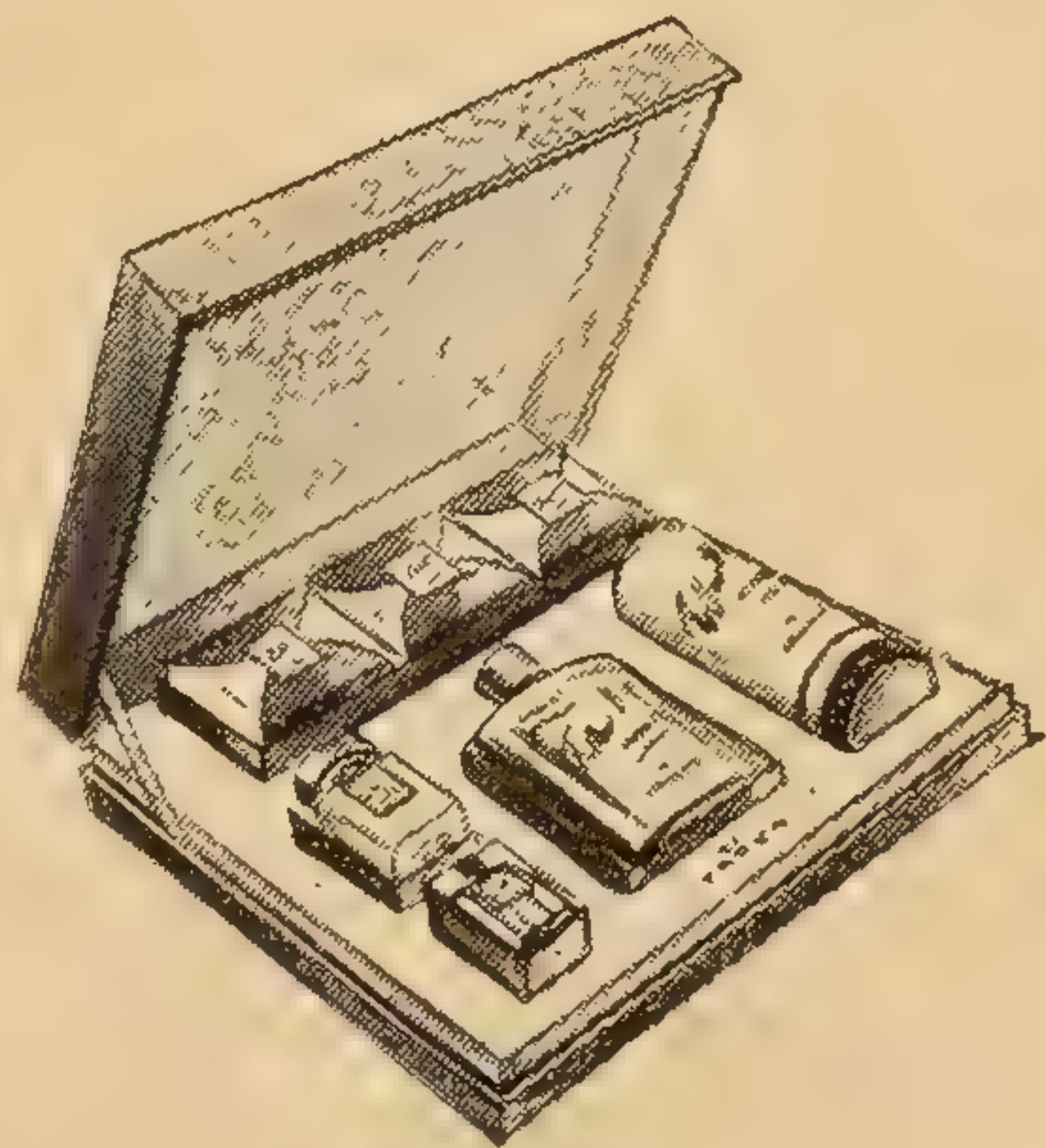
"Both Mr. and Mrs. Briskin have sensible ideas as to rearing children," continued Susan, "and want a house full. They are a completely happy couple, deeply in love and sharing their interests. He is as great a star in his field as she is



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in hers, and each is proud of the other's career. He is President and Miss Hutton Vice-President of the Briskin Camera Corporation, manufacturing the Briskin 8-mm motion picture cameras, which use both white and black, and colored film. This promises a tremendous future and one couldn't imagine a happier set-up for a young couple. "Now," laughed Susan, "they want me to get married, with my husband joining the Briskin company. Miss Hutton says, 'Then we'll all speak the same language.'"

Betty's own energy makes her impatient with delays and indecisions. She wants things done—*yesterday!* She's full of moods, either she's swinging on a star or in the depths. Oh yes, she can flare up and get hopping mad, too. But usually she has a good reason and is in the right. She never pouts or holds a grudge, and one of her most engaging traits is the speed with which she swings back into her natural gay humor.

"With three girls to assist me, I have charge of Miss Hutton's fan mail," Susan went on. "Some 9000 letters arrive each week. About sixty percent from England, and many from Africa, India, and other far-away spots now that American films are widely shown again.

"Some of these letters are amusing. One girl wrote that as Miss Hutton had received an 8-carat diamond engagement ring she must be tired of her old diamonds and asked that they be sent to her. A man in England wrote a 21-page letter extolling her 'beautiful legs.' He reviewed all her pictures, which he must have seen many times, and commented on every position of her legs, dancing, walking, sitting, and even standing.

"To her I am a 'square,' which means I've never been in show business. She teases me about this, but is glad because she feels that between us we can hit a broad view of most questions. Being in the high tax bracket, her lawyer sets her budget and it is up to me to keep her in it, both for her home and her personal expenditures. She's not especially extravagant and while everything she buys must be of the best, she doesn't waste money on useless items. Her greatest temptation is buying gifts, and they are always expensive. At the finish of her last film, 'Perils of Pauline,' she gave seventy-one presents to the crew. All were personally selected and given a dream wrapping. That's important to her.

"Sometimes she makes demands beyond her allowance and then we go to bat. Recently, she bought a pair of exquisite sapphire cuff-links for her husband's birthday and then couldn't wait, but wanted to give them to him just as a 'day' gift. I objected, knowing this meant another expensive present, and one noon we stood in the entrance of Romanoff's and hotly argued and argued. Yes, she won out. But this was an exceptional case. She doesn't often best me in the budget business, for I can be firm.

"We are extra busy during the production of a picture and while Miss Hutton's dressing room is still bedlam—she describes it as a perpetual New Year's Eve celebration—I now thrive on it even as she does. The first thing in the morning we discuss the day's duties, then during the hours she is working before

the camera I make appointments, place orders, pay bills, answer letters and wires, and all such routine demands. Usually, we have luncheon together and I report what has been done.

"Paramount's stylist, Edith Head, designs most of her gowns and suits, but I attend to the remainder of her shopping. She used to complain that I was too economical, but we've compromised on that. She has excellent taste and knows instinctively what is right. Being conservative, she avoids anything bordering on the conspicuous, or too fussy. On the screen she emphasizes youth and cuteness, but in real life she prefers sophisticated clothes and ultra-smart accessories. She considers clothes and good grooming vastly important to every woman; that regardless of where or how she lives, they are paying investments.

"The Briskins are early risers even when not working. They enjoy swimming and loafing around the pool, and now they're enthusiastic over the new croquet set. They remain at home many evenings to read or play gin rummy, and they don't like big parties. Their favorite entertaining is to have a congenial couple in to dinner. I love planning these informal evenings. In fact, my duties never bore me, for it is always gay and exciting where Miss Hutton is concerned."

Already, I had discovered that Susan worries and hovers over her little boss, as if she were her own. She weeps when she leaves town and blinks back tears of joy when she returns. Betty depends on this affection. Now, Mr. Briskin has wholeheartedly taken to Susan, which rounds out the happy circle. Susan is understanding. For instance, on Betty's first broadcast following her marriage, Susan accompanied her to the studio as usual, along with Mr. Briskin. When it was over they insisted she go to dinner with them. She refused. She felt a bride and groom would have more fun by themselves. While they sincerely wanted her, they appreciated her gesture.

"Miss Hutton is an amazing person and wholly individual," observed Susan. "She uses her head, figures things out and then, follows through—to win. While she's a gay and noisy comedienne on the screen she doesn't carry that characterization into her personal life. Not at all. She's an amusing companion, thoughtful and sincere, and she doesn't engage in mad antics. Definitely, she keeps her spotlight career and her real self from over-lapping. She loves them both, and plays them to the hilt.

"After all, it depends on a secretary what position she creates for herself. We aren't paid for our technical ability. Anyone can learn shorthand and typing. Our real position is built on the understanding, loyalty and faithfulness we give our employer.

"Yes, I, Susan Hawkins, love my job—and I work at it. Of course, I have grown into it for I knew nothing about this movie world, which is different from all others, until I came to Miss Hutton. It is truly an exciting adventure in every way, with always something new and different happening. And now with the twins coming—(you see, I've fallen in with their hope!)—life promises more and more thrills."

Pin-Up Producer

Continued from page 57

ed in the story and situation as much as in my parts. I believe that's one reason my picture career survived as long as it did."

Bebe's had some wonderful offers to return to the screen. One in particular was very tempting but—"I didn't even read the script. I knew the ham would come out in me and I'd be lost," she said, looking over her pixie-shaped glasses.

About ten years ago she and her handsome husband Ben Lyon, also a top movie star, went to England for a personal appearance tour. England refused to let them go home and through movies, radio, and the stage they became as famous there as they were in Hollywood. When war broke out, Bebe and Ben stayed in England. Ben joined the American Army Air Forces and Bebe went in for entertainment of troops. Through her BBC programs "Hi, Gang," "Purple Heart Corner," "American Eagles in London," "Stars and Stripes in England" and her stage show, "Panama Hattie," she met nearly every GI and Tommy who came to London. She was so busy writing, directing, producing, and acting in her shows she didn't have to dodge bombs during the blitz. She moved so fast they didn't have a chance to come near her.

She and Ben took to their air raid shelter just once. Early in the war they'd built one in the basement of their house, complete with bunks and provisions. Ben, a victim of violent claustrophobia, wanted no part of the shelter. One evening, however, the bombs were coming pretty fast and pretty close, so she persuaded Ben they'd be safer underground. When they climbed into the bunks the timbers were so old and rotten they gave way, spilling Ben and Bebe on the floor. Ben said he'd take his chances with the bombs upstairs and they never used the cellar again. The tunnel which they had gone to great trouble to dig, connecting them with the house next door, proved equally useless. "When we told the servants it would be a means of escape if the house collapsed on our heads they said they couldn't use it because they hadn't been introduced to the people who lived next door," Bebe laughed.

Bebe was in Normandie on D plus 30, one of the first women to enter the battle zone. Both in France and in Italy she worked at front line evacuation stations, recording messages from injured GIs which were beamed to this country. Through these recordings many families of soldiers heard their voices and knew their men were okay. Bebe has two battle stars on her ETO ribbon. The stock joke of a group of entertainers leaving London for the battle areas was that they were going just so they could get cigarettes, candy bars, and chewing gum for free at the front line PXs.

After the war in Europe was over, Bebe and Ben returned to Hollywood to see their pals, Phyllis, and their two children, Barbara Bebe and Richard, whom they'd sent to this country when

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war broke out. Babs, as Bebe calls her, or Bebe, Jr., as she calls herself, is a poised young lady of fourteen who looks sixteen and wishes she were eighteen. She inherited her mother's sharp business senses but not her acting yen. Babs works in a Santa Monica department store during school holidays. And saves her money. Bebe doesn't mind Babs not wanting to act.

"I want both of my kids to do exactly what they want. I think Babs will get married very young and that's fine with me. She'll probably ask me if she can get married in the same way she asked my permission to take a job. When I told her it was okay with me she said that was good, because she was starting work the next morning," Bebe said, with a pleased grin.

Richard, the Lyons' ten-year-old son, is someone else again. He's been acting ever since he came to this country, lately in "The Green Years" and "Anna and the King of Siam." He's a handsome, sensitive-looking boy who, between acting and school, has a job sweeping out a store. Like Babs, he saves his money.

The family, including Phyllis, lives in the swanky ocean front section of Santa Monica in a large, beautiful Spanish house which entirely encloses a huge outdoor patio. The playroom is immense and contains a bar, a sound projector, and usually a hundred or so guests. A captured German sign reading "Achtung! Minen" hangs over the door to the little boys' room. The house is always filled with guests—visiting generals, friends from England, friends who are victims of the housing shortage. "It's that kind of house," Bebe said, "wonderful when it's full of people, gloomy when it's not."

Bebe and Ben were together throughout most of the war when other couples were separated. After V-J Day, when most families were reunited, Ben was sent to London as talent representative for Twentieth Century-Fox. They missed each other dreadfully. Bebe said, "I love England, but Babs and Rich have their friends here. Mother doesn't want to leave all her sisters, and my job is in Hollywood. But if Ben stays in England permanently the kids and I will be right there with him."

There's a happy ending to the story. Ben was brought back from London to be executive talent director for Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood and arrived on June 13, in time to celebrate his and Bebe's sixteenth wedding anniversary on June 14. Being a couple of people who are as much in love today as when they were married in 1930, they couldn't be more delighted that things turned out that way.

Bebe's eagerly looking forward to the release of her first two pictures, "The Fabulous Joe" and "Mr. Wilmer," which will both be filmed in improved Cinecolor. The Hal Roach Studios, where an Army motion picture unit was stationed during the war, recently have been restored to civilian status. Mr. Roach, rounding up his post-war organization, immediately thought of his old friend and star, Bebe, whose experience, comedy sense, business judgment made her a natural for a producer's berth.

She and Mr. Roach have the same

working arrangement now that they did when she first went to work for him. It is one of the most uninvolved, unusual deals in Hollywood. They talked for a few minutes and settled all the details. No lawyers, agent, conferences—not even a formal handshake.

"I hate contracts," Bebe said, putting the emphasis on the second word. "The minute I start reading one I get mad. I say to myself 'look what those so-and-sos say there—no, I WON'T sign it!' Anyway," she continued, "you don't need a contract with Hal. He never lets anyone go unless they have a better opportunity somewhere else. He's had the same gateman for twenty-five years." Since Bebe's been under "contract" to Roach she's had offers from other producers to write her own ticket, but she's happy where she is. Also, she talked herself hoarse trying to sell herself as a producer before she got her present setup.

She believes that people want to be amused at the movies and her schedule calls for all-comedy pictures. Comedy technique, according to Bebe, is a science. She has a fabulous memory for gags and funny situations. A whole side of her office is taken up with shelves full of books which house every known gag and joke. "No humor is new," Bebe contends. "All comedy consists of old gags with a twist here and a polish there. The early slapstick technique even has its place, but not used in the old manner. For instance, if a dignified couple take a pratfall for a reason, that's comedy. Today's audience wouldn't laugh at early slapstick comedies, but they'll laugh at the same situation dressed up differently."

Bebe, the gal, has retained all the good looks which made her famous as a screen beauty. She's five feet four inches, weighs 120 pounds, has good gams, wears chic clothes. Her almost black hair is done in a glamorous long bob. She has dark, clear skin, a mobile mouth, sequin-bright brown eyes and is a vivid, intense, gay individual.

She's chronically late for social engagements and dreams up fabulous alibis which nobody believes. Long overdue at a party one evening, she called her hostess and said, "I'll be a little late, my house is on fire." Her hostess mumbled some unprintable words ending in liar and hung up. Bebe's house was on fire but she practically had to take the firemen with her to prove it.

She says she's terribly vague. "Once in London I attended the funeral of a former stage actress, Florrie Ford. I was awfully indignant that none of her friends was there. I got to the cemetery, still mad, and a soft-spoken man came and asked if I knew the deceased. I said certainly, and mentioned Florrie's name. It was the wrong funeral, and I'm sure the man's wife, who had been eyeing me suspiciously, felt that strange woman in the mink coat had been someone in her husband's life."

There's nothing vague about her when she sets her mind to a task or cause. She personally promoted the shipment of eight carloads of food to England recently. Starting with a comparatively small amount of money donated by Bebe and her friends, she spent the entire sum on food. "I knew if I spent all the

money on supplies I'd have to get the transportation free. Some of my methods were a little unorthodox, but the food got there."

Nor has she forgotten that peace can be tougher than war. She's just as interested in veterans as she was in soldiers and says she's so outspoken about their problems that she fully expects to get knifed in the back for expressing her frank opinions.

"If we're to have a long lasting peace, we'll have to change our ways. We can't even get along with ourselves in this country. How can we expect to get along with the rest of the world?" she said earnestly. How she'll find time, only she knows, but she wants to get back into radio to help promote international good will. Not as a preacher, but as an entertainer.

Quite a gal, our Bebe.

The Jane Powell Story— So Far

Continued from page 29

exactly as she is if she had been born and raised in New York's Waldorf-Astoria. Her qualities are in her. Second, she has the finest traits of the American small-town girl: unaffectedness, belief in people, forthright honesty (she couldn't lie if she wanted to) and a certain happy outlook—a capacity to enjoy small pleasures that can only inadequately be summed up as simplicity. (And don't think she isn't, like most American small-town girls, thoroughly hep! Two years ago she expressed regret to this writer that the score of "Delightfully Dangerous," written for her by the top-rate modern-classical composer, Morton Gould, "doesn't have anything I can jitterbug to." We asked idly, "Are you good at jitterbugging?" Jane rolled startling blue eyes, like she was inwardly going to heaven, and said, "Am I!")

Oregon, where Jane was Apple-Blossom Queen and State War Bond Chairman at age thirteen, can take a bow on this youngster. There's only ninety-six pounds of her, but they're put together in a style definitely *moderne*. Her eyes are, without exception, the bluest we've ever seen, as blue as we imagine Oregon skies are in summer. There's a cleanness about her; you think of big trees and white, sandy beaches. And there's apple-blossom freshness. Well—Jane is supposed to sing the rhapsodies, not us!

"Last time we saw you," we reminded, "the studio for which you were then making a picture was trying to cure you of raising your eyebrows, squinting when you smile, and dropping your chin, so you won't have two when you're twenty. How goes the battle?"

"Oh," sighed Jane, raising her eyebrows, "the same old faults." Then she looked guilty and added, "Oh, I have a new one—I pout."

"You pout?" we protested. "But you're never sullen or angry."

"Oh, no," said Jane, smiling—and slightly squinting. "I never have anything to be angry about. Everyone's

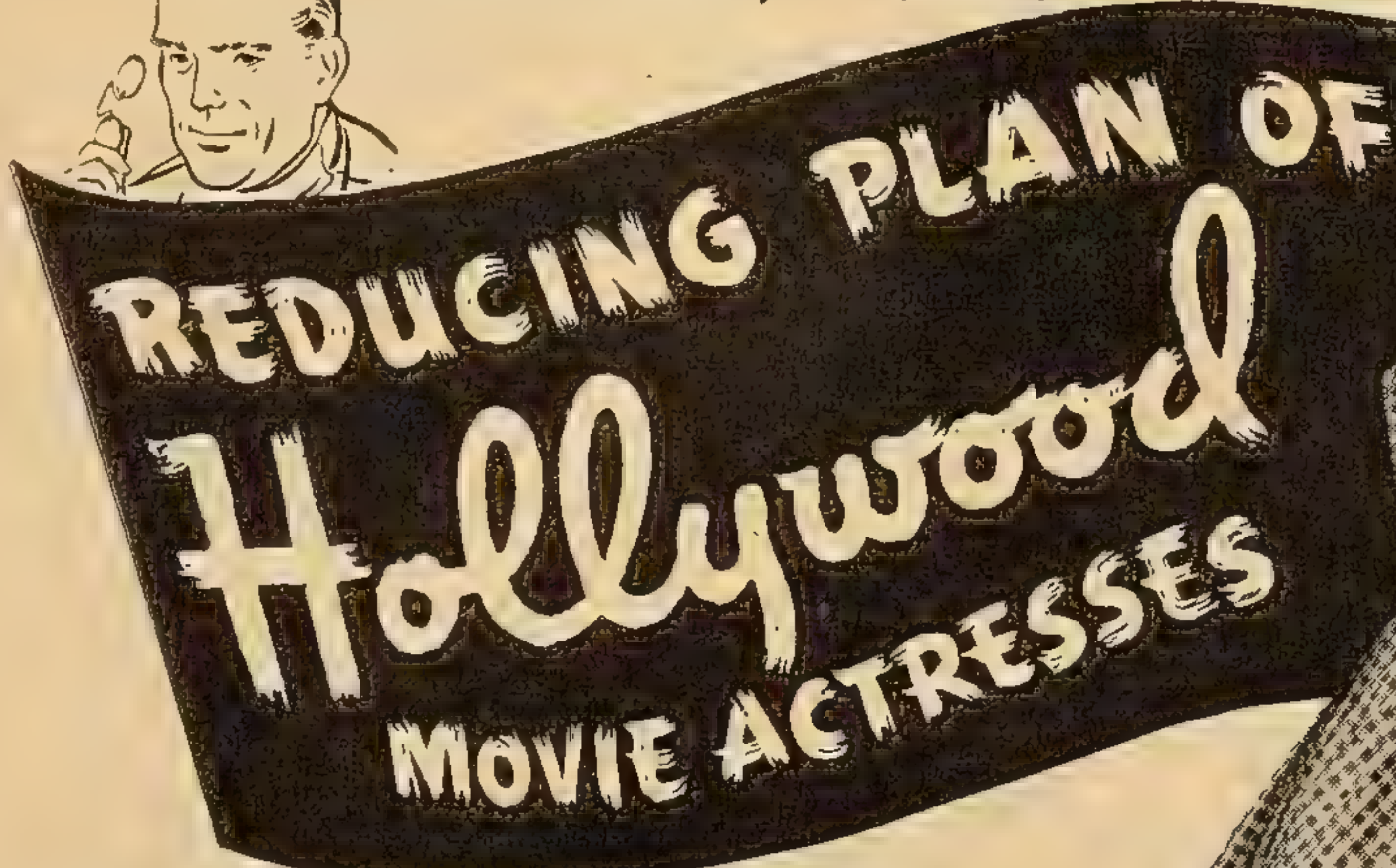


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lovely to me. But my pout doesn't look good on the screen."

"Pout for us," we requested.

Jane obliged. The fault was a mannerism of protruding her lower lip a trifle, out and up. "That," said Jane with determination, "is something I'm going to cure myself of—all by myself." Then she relaxed and (just for a moment—she caught herself quickly) dropped her chin!

Jane's simplicity of outlook—her capacity to get steamed up about what some people might regard as trivial items of life—rises to view as frequently as her honesty.

"Look here, Jane," we pointed out, "we can't do an entire article on you just exclaiming, 'How nice a girl is Janie!' Try to think of something exciting that has happened to you recently."

Jane creased her brow in deep thought, then beamed hopefully. "Would there be an angle"—she was helpfully trying to use a writer's lingo—"in knitting?"

The suggestion certainly startled! "What about knitting?"

"Well, I've been learning how."

"Yes?"

"I started out with a pair of socks for myself." Jane was warming to the subject. "I had a lot of trouble with those socks. I used instructions for size eight and a half, and when I finished them they were two inches too big around. I don't believe it was my fault"—her eyes flashed—"because a girl I know, who has the same size foot, used the same instructions, and hers came out two inches too big, too."

We thought this was the whole tragedy—but no.

"I tried to shrink them," Jane went on, "by washing them in hot water. They were blue. When I hung them on the clothes-line the blue wool faded in streaks."

"What color"—we were deep in this fascinating tale now—"did the streaks come out?"

"Oh, it didn't matter," explained Jane philosophically. "The wind blew them off the clothes-line and my dog chewed the tops off."

That's the Saga of the Socks, and we point out to Messrs. Critics, as well as to Messrs. Pidgeon, Iturbi and McDowall, that gentlemen, however distinguished, can scarcely expect to be as exciting in a young girl's life as a jinxed first attempt at knitting.

The most natural girl around Hollywood was named, when she was born in Portland, Suzanne Burce, and got off to a healthy start. Mr. Burce (now an electrical worker in Hollywood) was then a baby food salesman. Suzanne ate. Her next big break was when the family moved from a large-yard house to an apartment. The half-pint with the blue, blue-eyes had been picking up tunes from the radio and from phonograph records since she was two. Her family, not realizing the total accuracy with which she reproduced the melodies, nor the marvelous quality of the tones that came from the small throat, just thought, as any parents would, that their daughter's "mimicry" of music was "cute."

But, when you live in an apartment and warble most of the day, your so-

close-at-hand neighbors either like your singing or they don't. Suzanne's did. In fact, one neighbor who possessed some technical knowledge of music needed the Burces: "That child ought to have professional training!"

What parents aren't willing to believe their youngster has talent? Music was duck soup to Suzanne, and within six months she was liting like a veteran that hoary-whiskered old classic, "Il Baccio." (That's the first classic, by the way, ever to be sung in jive style. Mary Martin committed the murder, landing her first Hollywood job and inspiring twenty-thousand terrible imitators. Our Suzanne sang it straight.)

Suzy was asked to sing in church. Rotary club luncheons and chambers of commerce began to "borrow" her. Patriotic rallies vied for her. She trilled on every vocal radio station in and near Portland—for free.

About this time, some radio program director decided that Burce was a difficult name to catch clearly over the air, and that Suzanne was too foreign-sounding for a girl who was practically the United States rolled into a small but potent bundle. That's when Angel-pie became Jane Powell. During that period, too, a process began that was to irk good-natured Jane no end and later would lead to the first of many (from the standpoint of press agents) interview boners. Because she *was* so small, and her voice seemed even more miraculous if she was billed as young as she looked, chairmen of bond and charity rallies and radio station announcers finagled on her age.

When she was actually thirteen, her popularity as Apple-Blossom Queen and State War Bond Chairman caused several enthusiasts—folks are evidently loyal up in Oregon—to send rave clippings and letters to a Hollywood radio program, "Showcase," where youngsters are given a chance to air their wares. All the letters read, in effect, "Why don't you give this little girl a chance?" "Showcase" did, and Jane chose for her Cinema-town radio debut—still singing the oldie straight—"Il Baccio"!

Next day the incredible happened (unless you've heard Jane sing). Three studios came on the run. First to arrive was an MGM executive, with power to sign. Second was independent producer Charles Rogers, who once snapped up Deanna Durbin for Universal after hearing a single song. Loping along soon was a David O. Selznick right-hand man.

The upshot was: MGM landed the contract. Metro was nice enough to lend Jane to Producer Rogers for two pictures, in one of which it was decided to play her very young. Her official age was twelve and her honesty caused the first hair-tearing on the part of the publicists. Someone asked her how old she was and the truth popped right out: "Fourteen." Then she slapped her hand over her mouth. "Oh, I'm sorry! The studio doesn't want me to say that." Feeling she had to remedy her verbal slip, she added, all smiles, "You see, I'm a little confused about my age. I was ten three years in Oregon!"

It was in that same interview that Jane was questioned: "In what subjects

are you best and poorest in school?"

Apple-blossom time was slow time on that one. Noticing her pained expression the interviewer back-tracked: "Let's put it this way—what part of school is easiest for you?"

Jane pondered. "I guess," she finally said, "recess."

She was very happy this autumn when she became a high school senior. She's really a good student and a bear (they have those animals in Oregon) for work. While she was doing the all-important "Holiday in Mexico," she was keeping up with her lessons, three hours a day, in the MGM classroom, besides dancing and other studio courses obligatory for all young Metro players. (Arthur Rosen-stein and Harriet Lee, both noted teachers retained by the studio, instruct Jane, respectively, in classical and popular singing.)

Summer came, and Jane, with no duties for awhile, except the two singing lessons, each an hour a day, found time heavy on her hands. Her pretty mother, Mrs. Burce, asked us: "Can you imagine me reviving my bicycle-riding and learning to ride a horse, so as to keep up with this active daughter of mine?"

That reminded us of a question. "Do you go out much?" we inquired of Blue-eyes.

"As often," answered the devastatingly honest Jane, "as somebody asks me."

This gave us, as the old-time novelists used to say, furiously to think. Here was one of the most attractive and likeable girls we'd ever seen, and we've been observing with unflagging interest a good many years. Why hadn't the young Hol-lywood swains simply rushed her off her feet? Was it because her small stature, and the extra-young roles she had played, made the boys think of her as a mere kid? Was it because she possesses a natural modesty and has been reared not to be what an older generation called "forward"? (Jane will never be the type that does the pursuing.) We knew one thing: this girl would be the exact and pluperfect opposite of a drip, on a date. She's full of beans—and fun. Laughter and zest for life glow in her.

Deciding to do a little fishing, we asked: "Who are some of the film colony boys you've had dates with?"

"Oh, Johnny Sands, a few times, and Roddy McDowall and I went out some, while we were working together in 'Holi-day in Mexico.'" (Roddy was in New York at the time Jane and we talked.)

"Do you like them?"

"Sure. They're both swell boys."

More fishing: "How did you and John-ny Sands happen to meet?"

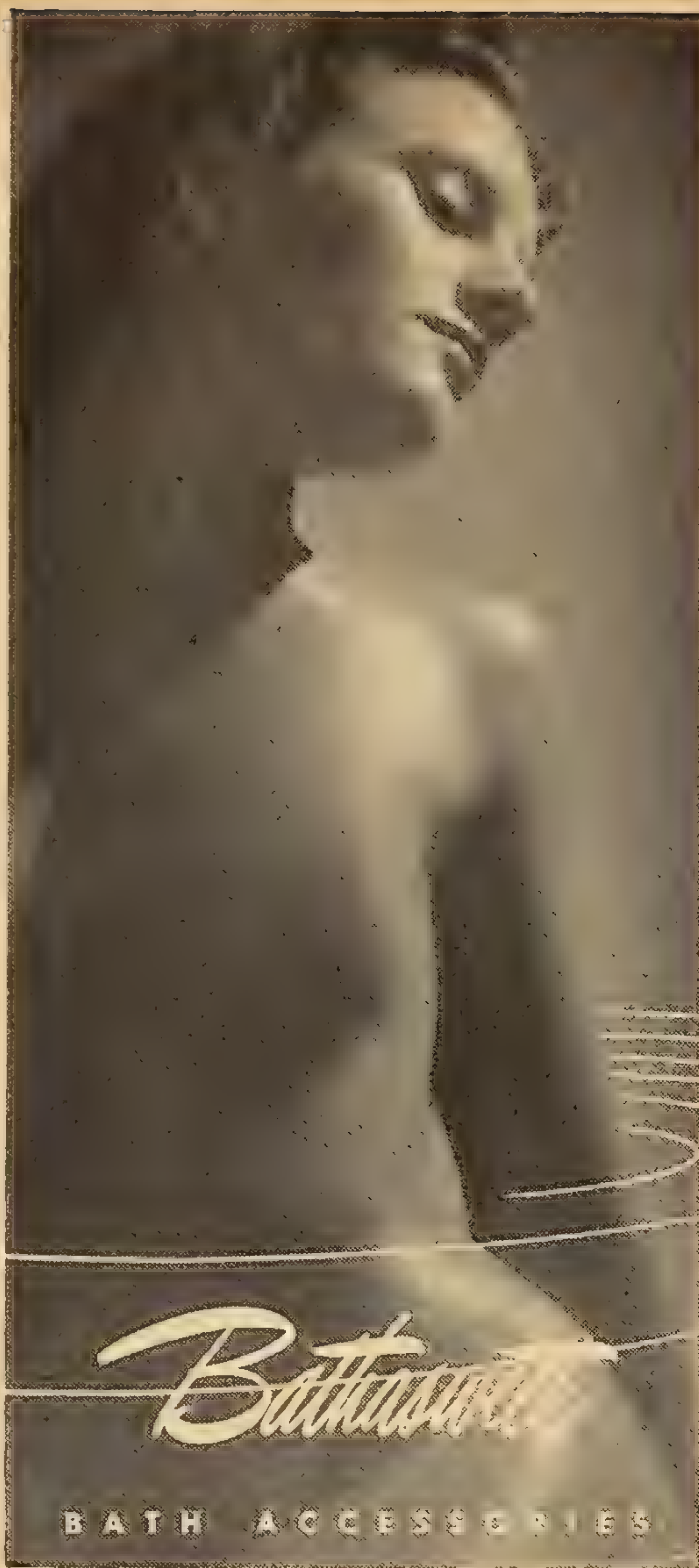
"Well"—kerplunk came Jane's honesty—"the Selznick people wanted us to pose for some publicity pictures. And"—she laughed—"the cameraman didn't even show up!"

This sounded promising. "What did you and Johnny do when the camera-man didn't come—go out to the beach?"

"No," sighed Jane. "Johnny went on home. I didn't see him for a year." She perked up. "But he remembered me, and we had several dates."

"Where did you go, when you went out together?"

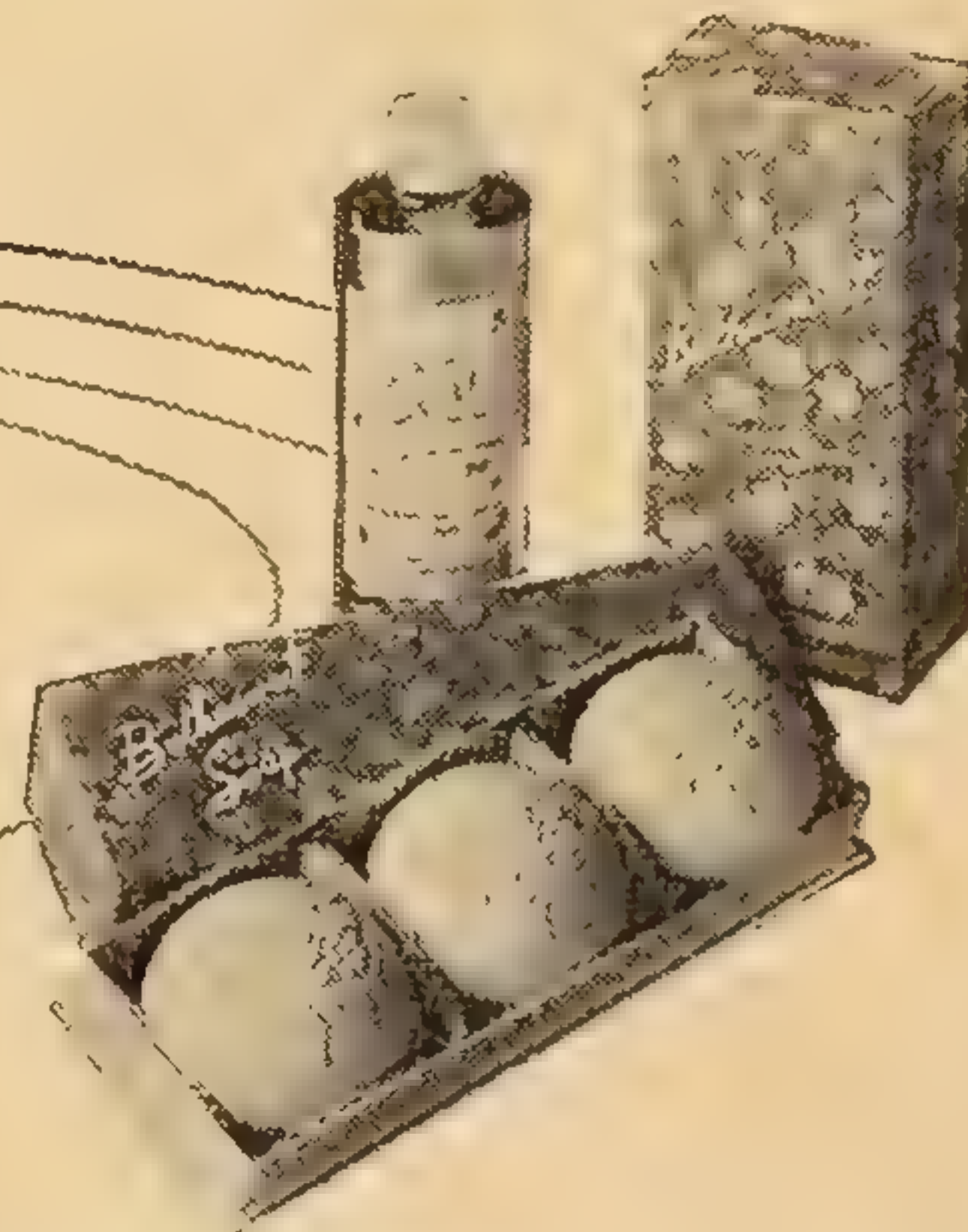
"Oh, the Hollywood Bowl, the Pal-



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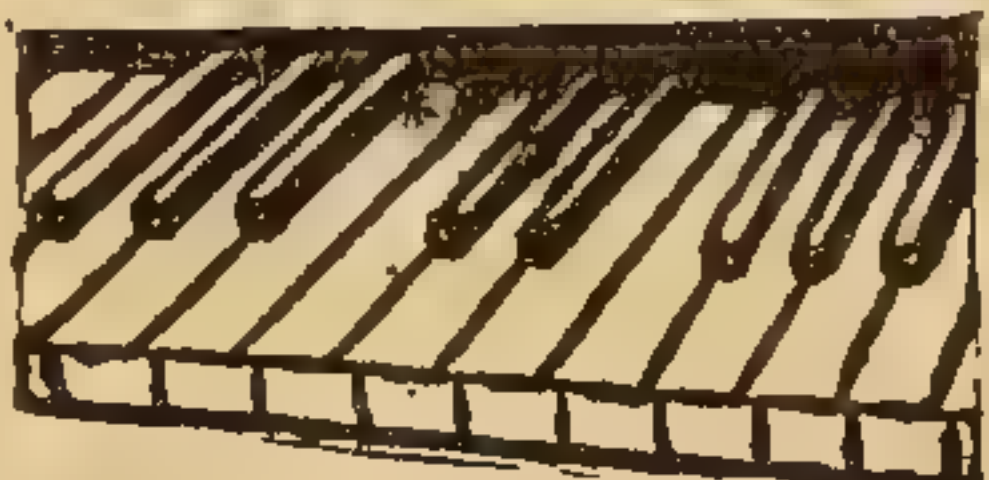
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ladium, the Ambassador." (It's amaz-
ing, but Los Angeles has less evening
places suitable for young teen-agers than
any city this writer has ever seen. Girls
this age don't yearn for night clubs. If
they did: (1) their escorts seldom have
the price for the gilded dumps; (2) their
mamas wouldn't let the young girls fre-
quent those tinsel parlors; (3) neither
would any studio. The three places that
Jane mentioned are just about the score,
unless you choose a concert, the theater
or—where have we heard this word be-
fore?—the movies. Concerning Jane's
three: The Hollywood Bowl is open only
for a brief summer season; the Palladium,
one of the world's largest dance places,
is an inexpensive glitter-palace, with
soda-bars, and the teenagers seem to
have terrific fun there; the Ambassador's
lovely Coconut Grove is like the best
hotel's best dance-room in any American
city, only more so.)

Jane went on to tell about pleasant
dates (same three places) she had had
with Roddy McDowell. There seemed a
sort of hesitancy in Jane about proceed-
ing further with the date discussion.

And a great light burst in what passes
for your correspondent's so-called mind.
"Look here, Janie," we inquired, "could
it be there's a back-home boy you're not
bringing up in this conversation?"

Credit Hollywood with one full-rose
blush. And credit Jane, again, with com-
plete honesty.

His name is Wayne Sherwood, fresh-
man at the University of Oregon, major-
ing in music. He's five feet ten, "built
just right for his height," has blond hair
and brown eyes. He's twenty-four, and
the reason he's a trifle late being a fresh-
man is service in Uncle Sam's Navy, in-
cluding three years at sea—storekeeper,
second class, in the U. S. S. S. D. Sturges.

An interesting fact about Wayne is
an apparently very fine bass voice.
(Wouldn't you know Jane would pick a
basso instead of a tenor? And the Navy!)

By no coincidence whatever, ex-U. S.

N. Storekeeper Sherwood visited Holly-
wood two weeks during the past summer.
He and Janie did the beaches, all the Los
Angeles area sights and—the Bowl, the
Palladium, the Ambassador.

More exciting, and evidencing the get-
up-and-go which lurks under our Jane's
composed exterior, she exposed him—
somewhat against his wishes—to top
MGM executives. Smart, she started
with Mrs. Ida Koverman, executive as-
sistant to L. B. Mayer, studio chief. Mrs.
Koverman, one of the most brilliant
women in Hollywood or anywhere else,
knew a bass voice when she heard one,
and she sent for half a dozen biggies.
There was talk about using him in "The
Birds and the Bees," which was planned
for Jane, and would feature most of
Metro's galaxy of youngsters.

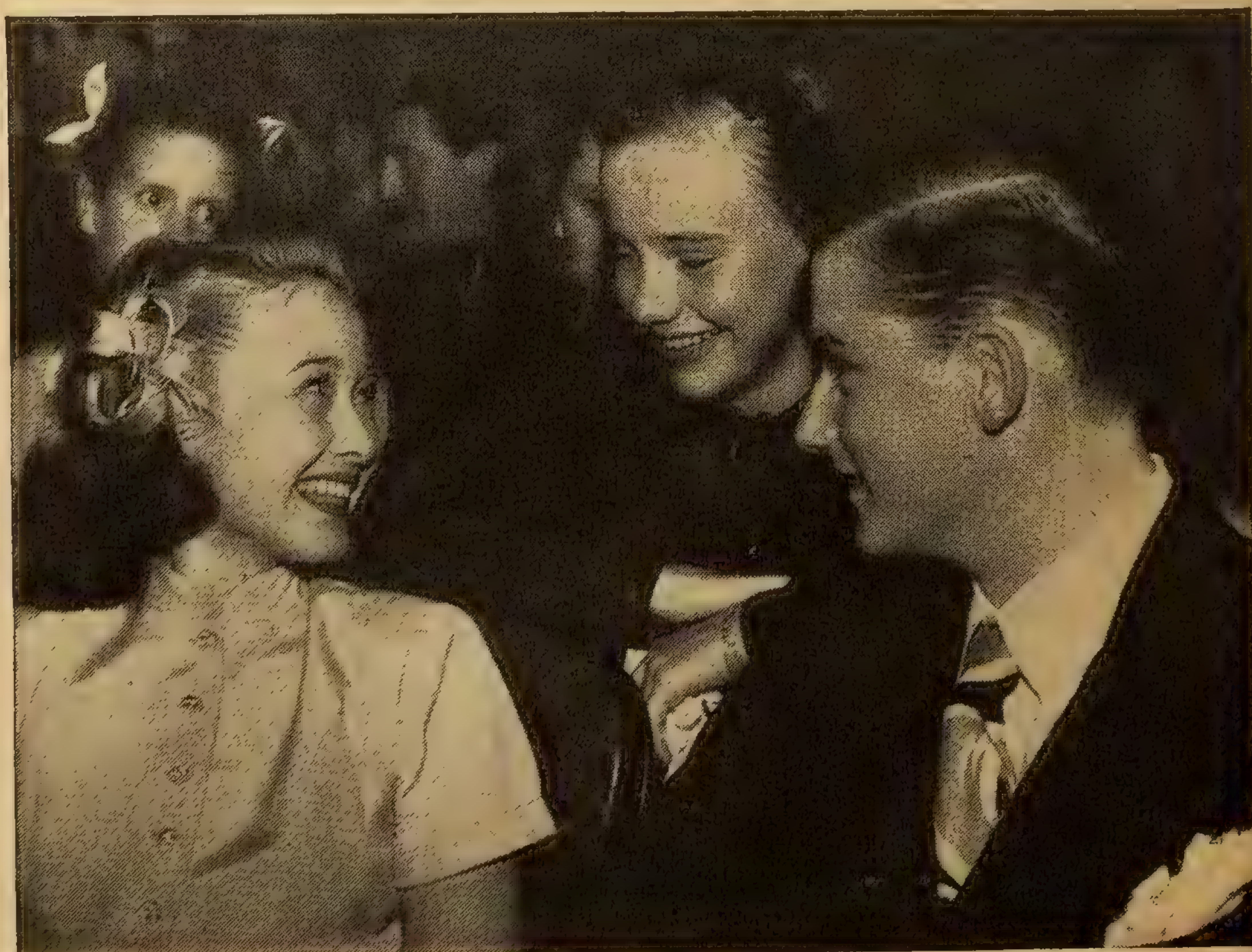
An odd point developed—Mr. Sher-
wood didn't want to accept any engage-
ments that would interfere too much
with his university education. And his
major ambition wasn't the movies. It
was—the Metropolitan Opera. If any-
thing developed, in regard to Hollywood
work, you'll have read it in the papers.

Mrs. Burce warned us. "Remember,
Jane's at the age where a girl can fall
in and out of love pretty easily." But
we can't forget the utterly radiant look
that blossomed on Janie's face when she
talked about Wayne.

We offer two pieces of unsolicited ad-
vice—tendering unsolicited advice being
one of our principal hobbies. To Holly-
wood's twenty-ish men about town: for-
get those rôles of Jane's. She'll grow right
out of your reach before you know you've
missed the streamliner.

To Mr. Wayne Sherwood: Better get
transferred to a university down Los
Angeles way. If you had a priority on
ninety-six pounds of platinum—which is
practically what you have—would you
go off among the big trees and leave it
amidst the Bright Lights?

What's the matter with young men
these days, anyway!



Jane Powell and Peggy Ann Garner indulge in woman talk while Roddy McDowall listens in.

You Interview Vera Ralston!

Continued from page 44

of the breathtaking variety. Especially her eyes. They're the darkest eyes you've ever seen. And yet they aren't brown as you thought at first. They're a blue green, and the closest you can come to describing them is to liken them to the color of the ocean just before a storm is coming up. Nature really ought to give all girls with honey-colored hair eyes like that.

She looked as if she weren't wearing any makeup at all. But you were wrong about that, as Vera promptly pointed out when you mentioned it. It's only that she uses very little, and that skillfully, because she says that blondes have to be so much more careful about rouge and lipstick than brunettes. For dark-haired girls somehow just manage to look more dashing if they daub on a little too much color, while their lighter sisters look either artificial or positively flashy.

Even in pictures she uses that same sparing makeup. In the beginning when she was new to Hollywood she put herself completely into the hands of her make-up man who went a little too heavy on glamor. Vera took one look at herself when she saw the first showing of the picture, "The Lady and the Monster," in the Republic projection room, and then she looked at Eric Von Stroheim, playing the other title rôle. "Which one is the Monster?" she quipped.

If she had needed anything more to make her the darling of the studio that little poke at herself would have done it, since Hollywood isn't exactly surfeited with stars whose sense of humor includes themselves. But she didn't. From the first moment she appeared before the cameras grinding out the footage for the "Icecapades Revue" she was hailed as a regular guy. And that, as you have discovered long ago, is more important to any star than even winning an Oscar.

It was her skates which brought her to Hollywood, Vera told you, and she's eternally grateful to them. But she's even more grateful to them for far more important things. For her skates saved not only herself, but her mother and father and brother when the Nazis overran Czechoslovakia. She was Vera Hrubá then, the fifteen-year-old skating idol of Czechoslovakia whom she had represented in the Olympics. And when the Germans moved into that country in 1939 the authorities were determined that their young skating star shouldn't fall into enemy hands. Plans were hurriedly made for the Hrubá family to leave on the last plane out of the capital. But her father, a prominent jeweler, refused to go, feeling he could serve his country better by staying.

Vera will never forget that day. Even as she, her mother and her young brother Rudolph boarded the plane, the Storm Troopers were marching into Prague and her last view of her native city was marred by the goose-stepping columns moving through the streets. Then as their transport flew over the Sudeten mountains German fighter planes pur-



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Van Johnson, MGM Star

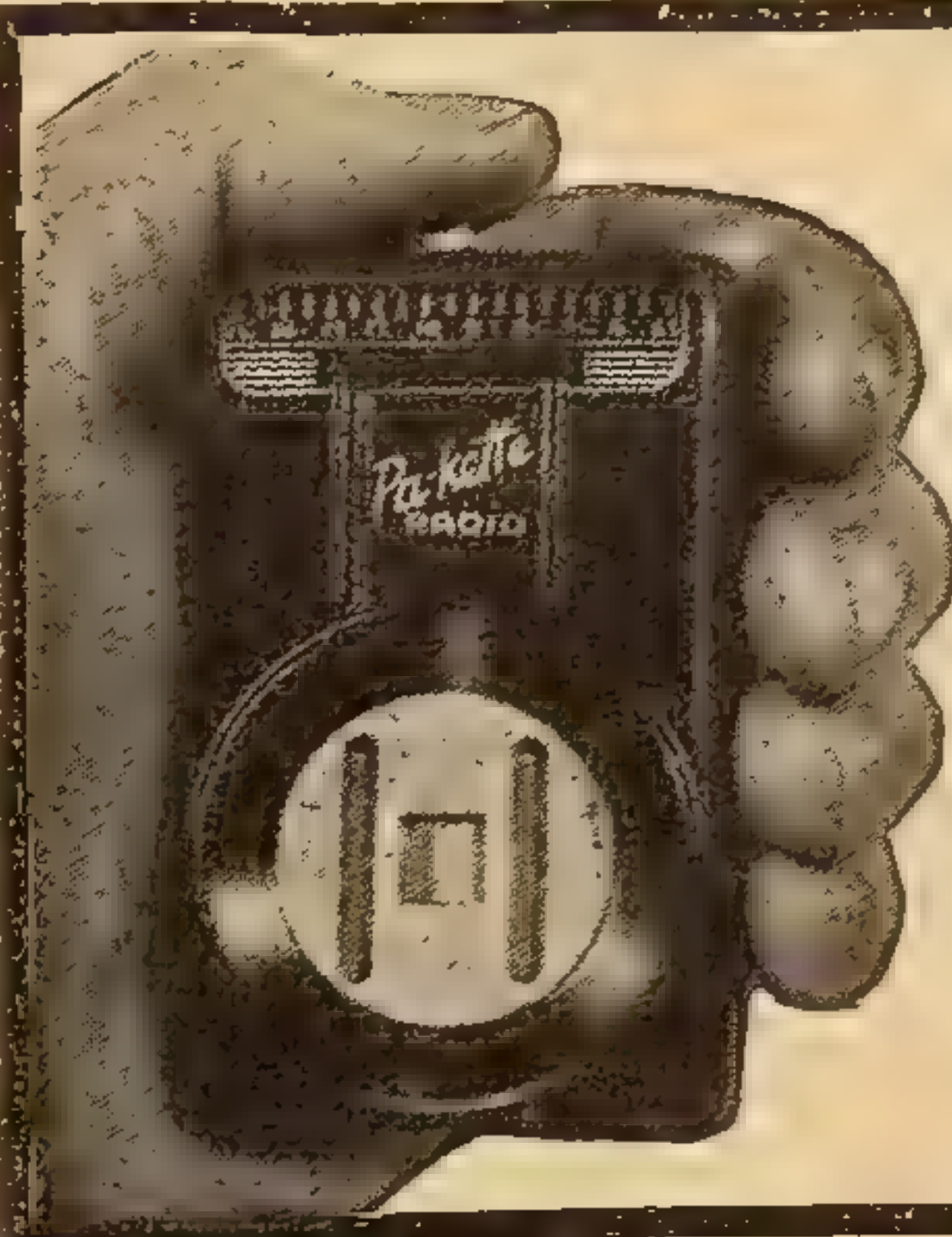
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sued them and they were forced to land on German territory. After an intensive screening they were allowed to take off again, but it may well have been this misadventure which caused the inhospitable welcome they received in Paris where jittery officials, suspicious of all refugees, promptly interned them.

That was only the beginning of a story that sounds as if it were dreamed up by a screen writer leaning a little too heavily on the melodramatic side. But you know how real it was to Vera, seeing the haunted look that comes into her eyes even now as she tells you about it.

There were many minor adventures before the Hrubas reached the United States where Vera's skates again saved them, this time from destitution. It was while she was touring the country in the "Ice Vanities" that she received word through the Red Cross that her father had disappeared after a visit from the Gestapo, and from that day it didn't matter much to Vera that her star began rising steadily.

It wasn't until the war was over that she received further news. By that time none of the family dared hope the senior Rudolph Hrubas was still alive. For her brother, who had fought with General Patton's 9th Army and was retained as an interpreter by the American occupation forces in Czechoslovakia, had been unable to find any traces of him since the day the Gestapo had sent him to a concentration camp.

Then one night as Vera and her mother were entertaining a few friends in their home in Hollywood, the studio sent over a batch of fan mail. Vera happened to glance at the top envelope as she put them on her desk and saw that it was postmarked Prague. Opening it, she couldn't believe what she read at first, for the letter—written by a fellow countryman who had been imprisoned at the same camp as her father—told her he was alive!

Only after she had sent a cable to her brother and he had managed to contact their father did she learn that he had been arrested during the reign of terror following the assassination of the infamous Reinhard Heydrich, known throughout all Czechoslovakia as the butcher, by two unknown Czech patriots. Some months later when two Gestapo men were searching the Hrubas apartment they found the silver cup which had been presented to Vera by Adolph Hitler at the 1936 Olympics which had been held in Berlin. An old family servant who had stayed behind in the apartment said that when the men read the inscription they saluted the cup and one of them went to the telephone and, calling the director of the concentration camp, ordered that Hrubas be released immediately.

"It's strange," Vera tells you now, "how often it is the things you dislike, even hate, that can bring you your greatest happiness. I hated getting that cup from Hitler, but for diplomatic reasons I had to keep it with my other trophies and in time it saved my father's life. For if he hadn't been released then it's doubtful he would have lived until the end of the war. His teeth had been knocked out

and he had lost eighty pounds during his imprisonment.

"And it wasn't only the cup I hated. I'll never forget how I resented my first pair of skates. They were a Christmas present, and the last thing in the world I wanted, for I had no interest whatsoever in winter sports.

"I hated cold weather as a child and my father was worried about the way I hibernated during the winter. He didn't think it was good for my health, the way I insisted on staying indoors curled up in a chair before the fire reading or playing the piano all the time. That was why he gave me the skates, just to get me out into the fresh air. But the first time I went skating I was crazy about it and now, just think, if it hadn't been for that Christmas present how different everything would have been! My skates have given me everything I value in life, every happiness, and yet if it had been left to me I would never have strapped a pair on my feet. All of which makes me feel that it's a good thing human beings can't control their own destinies even in little things."

You found it difficult to think of Vera going through all that travail, sitting there opposite her in the Stork. She looked so young, so carefree, that you couldn't believe she had ever had a worry in the world beyond deciding whether she should go dancing or to the theater on some particular evening.

But that was because she had just received word her father would soon be on his way to join his family in the United States. That, and the fact that she just became a citizen of her adopted country, are the most important things that ever happened to her, she says.

"His letter came just before I left Hollywood for this New York visit," she smiled. "He wrote: 'It will be good to see you strangers again.' My mother was just like a young girl again when she read that letter, and when I asked her what she wanted me to bring her from New York she asked for a hostess gown, 'the sort you would wear in a picture,' she told me, 'so I can look glamorous for your father.' It made me feel so lucky, having a man and a woman like that as my parents, for I think the most wonderful thing that can happen to any child is having a mother and father who not only have a sense of humor but are deeply in love with each other."

She looked up then, for the cigarette girl was passing around a little tray of lipsticks with Sherman Billingsley's compliments, and as Vera took one she didn't seem like a movie star at all. For she acted as thrilled as though she were one of her own fans, instead of a girl who could order fabulous cosmetics by the carload if she wanted to. Her utter simplicity is probably her most endearing quality, you decided, as she took out her mirror and began trying it.

So you weren't at all surprised when she told you the sort of rôle she'd like best of all to play. It would be very human, she told you, true to life as people are, and it would hold comedy and drama both, a little sorrow and a little happiness and above all, understanding. For even though she didn't know it, it was herself she was describing.

Rosalind Russell's Pattern of Life

Continued from page 37

Sister Kenny first came to America, to ask to meet her, and to offer to help.

Roz is gay and witty, full of fun, much like some high comedy characters she has played on the screen. When she talks about herself, as you'll presently read, she can be highly amusing. But there's fineness under the fun. And determination. That quality of persistence is one of the common chords between the much-loved star and the remarkable woman she plays on the screen. Sister Kenny's determination overcame misunderstanding, and sometimes outright opposition, to work infinite good.

Rosalind makes light of her own determined nature. Her story of how she acquired determination, as she will tell it to you here, is hilarious. She never dramatizes herself, and possesses a sense of humor where lesser people sometimes nurture an overgrown ego.

Yet there would be no picture, "Sister Kenny," if under her sophisticated, "best-dressed-woman-in-America" exterior, there wasn't the iron to make something happen when she thinks it's supremely right and should happen. For four and a half years Roz harried Hollywood executives to find one who would produce "Sister Kenny." During that time she "borned" a baby and went through a year of grave illness. The coming of the baby, incidentally, was not the direct cause of that illness. Like scores of other Hollywood stars she tried to carry on her screen work and meet every call for war work or home-front charity. She's no Amazon in strength (though it never occurs to her to spare herself), and Nature took its toll.

Even while Roz lay in bed, and doctors told her to relax and think of nothing, she haunted producers over the telephone until the late Charles Koerner, then production head of RKO, finally said: "I give up. Such faith must lead to something great. When you're up and well enough, we'll make it." The new administration at RKO, headed by N. Peter Rathvon, kept that pledge by lavishing unstinting care on the picture.

To all these facts Rosalind would counter, "Oh, you're making me sound like a serious person!" So let's move on to her own account of how she acquired the belief that if you want anything badly enough you can get it. Though it's amusing, the incident was far from funny to her at the time.

Living in Waterbury, Connecticut, where her father was a successful attorney, Roz and the remainder of the "tribe" spent each summer in a pleasant beach cottage near Bridgeport. By the time Skinny-pants (that's our heroine) was thirteen she had won the "juvenile" swimming and diving championship three years in a row. Children whom she wanted for pals were beginning to look at her as if she were poison ivy.

"Much as I wanted to stop queening in the kid class," Rosalind remembers, "I realized I was tackling keen competition when I signed up for the 'adult' diving championship. My principal op-

ponent would be, I knew, a twenty-one-year-old who not only dived excellently but had 'ze bodee,' closely resembling the Marie Wilson of today. I, personally, was built exactly like a pipe-cleaner. There are no graceful pipe-cleaners. And the judges were all men!"

On the blue Sound waters, on a bright sunshiny day, bobbed row-boats occupied by white-suited, straw-hatted gentlemen. Many judges had volunteered. Each diving contestant left the board ten times. The first five dives were types assigned by the officials, but the entrant could choose what to do about the other five.

"You could make those dives straight, if you wanted to," Rosalind recalls, "but I knew I had to uncork all the tricks, to keep the judges' eyes on me!" The pipe-cleaner had practiced, hour on hour at a time, for two months, often returning home blue with cold, except for purple fatigue-patches under her eyes.

As Dive No. 6 (to prove her preparation) she chose and executed perfectly a Flying Dutchman. As No. 9 came up she felt certain she had been scoring nines and tens (ten was the maximum possible) in points, on each effort. Now, with confidence, she elected to swan-dive from the high board. The take-off was right—she could feel that. But as she reached the outward point of the dive's arc, before turning straight down, one of her bathing-suit shoulder-straps broke!

"It wouldn't have mattered if the darn thing had fallen to the waistline," Roz laughs back now, "I looked just like my brother, George."

But there is fierce modesty at age thirteen. Rosalind clutched madly at the parted strap and hit the water in a sideways tangle. (Not until later would she learn that the judges awarded her five points for the fine take-off.) Everything blurred in her mind, but she reached the diving platform some way. Fury and bitter disappointment struggled, but what prevailed was embarrassment. Climbing to the high board, for Dive No. 10, she could hear the kids, whom she had for three years trounced in diving, giggle gleefully. Plain rage took charge. In a don't-give-a-hoot mood she simply jumped—holding the strap, of course—for Dive 10.

"I could feel a beet-red blush," she relates, "which I'd been wearing ever since the strap broke, and I still felt like I was wearing nothing else but the blush. I kept my face down, close to the water, to hide my expression, and, one-handedly, pulled for the shore, not for the platform. As I reached land, I raised my head just a little, and became conscious of two white, doeskin shoes, large, that looked familiar. By the time my eyes reached white-clad knees, I knew it was Dad."

Rosalind—a ludicrous young monkey she must have looked—raised her glance no higher. Mr. Russell spoke quietly down: "Daughter, a good dive that last time would have won you a cup. But

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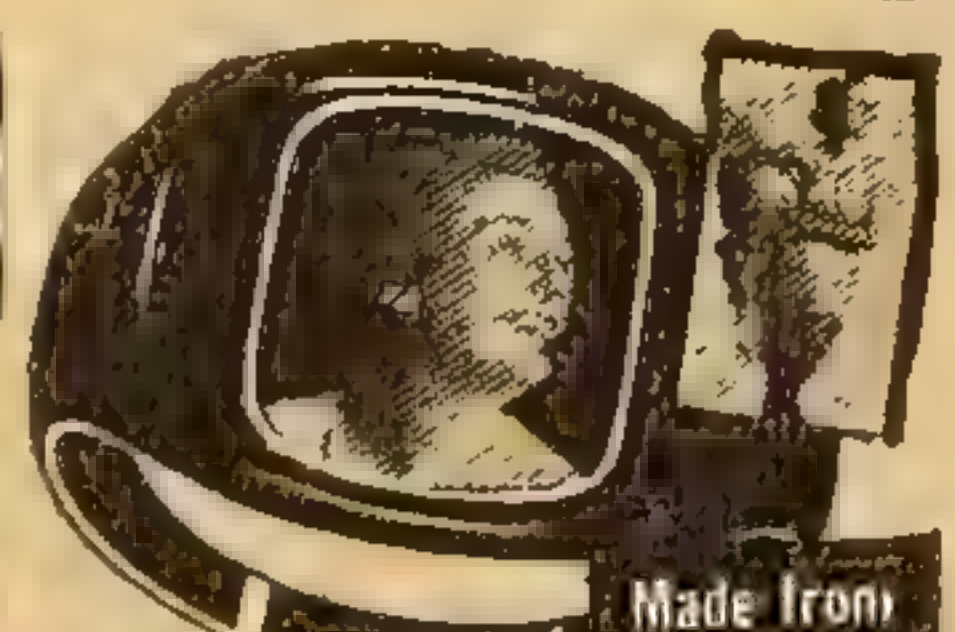
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That may sound like a copy-book adage. It may be something that might not stick with a child, spoken under ordinary circumstances. But it was spoken, quietly, to Rosalind at the most keenly sensitive, humiliated moment of her life—in that knife-like agony of disappointment that can come only to the very young. Without any preaching, or any further word, Mr. Russell took her that night to the club-house, where she saw the handsome gold cup awarded to her curvaceous rival—and stepped forward to congratulate the winner properly. "I nearly strangled," recalls Roz.

In every crisis of her life, big and little, her father's words have returned. Her belief that if you just keep on trying you can do anything has never faltered. "A winner never quits and a quitter never wins."

Another stubborn quality in Roz (and of course Sister Kenny has it, too—again on a vaster canvas) is independence, the desire to go it on her own. Mr. Russell gave all his seven children excellent educations. Rosalind—and the others, also—thought that was enough for Dad to do.

Many actresses have talked about inspiration, the divine urge, the feeling they must act or die. No doubt they are telling the truth. Roz tells the truth, too. "I wanted to make my own living and it seemed to me that acting paid off, certainly at the higher levels, better than any other occupation where women had an equal break."

It's typical that Rosalind always starts off by being practical, and something touches the fineness in her, and inspiration adds its gold to her common-sense and hard work.

In her very first engagement Rosalind was playing a leading woman. She had taken some courses at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, but she had lied like a Lady Munchausen about experience, to get that lead in a summer stock company at Lake Placid, New York, at seventy-five a week. Her twentieth birthday came, and she was lonesome for the older sister whose best clothes she had swiped to take to Lake Placid, lonesome for her parents, for all the "tribe."

She went to the post-office, where she found a warm letter and a check for a hundred dollars from her mother (she sent back the check—Miss Independence), and the letter and the thoughts of home caused a tear in eyes that are not given easily to crying. Someone touched her on the shoulder. It was the white-haired character actress in the stock company, to whom Roz had mentioned that this was her birthday. "Dear," said the old lady, "will you come to my room after the performance tonight?"

Roz did. She tells it: "We climbed steps and sniffed smells. The room was mustier and dingier than any I had ever seen. I guess that dear creature drew about twenty-five a week. A half-filled wine-bottle stood on a rickety washstand, and a twenty-cent version of what

some local baker thought was a cake. The cake had only one candle, and I knew that was for economic reasons. My friend insisted that I take the glass. She took the tea-cup. We each had a drink of what my friend said was sherry."

The white-haired woman whose star had descended (if it had ever risen very high) and the brown-haired girl who could not see into her bright future (but was armored with determination) each wept a little. Then the character actress, far into that night, told Rosalind stories of the theater, of loyalties among theatrical people, of admirable actors and actresses she had worked with—tales of troupers. The experience touched the mainspring in Rosalind that can always start golden inspiration flowing, and she never from that night thought of acting merely as a means of making money. Hence, undoubtedly, the quality of fineness in her work.

It would be a nice moral tale if we could say that as soon as Rosalind stopped putting the thought of money first, she began to make it hand over fist, but it would also be applesauce. She needed inspiration! For three years she continued to wangle herself leading rôles (she's never played any other kind) in stock companies, and never drew a penny over seventy-five a week. Not a patient person, the lack of progress drove her nearly to distraction. She had moments of deep discouragement and needed to remember what her father had said to the thirteen-year-old with the broken bathing-suit strap.

During those "stand-still" three years, Rosalind worked out little philosophies, compensations, that have stood her in good stead all her life. One, for instance, was the idea of one-day vacations. "Whenever you can get a day off," she urges friends, "take it. And don't lounge around the house—that doesn't rest you. What rests you is change. Go somewhere, anywhere you can get to and back in your one day, as long as it's different. Talk to people who are different from those you see every day. You'll find yourself refreshed, and the cobwebs blown away."

Another of Rosalind's "compensations" was to "splurge a little." She says, "No matter how small the extravagance may be, every now and then, do or buy some little thing you can't really afford. It helps your morale, makes you feel, 'Some day I'll be able to do a lot of things like this.'"

At one period, putting this "splurge" theory into effect led to an incident—a series of incidents—never before told; and perhaps we'd better tell them lest you think your reporter is trying to paint as a paragon a young woman who is definitely many-sided.

For six months Roz played stock in Philadelphia. Her boss, whom we will call Mr. Leander because that was not his name, had half a million in the bank. He had it there because he never paid out a penny he didn't have to. Roz was playing the feminine lead, as usual, and drawing her habitual seventy-five a week, though Mr. Leander squealed every week about it. The rest of the cast was half-living on pinch-penny wages.

Roz went home each Saturday night to the 'tribe' in Connecticut. Philadelphia being only two hours from New York, she didn't need a berth, but her "splurge" at that time consisted in riding in a chair-car drawing room which one could then do for about a dollar and a half. Mr. Leander would ride on the same train in a day-coach and always bring his "after-theater supper." Wrapped in greasy paper, it was invariably salami. Frugal, and liking Rosalind (as who doesn't?), he graduated, the very first weekend, from his seat in the day-coach to "visiting" Roz in her drawing room, where he rather shyly offered to share his salami. (Roz says, "How I learned to hate salami before that season was over!")

Impelled by some male desire to justify himself, or boast, he confided that he was "a gambler at heart, and for high stakes." He even bragged—to that cool brain of Rosalind's!—that he was a steady loser. "You think I'm close about money," he told her. "I'm really one of the best pinochle players in America, and I play for heavy money. I lose most of the time—the cards go against me. But I'm careful. I limit my losses to a hundred dollars a week. Still, a man willing to lose a hundred dollars a week is no skinflint."

Rosalind's mind began repeating to itself thoughtfully, "A hundred dollars a week, a hundred dollars a week."

"Wouldn't you," Mr. Leander went on, a bit wistfully, "like to play a little pinochle?"

"Not tonight," said Rosalind, snapping out of her daze, and smiling sweetly. "I'm a trifle tired. Perhaps next week."

The high-minded Miss Russell spent most of that weekend visiting at the Waterbury, Connecticut fire-house, where of course she had hung around as a kid, and where there were some truly veteran pinochle players. She bought three books on the subject and during the next week in Philadelphia took five professional lessons. Beginning that following Saturday night, and lasting through the six months' stock run, Rosalind added to her seventy-five dollar salary, without fail, just about one hundred dollars a week.

It is regrettable to note—if one feels pious at the moment—that Miss Russell looks back on this honest card-sharpping with unaffected laughter. "The guy," she says, "was a born loser. He had that wistful look in his eye—the man who has to play cards. And he played his hands with the dash and fervor of a poet—he was fifty-five and baldheaded—and no trace of scientific knowledge of the game. If he was going to lose a hundred dollars a week, why should I let him wait to reach New York and donate it to some Broadway characters? Besides," she adds, "didn't I eat salami!" History's most unorthodox method of an actress getting a salary raise doesn't weigh on her conscience at all. Our Rosalind!

The big turn in the Russell fortunes came about because of Rosalind's fierce impatience at no progress and her inborn urge to get up and do something about something that needs doing.

Theatrical stock companies simply ceased to exist for awhile. Rosalind was told that a certain drugstore in New York's mid-Forties was the news exchange center about stage jobs that might be had. You went there and sat, drank that famous soft drink (without rum), and people drifted in and out and shared rumor, gossip, and "I-heard." Roz stuck it a day and a half. "I'll bet," she told your reporter over an iced Dubonnet at Romanoff's, "that the same folks are still sitting there, sipping through a straw—and waiting."

That second day, a young man came in and announced excitedly: "The Theater Guild is casting a revue called 'The Garrick Gaities,' and they need a couple of chorus girls."

Rosalind got up and walked quietly out, while raised eyebrows all over the room commented, "Quite a comedown!"

She found the typical, barnlike room, with little knots of people talking here and there, a piano tinkling and various types of bit rehearsals in progress. To a man who looked inquiringly at her, she said, "I'm a leading woman."

"You are?" he said. "We've got a couple of skits we need one for. Would you like to run through one of them?"

He handed Roz a script, a stooge read the other characters' lines and Roz was doing fine until, midway, someone held out a piece of sheet music. "At this point," he explained, "you sing this." The man at the tinkling piano began to pick out the melody. Roz, who had never sung a note in public in her life and was always razed at home if she let out a trill, sang the song!

At a certain point during the rehearsal weeks, the management must either give notice that you are fired, or let you go on and open with the show. When that night came, Rosalind, immediately after her second skit was done, "fled out the stage door like the wind." She recalls, "I ran up Sixth Avenue as fast as my long legs could carry me. I could feel someone following me to fire me. As soon as I found a drugstore with telephone booths, I went in one and crouched down"—tall as she is!—"below the glass panel. After awhile—people kept looking in and down at me and no doubt thought I was drunk—I got myself together and went on home to my furnished rooms." Nobody followed her. Nobody fired her.

Opening night itself, she peeped through a hole in the curtain and saw a rapidly filling house—but eight conspicuously empty seats in the second row. Room for two parents, six sisters and brothers—the tribe, when they heard Roz was going to sing, couldn't resist coming to New York for the execution. The seats filled. The brothers brought newspapers, which they ostentatiously pretended to read while Sister sang. Then, when she had finished, they, the boys, got up and solemnly filed out of the theater, the expression on their faces saying they just couldn't take any more.

Family life, as Rosalind remarks, is a funny thing. She had been hazed by the three older children since the days when she was too short even to make a good pipe-cleaner. So she didn't mind the newspaper gag at all. It made her

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feel at home! "But I was mad as hops," she says, "when the boys left before my skit was over."

Rosalind lasted for the run of "The Garrick Gaieties," which was short. But, as is the case with almost every reaction of this unique person, behind all her extreme agitation, before opening night, had lurked an excellent reason. By walking out of the "waiters'" drugstore and going after the slim chance of landing with the Theater Guild, and by sticking out the part, song and all, she had jumped her salary scale from that long-monotonous seventy-five a week to three hundred and fifty! After that, there followed more stage success and her Hollywood star career, too brilliant and memorable to require review.

The Rosalind of today is consistent with the patterns of her life—except she may be a little rusty at pinochle! She even preserves the small "philosophies" that she evolved when career seemed at a stand-still. She still takes one-day vacations. If her handsome husband, Fred Brisson (who, at this writing, was busy forming Independent Artists, Inc., which promises to be a genuinely important producing company), can take the day off, too, they pile into a small car with Lance, the three-year-old apple of their eye, and head for Palm Springs, or up to Big Bear or Arrowhead, or down the coast to Laguna Beach. If Fred is busy, Rosalind is likely to go, by herself, down to Olvera Street, Los Angeles' colorful Mexican center, and spend the day wandering about and talking with members of the Mexican colony, who all know her, but who never "rush" her.

The "splurge" impulse is still there. Roz runs her house and herself on a rigid budget, but every now and then she buys a hat or a pair of shoes outside the budget, "just for the devil of it."

The Brisson home, a beautiful one in Beverly Hills, shows the mark of Rosalind's personality: organization, order, yet warmth, underlying gaiety and the feeling of life. And the beloved Lance is getting not only affection but all the brains Rosalind can muster to the job of raising him right. He isn't too sheltered, plays freely with other children,

of his own choice, and if a larger one pushes him over, no one comes running. He picks himself up, and goes on playing. As he grows older, it's pretty certain that he will absorb some of those sound copy-book adages which worked so well with Rosalind's father's seven.

Perhaps Roz's outstanding characteristic remains the almost passionate belief that if you want anything badly enough you can get it. "It makes me furious," she says, "to see a girl pass another on the street and hear her say, 'I wish I had a hat like that.' If she really wants the hat she will find some extra work and earn the money, or skimp on something else, and get the hat."

As we noted, that persistence—"A winner never quits and a quitter never wins"—played a major part in bringing into existence the picture, "Sister Kenny," and Roz's reward from the viewpoint of an actress, though she wasn't looking for that, was quick and almost awe-inspiring.

RKO asked her to attend three sneak previews in San Francisco. One was on fashionable Nob Hill. One was in Chinatown. One was in the same sort of neighborhood theater that you or I might attend. The reaction of all three audiences was the same. They knew Rosalind was in the theater. They poured out into the lobby when the picture was over, and left a lane. No one applauded. No one called, "Hi, Roz!" No one asked for autographs. *They were still seeing Sister Kenny*, and those three so-different groups each stood in utter silence while Rosalind walked to her car and stepped in. The experience moved her so deeply that she absolutely refuses to discuss it, but Hollywood veterans who were there, and who told this writer about it, say they have no memory of any other actress ever receiving quite that tribute.

Under her many fascinating facets, Rosalind will always possess a golden vein—the capacity for becoming inspired. And as long as she lives she will store in her spiritual piggy-bank, for the use of others, a generous proportion of herself.

This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 51

grets and apprehension. I know a girl who, when she is well and working hard, frets continually over what will happen when she is ill. Of course she gets no enjoyment from her work. Eventually, of course, she becomes ill. Then her trapeze swings to her worries over what will happen to her job. Eventually, of course, she recovers. Then she is in a turmoil over what she will do now that she is going back to work! Her whole life is lived in the past and in the future. She's miserable, need I say? Unfortunately, she is typical of a whole category of humans.

Often, when we see an invalid or someone who has suffered some misfortune, we say, "I hope that never happens to me." Instead, we should ask in prayerful humility that we will have the

courage to face such things if they do come into our experience. We have all seen magnificent courage displayed by those who have been incapacitated by misfortune or war. We have seen them develop wonderfully fascinating personalities. We have seen others withdraw themselves, become so tragedy-conscious that their own lives and the lives of all around them are miserable. I believe that if we have to carry a burden, we must seek and never stop seeking, until we find the philosophy which will sustain us and help us build a new, full life.

I believe very honestly and unquestioningly in the Golden Rule. Treating others as you would have them treat you is just about the finest, surest, de-centest yardstick by which one can live. All too often following it is most diffi-

cult. But let's be honest. It's the sure rule for building a fine, rich life. You simply cannot build a fine, rich life on material things alone. Practicing the Golden Rule can become a habit. And like all habits, it becomes easier with practice. Its application is equally important in small things and important things.

Religion: I believe that a life without religion is an impoverished existence. I believe in immortality. I believe that in the hereafter we will experience the fruits of the seeds we plant in living here. That we will progress eventually to the perfection of God's creation. I believe in the efficacy of prayer. I hold in sorrowful sympathy that man who is without faith. I believe that when we need strength to face a crisis or misfortune, that strength comes through prayer. I believe that people who are given great handicaps are blessedly granted the courage needed to face them.

Death: I am not frightened by the thought of death. I fully expect to live to be a very old lady indeed. I believe that by the time we have lived our lives fully and well, accomplished the things which we were put here to do, we will be ready, mentally, spiritually, and physically to take our separation from this world. Having done our best, we will have a sense of fulfillment. We will have tolerance and understanding. We will have diminished ambition. We will be ready for the next experience, so all the things that have made us afraid of dying can disappear.

Confirmation of this belief of mine, is the quiet acceptance I have seen in elderly people. They have their ease of living, their poise, their great wisdom. Most of us are so busy working and worrying about work we deprive ourselves of the really "most out of life." "The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending we lay waste our powers." The old are much wiser. I know a woman of 85 who lives at the Queen of Angels' Hospital. She gets the most out of every moment. She walks on the roof in the sunshine, and enjoys that sunshine. She is charming to everyone and they are charming to her. She enjoys the simple things in life, her meals, the walk in the sun, the clean white sheets on which she sleeps at night. Sometimes the simple if fundamental pleasures are wasted because of an intensity of concentration on business deals. The completely ambition-ridden seldom enjoy the food set before them, the way a tree looks in the sun, or the way the stem of a flower curves. Ambition is a great gift, but it shouldn't be all absorbing. Balance is such a vital need in all things, tangible or intangible. I keep referring to Kipling's "If," because it is such a warm and understanding, concise expression. However one may feel about him as a poet, or thinker, this poem says simply and very wisely that nothing is important, except that which measures up spiritually. Out of the mouths of great men and babes and the wallflowers at the next party you go to may come the words that help you most. Graciousness and tolerance and real interest in others is the only price you pay.

The world is given to judging by exteriors. If your house is big enough and the show you put on is big enough, you're important. Not really. I have seen the deepest heartaches in homes of those who had every material advantage. One of the loneliest, most eager-to-be-loved men I know is a man who is envied the world over for his wealth. His ambition is now a cold companion. And I can't forget the story of the man who devoted all his greedy life to amassing money. He lay on his deathbed his hands clutching money, with moneybags piled high around him. Gently, someone spoke to him, "You can't take it with you." "Then," he said firmly, "I don't want to go." But he had to go! His money could buy no escape.

Work and Success: No person is truly successful who has in his material progression lost himself spiritually. No man is a failure who has kept his sense of humor, his enthusiasm, his devotion to doing his job well, no matter how humble that job may be. There are some musts, I believe, for those of us in this absorbing, fascinating movie business. "Never take yourself too seriously" is one of my favorite self-admonitions. Take your work seriously—every phase of it—but never your all too vulnerable self. Study, study, study human beings. As an actress you can never know too much about people.

Friendship: Those who complain that they have no friends are usually seeking acquaintances rather than making friends. Friends are not a gift. They must be earned.

Don't be too sure, the first time you meet a person, that you don't like him. When I was eighteen, I was serenely confident of my judgment in all matters, including my snap judgment of people newly met. I would decide immediately that I liked So-and-So and didn't like So-and-So. Some of those I disliked enthusiastically at first sight turned out to be the most worth knowing. I have tempered my judgment in the passing years. I no longer agree with those who hold that first impressions are infallibly trustworthy. When I was eighteen, I knew everything. I am no longer eighteen and now I know that until you learn that you know very little you have small chance to learn anything.

You must, of course, be willing to give of yourself to your friends. Personal inconvenience does not exist between genuine friends. If a person in trouble thinks enough of you to call you for help, even though it's at two in the morning, it is the sweetest proof of what you mean to that person. The happiest feeling in the world is being able to say even one thing that will help.

Love and Marriage: I have heard girls say—in fact, I did this sort of thing myself, before I married—"I want a tall husband, handsome, healthy, with a lot of money, brilliant, with a wonderful sense of humor . . ." and so on. Now I know a girl should be asking herself, "What have you to offer the shining-knight-in-armor you want?" So few girls think about that. So few of us realize that giving is a blessing. We should all think about that. It's more important to be ready to give in marriage, than to



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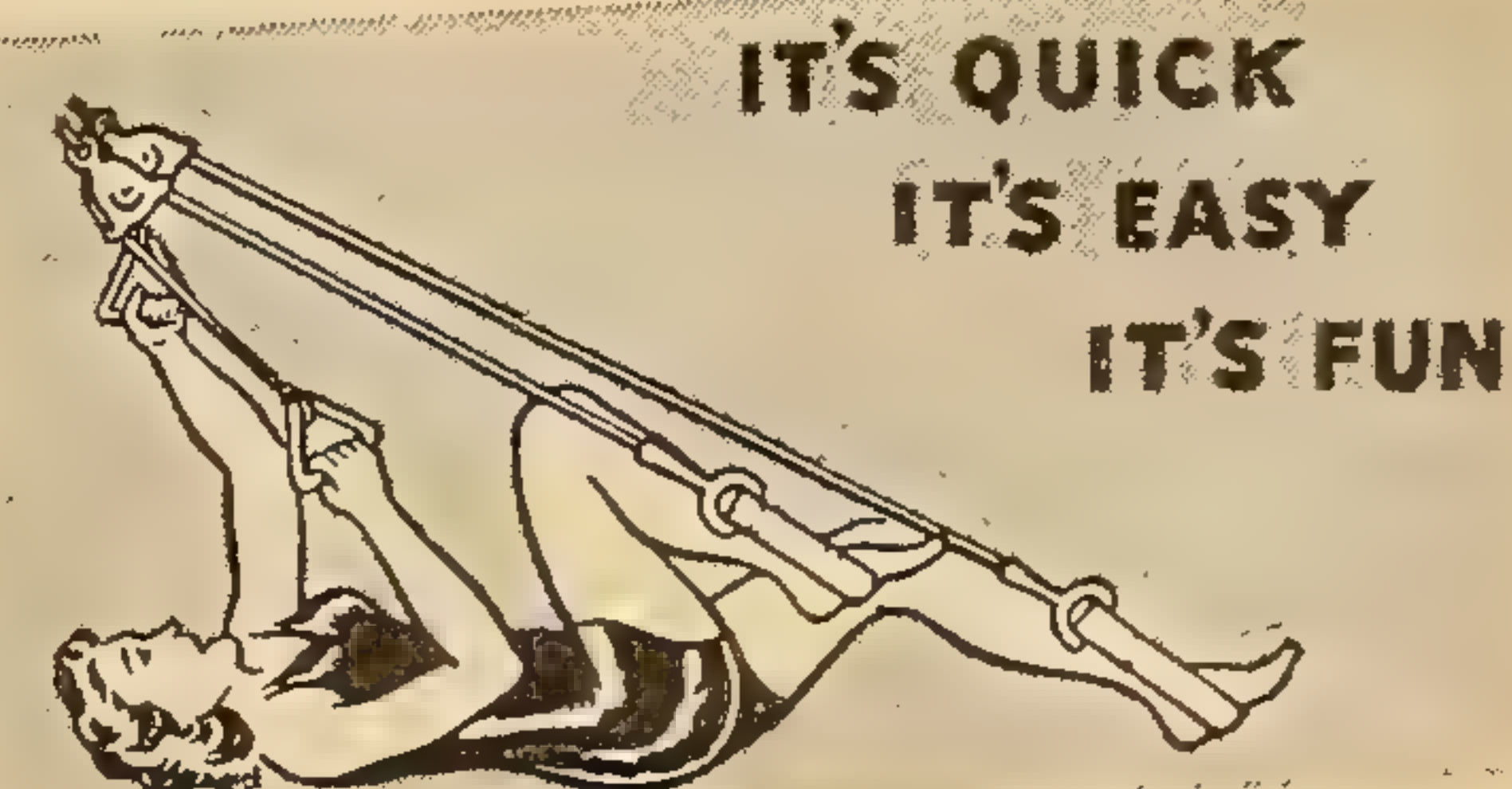
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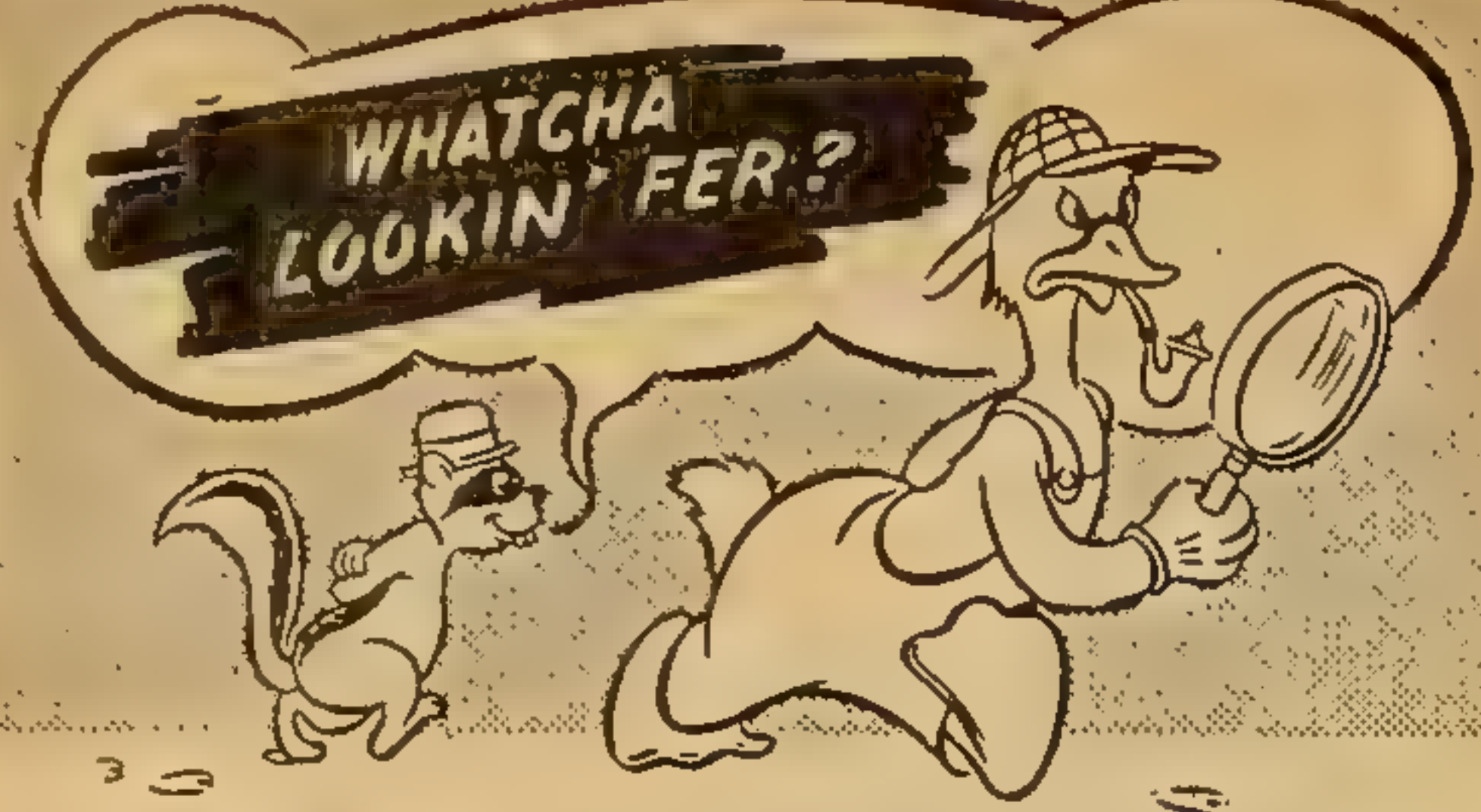
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be ready to take. Women should prepare themselves to be good wives, just as they would prepare for any other job they wanted to hold successfully.

And we shouldn't expect everything to run smoothly forever after. I remember the time an older woman I knew was having some trouble. I said, "I feel badly for you." She answered, "Don't. In the fifteen years of my marriage, things have been very easy for us. We have had no sickness, few problems. I am so grateful for this opportunity to go through things together. I am sure it will bring us only greater happiness." How wise she was! She and her husband went through that specific trouble beautifully. Together. And it has brought them closer to each other than ever.

I believe that your love for your husband should be nurtured just as plants in a garden are nurtured. If you didn't water and care for your plants they might dry up and die. Whether you fall in love at first sight or hundredth sight (and I think either is possible) that love can wither and die unless cared for with tenderness and consideration.

Morals: Just as I believe you should nurture your love for your husband, so I believe you should nurture your conscience. A conscience is not very strong to begin with. Its strength must be developed, never neglected. The first time you do wrong, it shocks you deeply. If you don't listen to your conscience, you can commit the same wrong a second time and the shock is less by far. The third time you can see no reason why the act is wrong! Watch your conscience and it will police your life magnificently.

I do not hold with those who think it is all right to do whatever you want as long as it doesn't hurt anyone. I think that's nonsense. There are very, very few things one can say or do that are without influence or possible hurt to someone. For instance, a young girl in business is working with a married man who is separated but not divorced from his wife. She thinks there is no harm in a rather exciting interest he has shown in her. She is dining with him with increasing frequency. But she may be wrong. Going out with her will probably solidify the separation and prevent a reconciliation between her employer and his wife.

We must be true to our own beliefs, to the best that is in us. There was a boy in Hollywood who gave up his career for his belief. He said, "I want to pick up the wounded in advance of the front line. I'll carry a bedpan. I'll do anything to help, but I won't kill." Our country was at war. He was misunderstood—misquoted, condemned, held up to scorn. He was true to himself. And he made the sacrifice of his career, his future, his reputation. He is the great proof of "thou canst not then be false to any man." He won the respect of all who saw his tireless, selfless, indomitable courage in many landings—in some of the hottest action in one of the toughest theaters of war. He had the courage to relinquish material things, to speak and act quietly and truthfully and fearlessly, and he has greater stature now, than ever before.

Recently at a dinner table, two people I knew, an actor and his wife, were discussing him. The man condemned him in the bitterest terms. When I could no longer keep silent, I said, "I do not know this man and you do. His mind and his religion and his way of life are foreign to me—and perhaps to you—but he *must* be sincere. This statement of his belief is costing him too much for us to believe otherwise. You know him, but do you know why he did what he did? His deep, honest conviction was that no one should *kill*." "Well," said the actor, "what kind of a world would this be if everyone in it refused to kill for his country?" "It would be a dandy world," I answered. "Stop and think for a moment. In a world where every man courageously refused to kill because of love of humanity, there could be *no war*!"

War and Peace: I do not think that World War II is the last war. Despite our hopes and prayers we are still very human beings and therefore far from perfection. Wars spring from our human imperfections. But if every man fulfilled *all* his responsibilities to the fullest degree, we would have no wars. We have not had any real peace conference. We're still arguing about who is going to get what. Peace stems from what is best for the human race. Peace cannot be accomplished merely by law or by treaties. How many times a day are traffic laws broken? I believe that peace must stem from right, not might.

I do not believe, as some people do, that you can achieve peace by annihilating whole nations. People may say, "Well, we've had little trouble out of Carthage lately! There'd be no trouble out of Germany if that country were annihilated." Is it their point that we should get rid of all trouble by destroying whole countries? But as long as there is a world full of human beings we will have trouble. If we start to annihilate, we must therefore get rid of the world! Which is a pretty ridiculous idea.

I do not believe in dictatorships or even in monarchies. I hope that these nations, too, can some day be taught to want the democratic way of life.

Government: I believe in the American way of life, spiritually. Our Constitution is an inspired document. There is no reason why any man should be beholden to another. All men are born free and equal and with the right to believe as their minds allow and their consciences dictate. It is our duty to see that the Constitution is observed everywhere in the country; that all men, regardless of race, color or creed have the rights guaranteed to them by our Constitution.

Happiness: You cannot build your life on material things and expect it to be a happy life. Happiness is not an inevitable result of having a great deal of money or position. The more you have, the more dangerous is the threat to happiness. You can get all bogged down with material things. The words of the song in "Porgy and Bess" are essentially true, "I've got plenty of nothin', and nothin's plenty for me."

The happiest man I know is a clergy-

man who, every six months, gives away all his material possessions. Once, when I wanted to give him a book, he smiled and refused to take it. "I would only have to get rid of it in six months," he said.

He traveled down the Burma Road ten times, standing for hours in the middle of a truck without sides. On the most recent trip he made, he was shoved off the truck and his back was broken. He bore the accident with equanimity, certain that he would recover, if it was God's will. He has recovered.

Why is he so happy? Because his whole life has been spent in giving, not taking, as he goes from one country to another doing things for others, he is a supremely happy man.

Happiness sometimes depends on whether you're in a state of mind to accept it. How often we could be happy and aren't because we're not in the right frame of mind.

I do not believe that anticipation is greater than realization. I think it is possible to destroy enjoyment by exaggerated anticipation. You are living in the future when you anticipate too greatly. In saying that one should live for today, I don't mean that I believe in spending every nickel one earns as soon as it is earned. There is a lack of perspective, a lack of responsibility in a lack of thrift.

I believe we should not worry our lives away over trivialities. And one has to watch oneself on that! Think of what you worried about last week. Did you accomplish anything by your worries? And haven't most of them melted away into thin air? I like the motto, "Today

is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday and it never happened." I can't think of a single problem I ever solved by worrying about it. And if I could remember all the things I worried about last year—or last month, or even last week I know 99% of them would seem absolutely ridiculous.

That wise clergyman who will not allow himself to possess any material thing wrote in my guest book, "Give us the strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. Give us the courage to change the things that can and should be changed. Give us the wisdom to distinguish the one from the other." I cherish it over his signature.

Summarizing, I believe in living in the eternal NOW, doing *now*, not the things we want to do but the things that we know are the right things to do. I believe that to succeed in business, and as human beings, we must do the best we can each day. Be as kind as we possibly can to each other. I believe that life on earth is preparation for the hereafter, and that it is foolish to devote it absorbingly to amassing material things.

I believe that all the good things in life should be nurtured—a good conscience, friendship, love of husband, children and home. I think that our every act and every word we speak may in some manner influence someone else. I believe we should be true to ourselves, true to the best we have in us. I believe in society's moral conventions, because they cannot be violated without hurting someone. I believe that the finest friendships, the happiest marriages, and the happiest lives stem from being eager to give rather than being eager to take.

Alan Ladd's Formula for Happiness

Continued from page 49

explains Alan, "to really understand her. Then it gets like part of you is just away a few feet, moving around. You know? You think through the other person. Sue thinks through me, and I through her. It's sort of a welding of the mind, as well as the spirit and the body."

This basis of complete understanding leads to real companionship, which is the No. 1 ingredient on Sue's list for a happy marriage. "The more you do together," she says, "the closer you become. Your interests become the same; you laugh about the same things, and blow up about the same problems; *your memories are the same*. You become a duality, which is what marriage is, anyway. Of course, you get off to a head start if you have mutual tastes and interests."

The Alan Ladds are lucky in this. As Alan says, "Our happiness together boils down to this. From the first, we had a solid rock on which to build in the fact that we are both interested in the picture business. We are crazy about it. Susie is as interested in every phase of my career as I am. She's been in the business, and we've been together since I first started out. We discuss everything together. Then, if we make mistakes, at least we both make them. Yes, right

from the beginning, we had one very strong thing in common—our work."

Seven years ago, when Sue heard an actor on the radio playing a dual rôle and telephoned him to see if she couldn't get him as a client, she expected to meet a fat, bald-headed older man, for one of the parts was that of an oldster. Then Alan walked into her office: handsome, lithe, lean, smiling. "And bowled me right off my chair," says Sue.

Maybe that first day they didn't immediately realize it was to be love at first sight, but they did recognize a mutual attraction. Then, before they knew it, their interest in the picture business found them talk—talk—talking all the time. This constant interchange of thoughts brought their likes and dislikes into focus. They found they both liked the same type of people. They enjoyed doing the same things. Very quickly, they discovered they had interests and tastes in common. "Today," says Alan, "Sue could go out and buy a house, and it would be the exact house I would go out and buy." It's no longer a case of two heads being better than one; rather, it's that Sue and Alan are literally *one*, which, after all, is the original concept of marriage.

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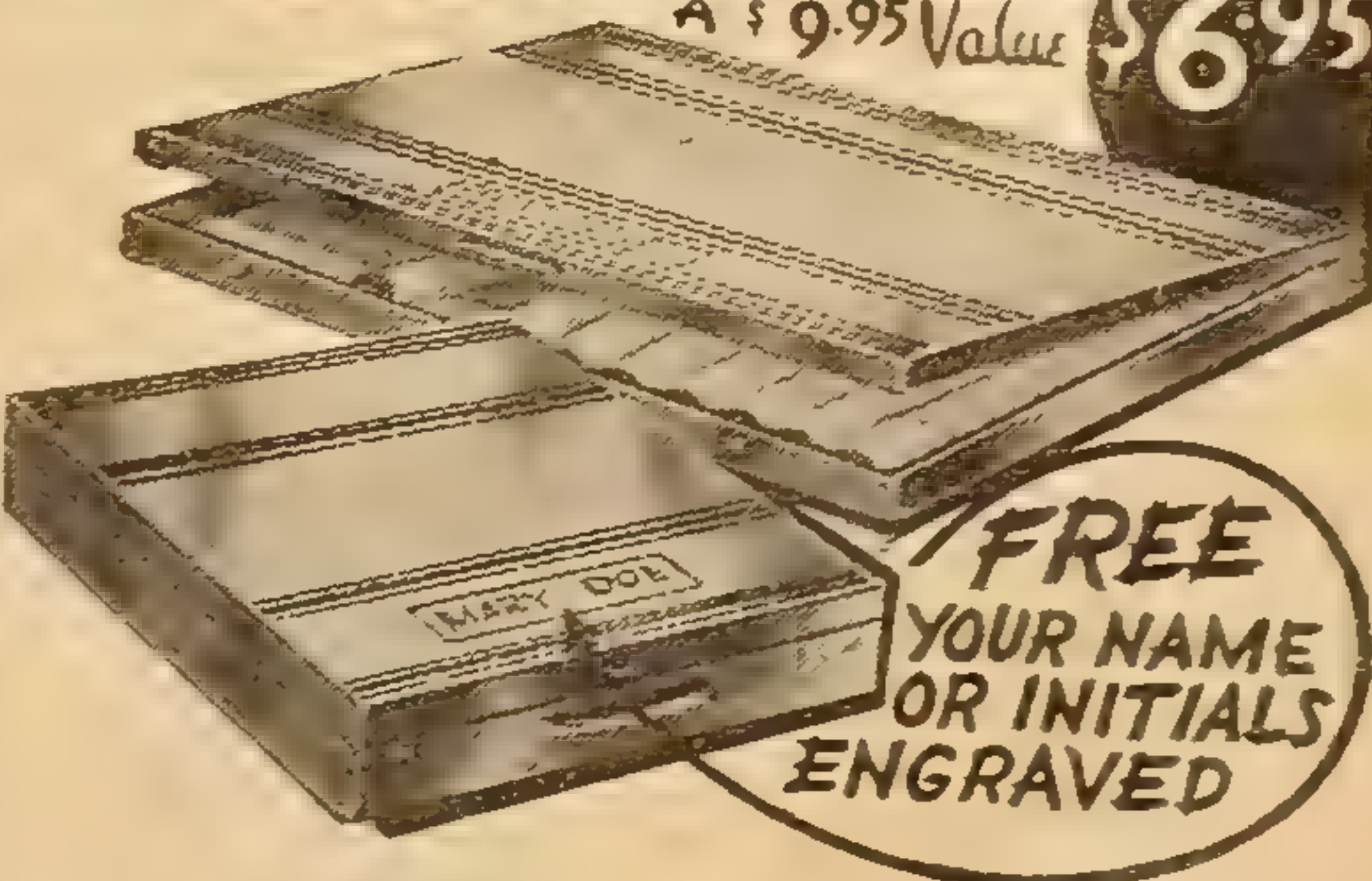
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found someone they can talk to, tell their troubles and triumphs to, all the while knowing there will be understanding. It gives them a sense of security and warmth. Their absolute honesty is the rock on which this sense of security is built. No marriage can have serenity if there is doubt. Sue and Alan have faith in each other, not just the faith that knows both are above flirtations or disloyalty, but the faith that they can count on each other when the going is tough. They have a constant, warm knowledge that the other is standing by, a comfortable sureness that nothing has to be faced alone. This was one of the first things they discovered about each other.

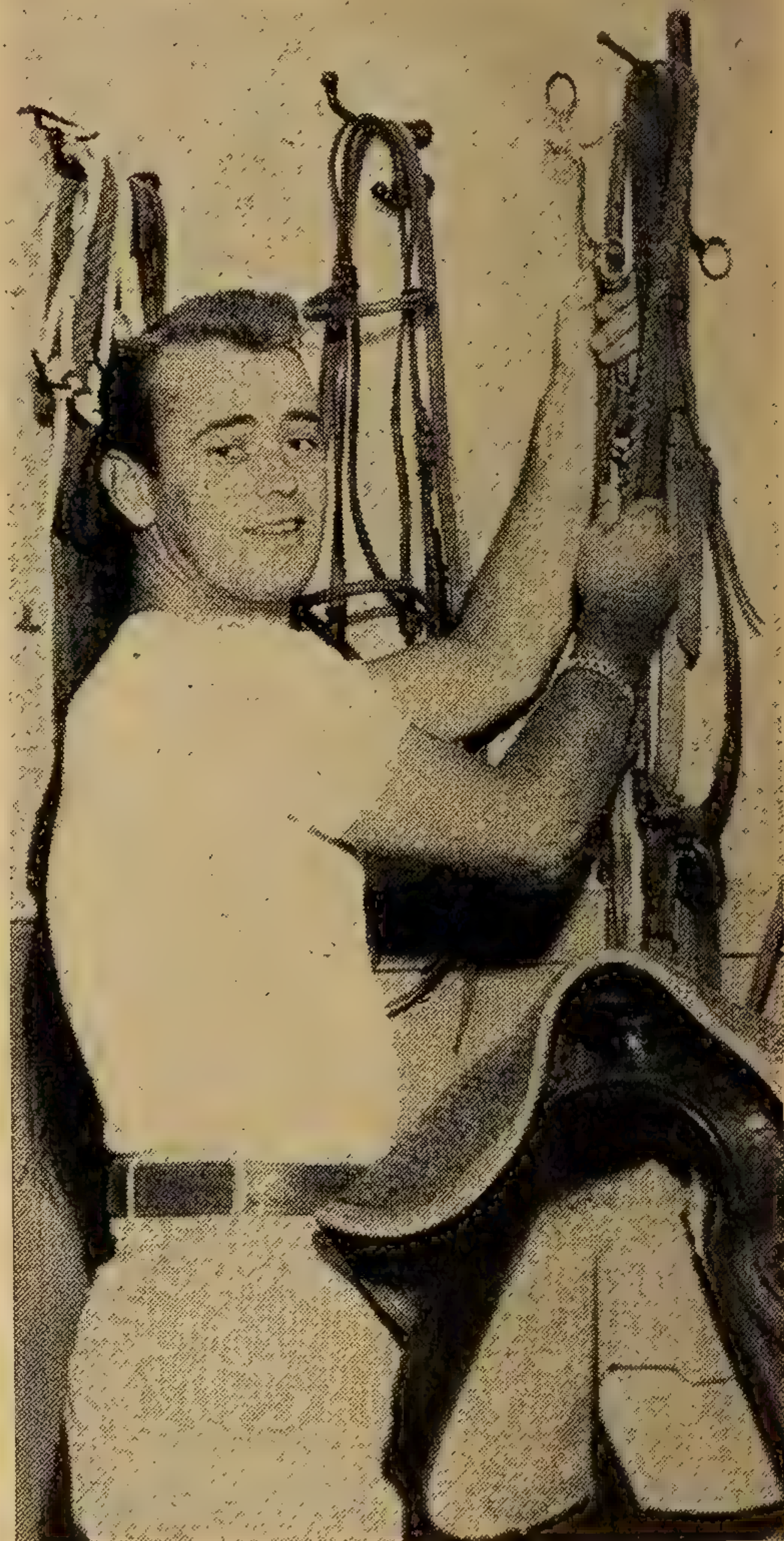
"When we first met," says Alan, "we had a lot of disappointments and heart-aches. Sue was starting in the agency business, and I was getting started in pictures. Every week, our dreams would be up in the sky; and, as regularly, they'd come crashing down. We went through years of it, and it was tough. But then the two of us decided that instead of fretting all the time—she about her business and I about mine—we'd get a few laughs out of it. We made a pact not to talk about disappointments any more. If anything went wrong, we just skipped over it. We made this decision because we learned that too often a bad break was something you couldn't fix up, anyway; it just happened, and to dwell on it upset us both. We also realized that something always turns up the next week or the next month. A black moment is, after all, just a moment. It can't last forever."

Rules like this have helped the Ladds keep their values straight from the very beginning. As a matter of fact, they even have a rule about quarrels. For, yes, they quarrel, just as any other two people who are close together do. But the fact that they don't coyly say, "Oh, we never have had a cross word!" is strong evidence that the Alan Ladds are honest and forthright. It also proves they aren't ostriches who bury their heads in the sands. They knew in advance that all marriages have a quota of quarrels, so they decided, in advance, to prevent quarrels from ever reaching serious proportions. As Sue says, "Marriage is an adult affair."

For one thing, they never quarrel in front of other people. "If we get chips on our shoulders, we have it out by ourselves," Alan says. "We've heard people say such rotten things to each other, and it has always made us nervous and uncomfortable. We agreed never to be that way. When we're alone, we talk it out. At least," grins Alan, "we talk her out!"

One basic reason they never quarrel before others is because they realize that is no way to settle a difference of opinion. Alan explains: "When a couple starts arguing in front of an audience, neither the man nor the woman wants to back down. I know I would want to prove I was right, come hell or high water. We don't believe in bringing in a third person to settle an argument, either. That's bad. People who are married must come to their own conclusions. It's their own business and

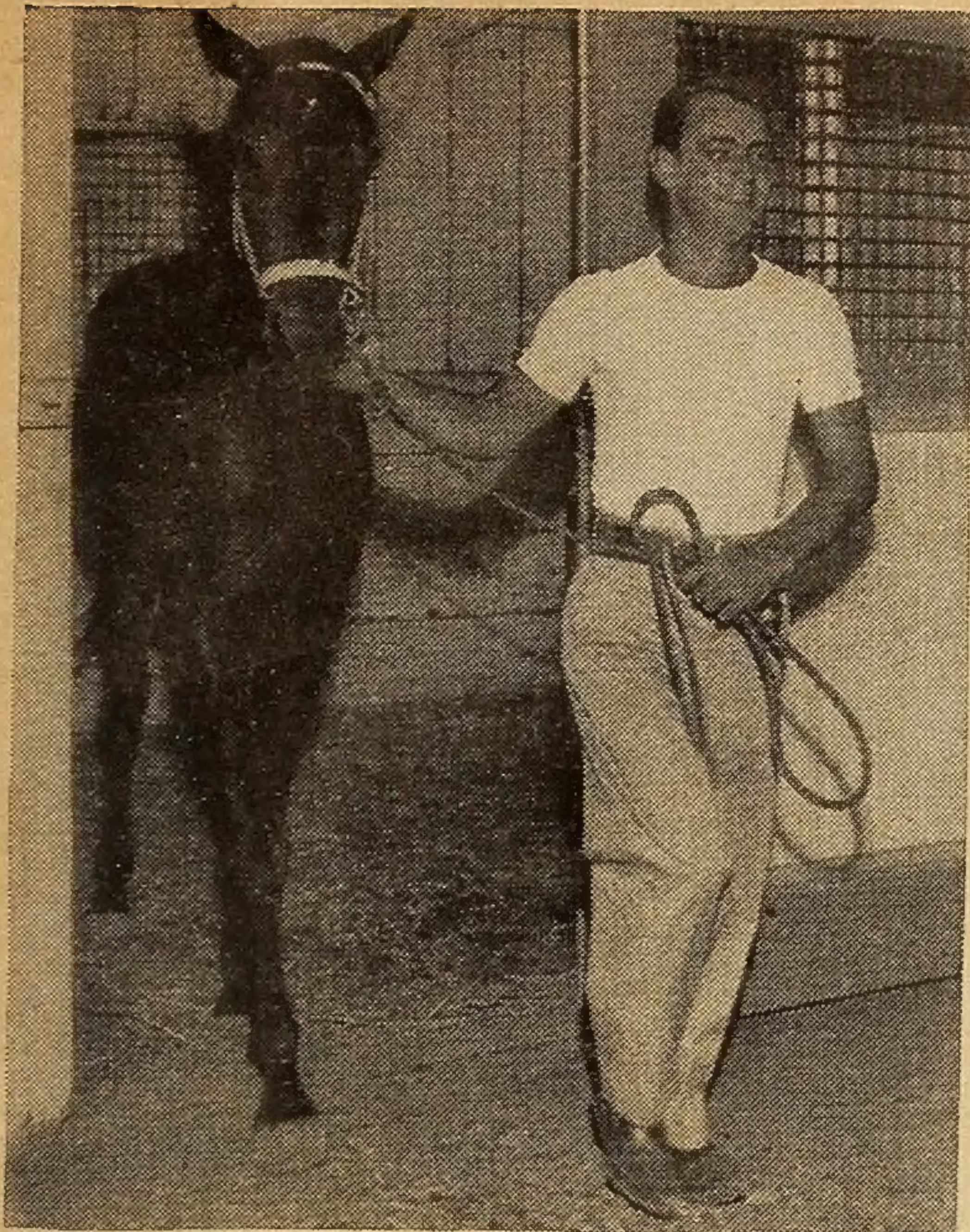
their own problem. If you call in an outsider, he views the whole thing too objectively. He thinks in terms of *you* and *her*, instead of in terms of both of you. So Susie and I keep our mouths shut until we are alone. Then we talk it out and get it settled. Another thing, neither of us believes in keeping things to ourselves. If we have a beef, we air it."



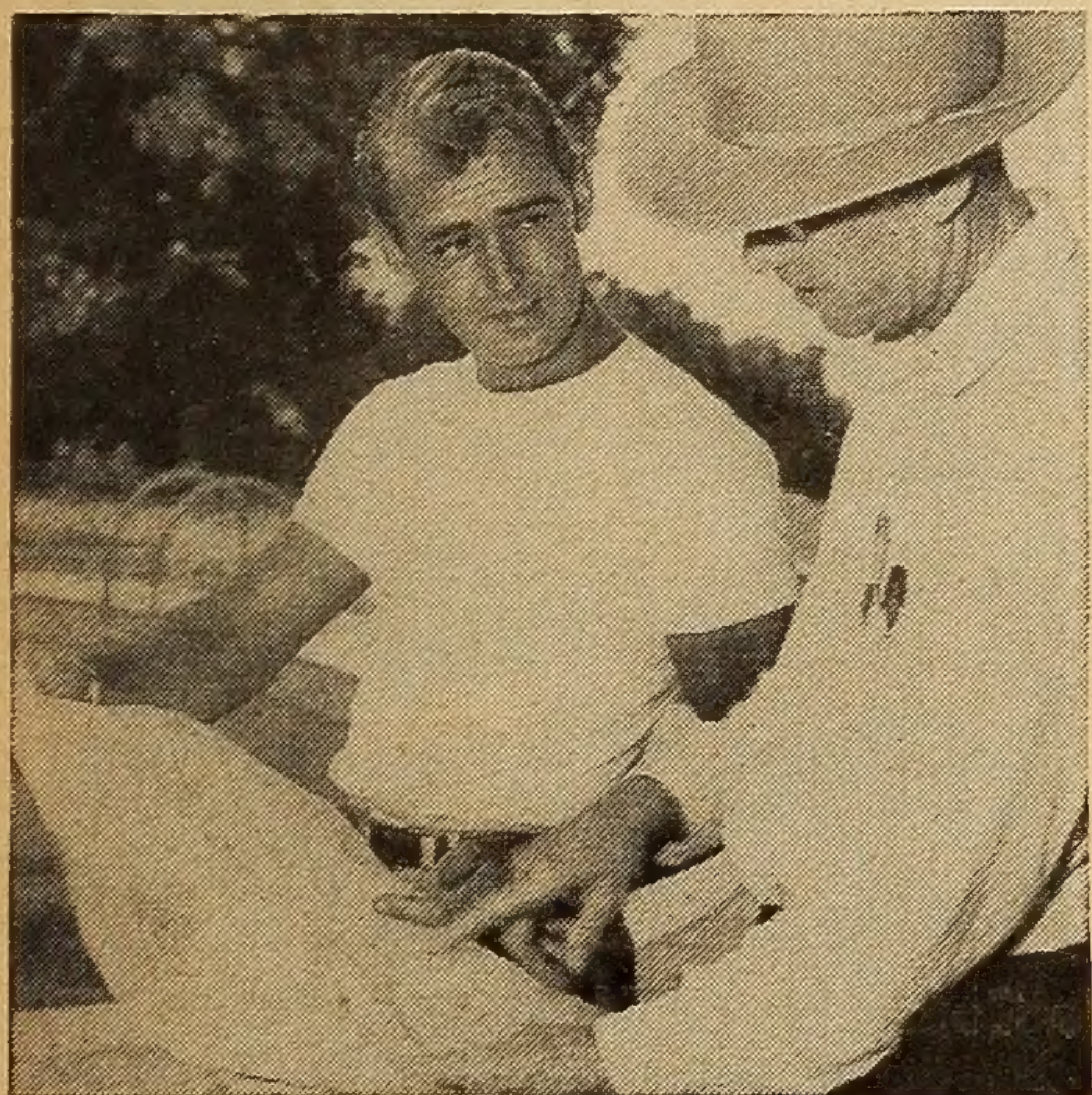
"Regarding quarrels," Susie adds, "we also laid down a couple of rules for ourselves when we were first married. We make it a point never to make a remark that is really mean. People are apt to do that when they start arguing. Nor do we ever bring up past quarrels, or things we might have said on some other occasion. Our arguments are always timely, current, so to speak. We never try to dig at each other, because you can say a thousand times afterwards that you didn't mean it, but it always sticks in both of your minds."

There is still another rule in the Alan Ladds' formula for happiness. The story behind it is cute, and typical of every quarrel that has ever happened between newlyweds. One night, right after they were first married, they both blew up over nothing. Sue got mad, slammed out of the house, and went for a walk. Alan went upstairs to bed. No Susie. He called downstairs. No Susie. He looked all over the place, but she just wasn't around. He finally got the car out and started looking for her. He was so mad he turned to the right instead of the left, and there was Susie down the road a little way, in her mink coat at two o'clock in the morning. "I kept looking back hoping he would come along," grins Sue.

Then, however, it was no laughing matter. Sue finally got in the car, and



After exercising his yearling, Alan hangs up the bridle, and gets to work with his contractor on the reservoir which he's having converted into a swimming pool.



they had it out. Right there they made an agreement that neither would ever walk out of the house in anger again. "The natural impulse is to do just that," says Alan. "Once it happens it will happen again and again. Pretty soon the guy or the gal meets somebody else. Then it's one thing after another."

But don't think because the Alan Ladds have approached the matter of quarrels intelligently that they quarrel all the time. As a matter of fact, most of their lives together is interwoven with sweet thoughtfulness. They both believe in doing the little things. They love to shop for each other. Sue says, "I think that little extra thoughtfulness in buying something for the other person is terribly important. Such things keep people happy with each other. Naturally, Alan always tells me I can get anything I want, but the fact that he goes out and buys me something means more to me than anything I would pick out for myself."

Alan isn't the type to keep his love locked in his heart, either. Although neither Sue nor Alan is the hand-holding, gushy type, they do believe in verbally expressing their love for each other. "I think everyone's ego has to be built up a little," says Alan. "I think if you love someone, you should tell them. A lot of people go on the theory that if you say 'I love you' once the other person

should take it for granted forever. I don't believe in that."

Nor do Sue and Alan believe you should grin and bear habits or traits in the other person which are irritating. Here, again, honesty makes it possible for them to tell each other. "If Sue told me something I was doing annoyed her, I'd stop it," says Alan. And Sue admits: "I think if you know that something is irritating to the other person, you would *want* to stop doing it. And I don't think you should give explanations and arguments about whether you should do it, you should just stop."

On such candidness is their marriage built. As a matter of fact, their definition of understanding in marriage is this: "Understanding is when both know the other's faults and can overlook them." Other gems from their philosophy of living kaleidoscope into place when you talk with them. Sue is emphatic when she states: "Most men expect the women to go nine-tenths of the way in marriage. Alan doesn't. Furthermore, he makes it possible for us to share everything. He makes me feel important and wanted. He makes me feel *needed*, and welcome wherever he goes. He has never made me feel as if I should have stayed at home."

"That's because Susie has a wonderful quality," interrupts Alan, "adaptability. Right now we're building a ranch, and her heart and soul is in it because I am interested in it. If I pulled up stakes and wanted to go live on a boat, she'd live on a boat, and *with enthusiasm*. How many wives are like that?"

Another point Sue feels is important in a happy marriage is to share pleasure together, as well as work. "If couples share their fun," she says, "then one or the other won't want to stop off at a bar. I think marriages can get pretty mixed up when the man doesn't come home from work."

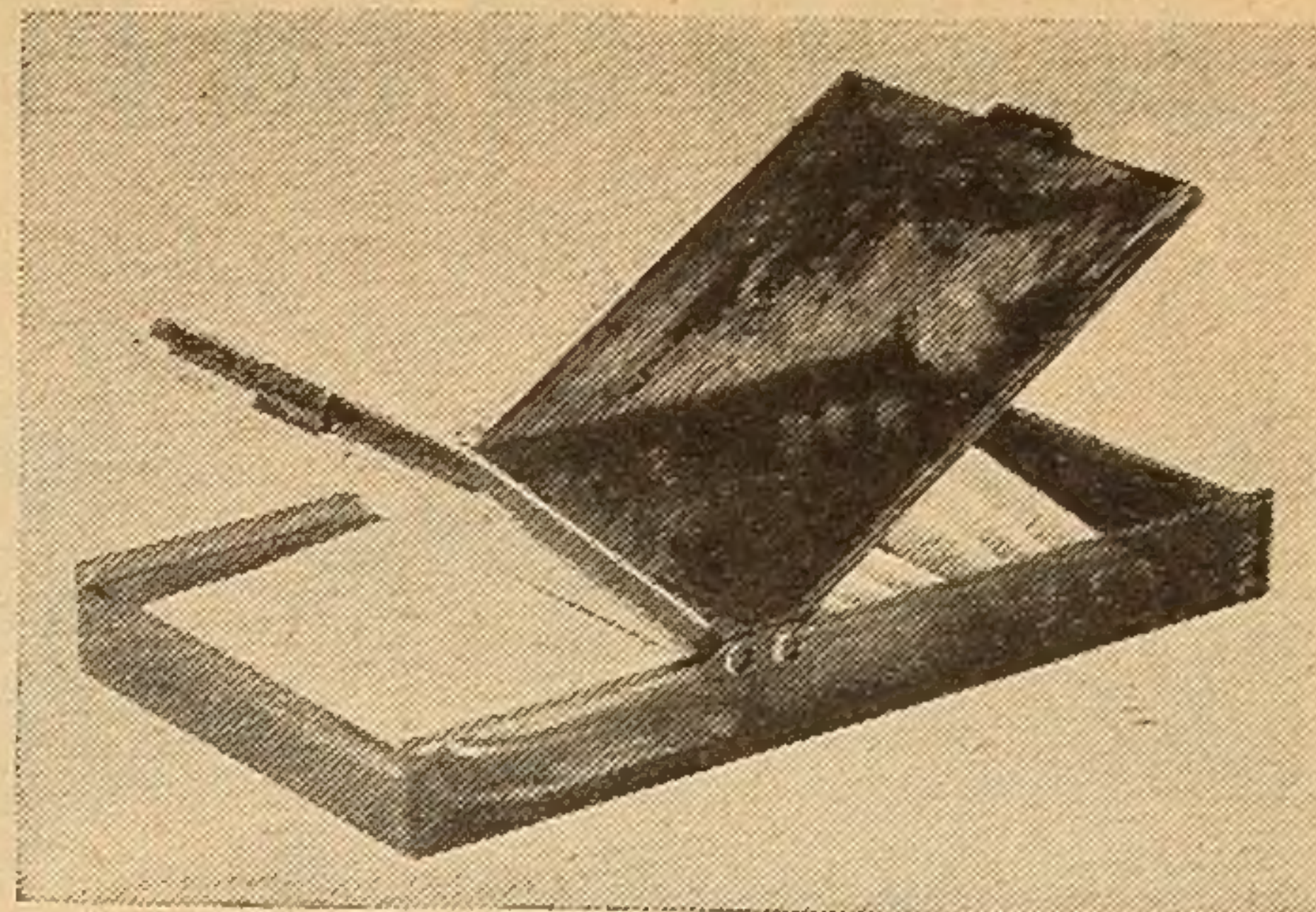
"It's like this," Alan adds. "If a guy drinks on the way home, he has had his relaxation and is let down when he gets there, and nothing his wife suggests seems any fun to him. I don't believe in taking vacations apart, either. Sue and I are always together, 24 hours a day if I'm not working. That's why I don't get involved with a bunch of men. I don't play golf, tennis, or go hunting. If I did, I'd do it with Sue. I just feel badly without her, that's all."

All at once, Sue was very earnest. "I don't think you should let the readers think we are advising anyone else on how to have a happy marriage. That's dangerous business. Everyone has to have his own set of rules, because every marriage is different. But maybe some of the things we have said will help other married couples find their plan. I hope so."

"Maybe you should add this," put in Alan. "A lot of couples don't give and take enough. That's important. You wouldn't keep a friend if you both weren't willing to give and take, and that's true of marriage, too. As a matter of fact, you have to remember *all the time* that love is like a business, you have to work at it."

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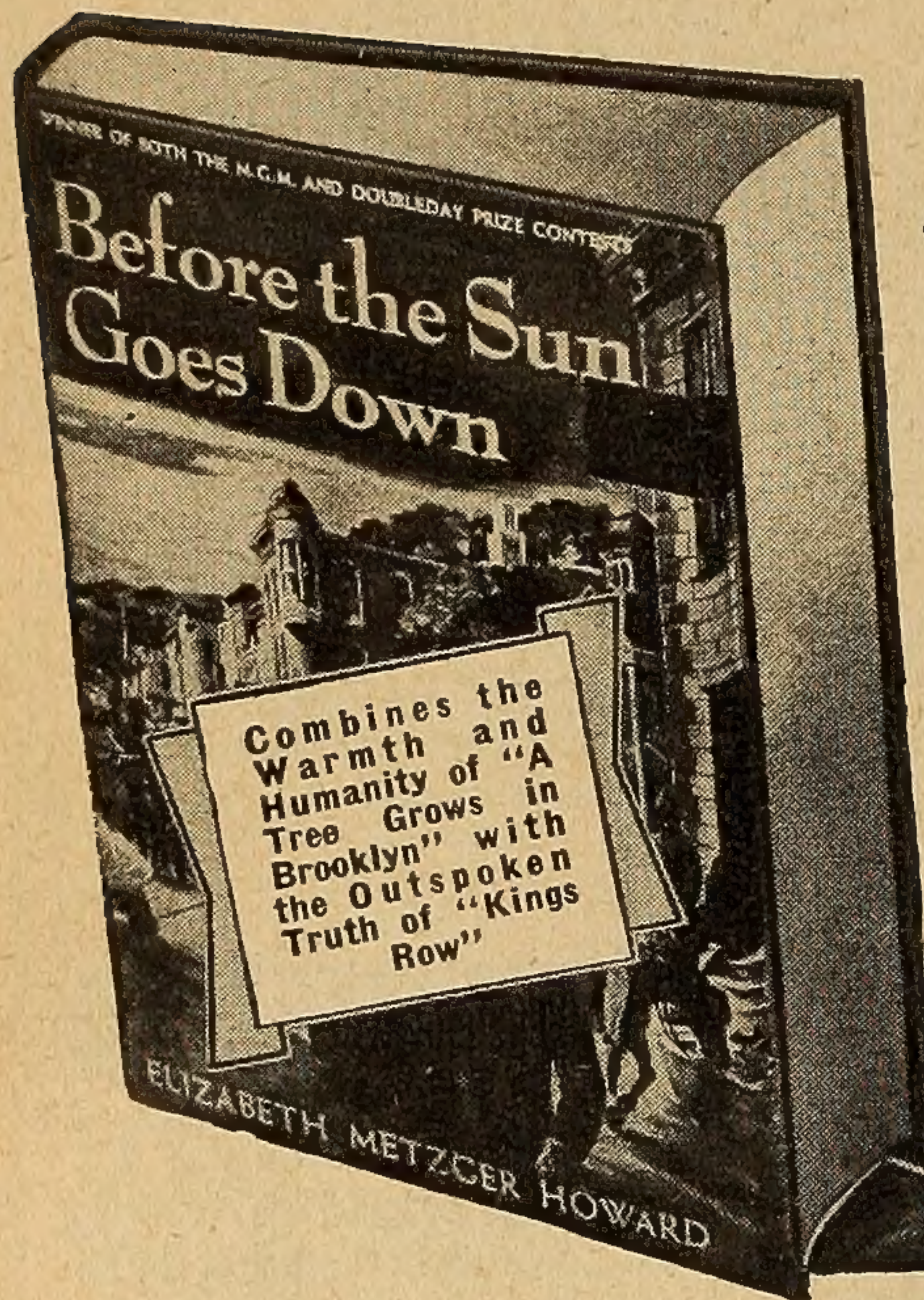
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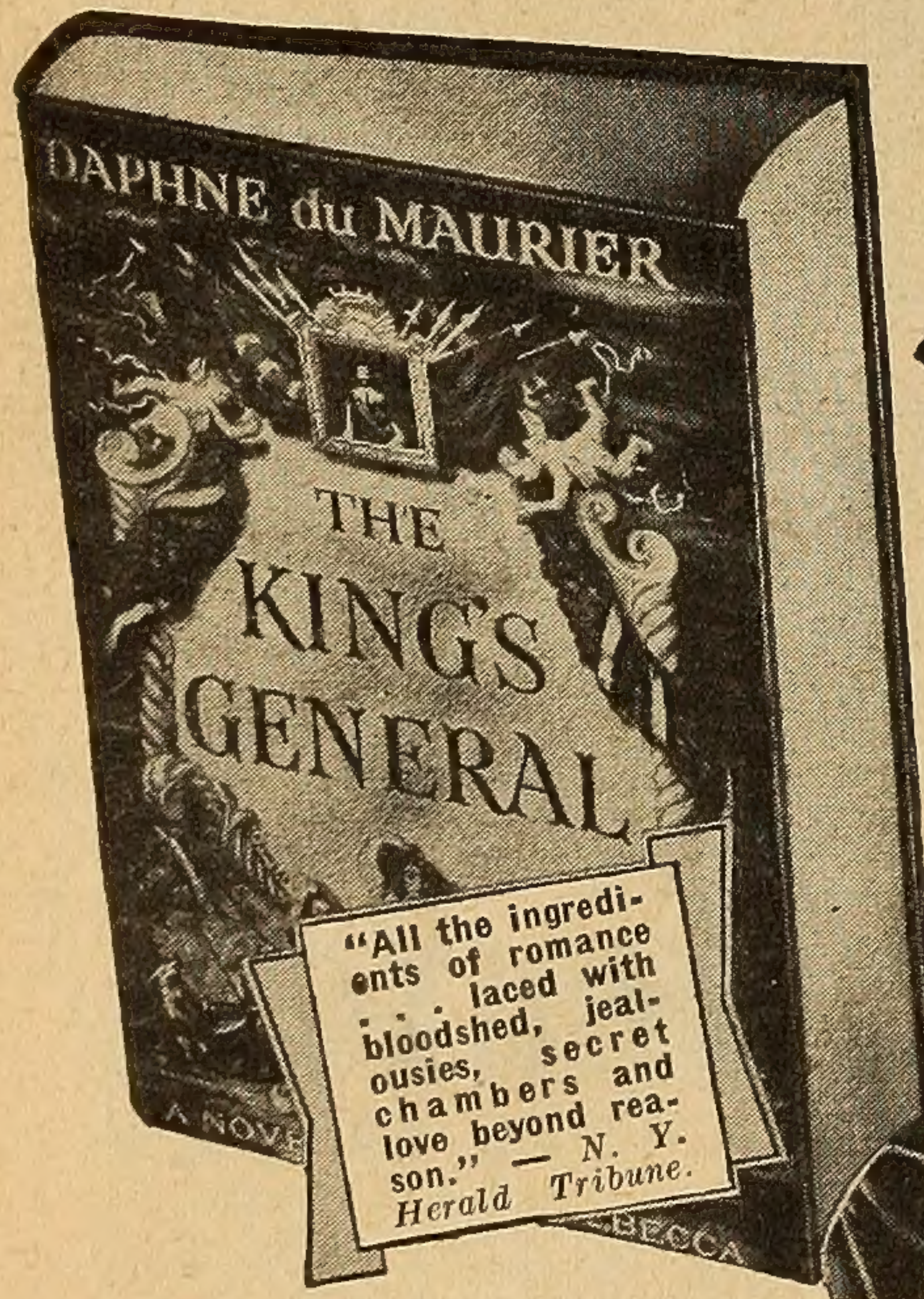
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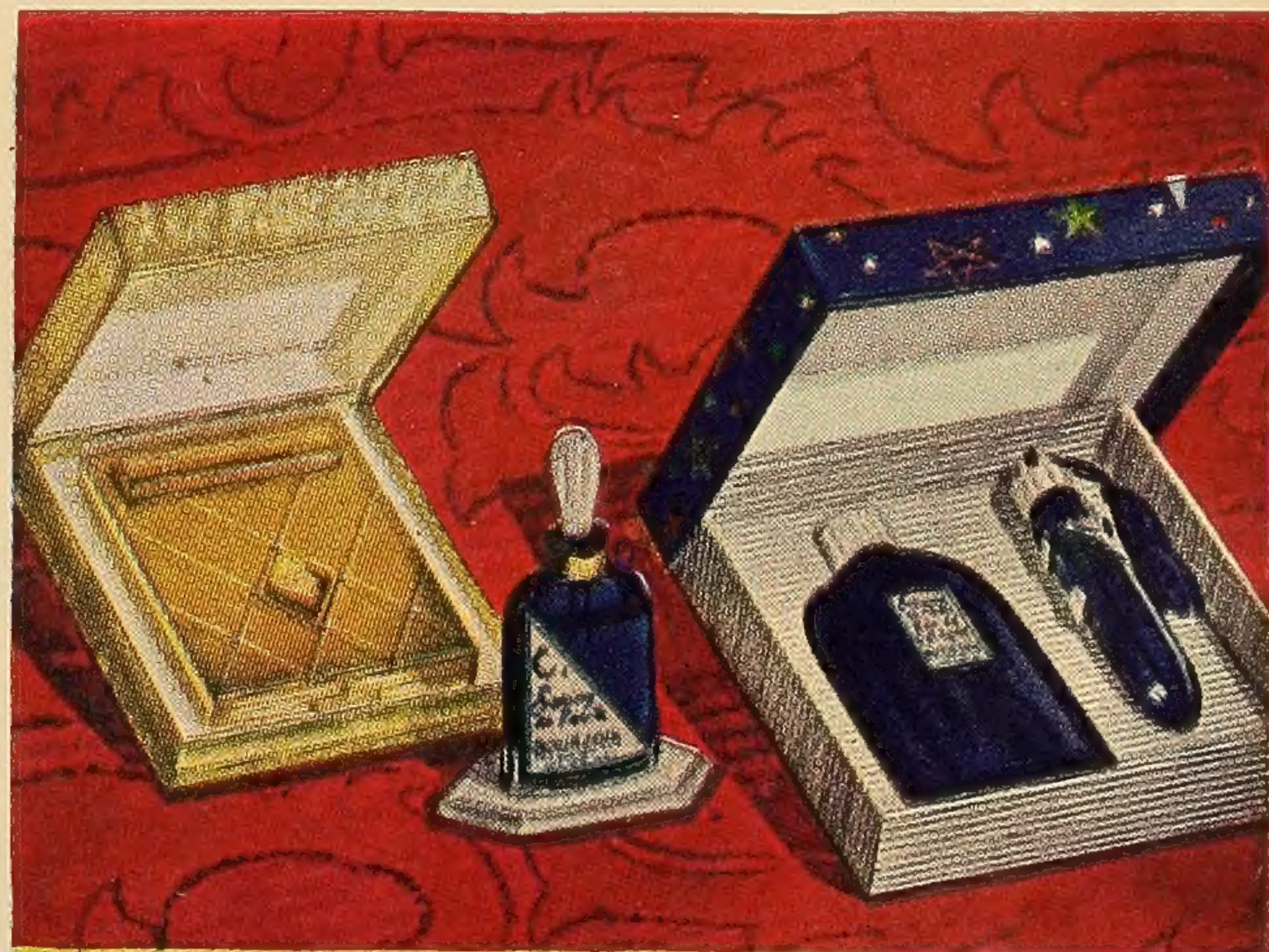
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